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L E T T E R S,

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN,

AND

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS.

FROM THE YEAR 1710 TO 1742.

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COLLECTED AND REVISED

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# LETTERS

FROM

Dr. SWIFT to STELLA.

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## LETTER XXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. JOHNSON.

London, July 19, 1711.

I HAVE just sent my 26th, and have nothing to say, because I have other letters to write; (pshaw, I began too high) but I must lay the beginning like a nest-egg: to-morrow I'll say more, and fetch up this line to be straight. This is enough at present for two dear saucy naughty girls.

20. Have I told you that *Walls* has been with me, and leaves the town in three days. He has brought no gown with him. *Dilly* carried him to a play. He has come upon a foolish errand, and goes back as he comes. I was this day with lord *Peterborow*, who is going another ramble: I believe I told you so. I dined with lord treasurer, but cannot get him to do his own business with me; he has put me off till to-morrow.

21, 22. I dined yesterday with lord treasurer, who would needs take me along with him to *Windsor*, although I refused him several times, having no linen, &c. I had just time to desire lord *Forbes* to call at my lodging, and order

my man to send my things to-day to *Windsor* by his servant. I lay last night at the secretary's lodgings at *Windsor*, and borrowed one of his shirts to go to court in. The queen is very well. I dined with Mr. *Masham*; and not hearing any thing of my things, I got lord *Winchelsea* to bring me to town. Here I found that *Patrick* had broke open the closet to get my linen and night-gown, and sent them to *Windsor*, and there they are; and he not thinking I would return so soon, is gone upon his rambles: so here I am left destitute, and forced to borrow a night-gown of my landlady, and have not a rag to put on to-morrow: faith, it gives me the spleen.

23. Morning. It is a terrible rainy day, and rained prodigiously on *Saturday* night. *Patrick* lay out last night, and is not yet returned: faith, poor *Presto* is a desolate creature; neither servant, nor linen, nor any thing.——Night. Lord *Forbes's* man has brought back my portmantua, and *Patrick* is come; so I am in *Christian* circumstances: I shall hardly commit such a frolick again. I just crept out to Mrs. *Van's*, and dined, and staid there the afternoon: it has rained all this day. *Windsor* is a delicious place: I never saw it before, except for an hour about seventeen years ago. *Walls* has been here in my absence, I suppose to take his leave; for he designed not to stay above five days in *London*. He says, he and his wife will come here for some months next year; and, in short, he dares not stay now for fear of her.

24. I dined to-day with a hedge friend in the city; and *Walls* overtook me in the street, and told me he was just getting on horseback for *Chester*. He has as much curiosity as a cow: he lodged with his horse in *Aldersgate-street*: he has bought his wife  
a silk



a silk gown, and himself a hat. And what are you doing? what is poor *MD* doing now? how do you pass your time at *Wexford*? how do the waters agree with you? Let *Presto* know soon; for *Presto* longs to know, and must know. Is not madam *Proby* curious company? I am afraid this rainy weather will spoil your waters. We have had a great deal of wet these three days. Tell me all the particulars of *Wexford*; the place, the company, the diversions, the victuals, the wants, the vexations. Poor *Dingley* never saw such a place in her life; sent all over the town for a little parsley to a boiled chicken, and it was not to be had; the butter is stark naught, except an old *English* woman's; and it is such a favour to get a pound from her now and then. I am glad you carried down your sheets with you, else you must have lain in sackcloth. O Lord!

25. I was this forenoon with Mr. secretary at his office, and helped to hinder a man of his pardon, who is condemned for a rape. The under-secretary was willing to save him, upon an old notion that a woman cannot be ravished: but I told the secretary, he could not pardon him without a favourable report from the judge; besides, he was a fiddler, and consequently a rogue, and deserved hanging for something else; and so he shall swing. What; I must stand up for the honour of the fair sex? 'Tis true, the fellow had lain with her a hundred times before; but what care I for that? What! must a woman be ravished because she is whore?—The secretary and I go on *Saturday* to *Windsor* for a week. I dined with lord treasurer, and staid with him till past ten. I was to-day at his levee, where I went against my custom, because I had a mind to do a good office for a gentleman: so I

talked with him before my lord, that he might see me, and then found occasion to recommend him this afternoon. I was forced to excuse my coming to the levee, that I did it to see the fight; for he was going to chide me away: I had never been there but once, and that was long before he was treasurer. The rooms were all full, and as many *Whigs* as *Tories*. He whispered me a jest or two, and bid me come to dinner. I left him but just now, and 'tis late.

26. Mr. *Addison* and I have at last met again. I dined with him and *Steele* to-day at young *Jacob Tonson's*. The two *Jacobs* think it is I who have made the secretary take from them the printing of the *Gazette*, which they are going to lose, and *Ben. Tooke* and another are to have it. *Jacob* came to me t'other day, to make his court; but I told him it was too late, and that it was not my doing. I reckon they will lose it in a week or two. Mr. *Addison* and I talked as usual, and as if we had seen one another yesterday; and *Steele* and I were very easy, although I writ him lately a biting letter, in answer to one of his, where he desired me to recommend a friend of his to lord treasurer. Go, get you gone to your waters, firrah. Do they give you a stomach? Do you eat heartily?— We have had much rain to-day and yesterday.

27. I dined to-day in the city, and saw poor *Patty Rolt*, and gave her a pistole to help her a little forward against she goes to board in the country. She has but eighteen pounds a year to live on, and is forced to seek out for cheap places. Sometimes they raise their price, and sometimes they starve her, and then she is forced to shift. *Patrick* the puppy put too much ink in my standish, and carrying too many things together, I spilled it on my paper and floor. The

town

town is dull, wet and empty: *Wexford* is worth two of it; I hope so at least, and that poor little *MD* finds it so. I reckon upon going to *Windsor* to-morrow with Mr. secretary, unless he changes his mind, or some other business prevents him. I shall stay there a week, I hope.

28. Morning. Mr. secretary sent me word, he will call at my lodgings by two this afternoon, to take me to *Windsor*, so I must dine no where; and I promised lord treasurer to dine with him to-day; but I suppose we shall dine at *Windsor* at five, for we make but three hours there. I am going abroad, but have left *Patrick* to put up my things, and to be sure to be at home half an hour before two.—*Windsor*, at night. We did not leave *London* till three, and dined here between six and seven; at nine I left the company, and went to see lord treasurer, who is just come. I chid him for coming so late; he chid me for not dining with him; said, he staid an hour for me. Then I went and sat with Mr. *Lewis* till just now, and 'tis past eleven. I lie in the same house with the secretary, one of the prebendary's houses. The secretary is not come from his apartment in the *Castle*. Do you think that abominable dog *Patrick* was out after two to-day, and I in a fright every moment for fear the chariot should come? and when he came in he had not put up one rag of my things: I never was in a greater passion, and would certainly have cropt one of his ears, if I had not lookt every moment for the secretary, who sent his equipage to my lodging before, and came in a chair from *Whitehall* to me, and happened to stay half an hour later than he intended. One of lord treasurer's servants gave me a letter to-night; I found it was from \*\*\*\*\*, with an offer of fifty pounds to be paid me in what manner I pleased;

because, he said, he desired to be well with me. I was in a rage; but my friend *Lewis* cooled me, and said, it is what the best men sometimes meet with; and I have been not seldom served in the like manner, although not so grossly. In these cases I never demur a moment; nor ever found the least inclination to take any thing. Well, I'll go try to sleep in my new bed, and to dream of poor *Wexford MD*, and *Stella* that drinks water, and *Dingley* that drinks ale.

21. I was at Court and church to-day, as I was this day fennight: I generally am acquainted with about thirty in the drawing-room, and I am so proud I make all the lords come up to me; one passës half an hour pleasant enough. We had a dunce to preach before the queen to-day, which often happens. *Windsor* is a delicious situation, but the town is scoundrel. I have this morning got the *Gazette* for *Ben. Tooke* and one *Barber* a printer; it will be about three hundred pounds a year between them. T'other fellow was printer of the *Examiner*, which is now laid down. I dined with the secretary, we were a dozen in all, three *Scotch* lords, and lord *Peterborow*. Duke *Hamilton* would needs be witty, and hold up my train as I walked up stairs. It is an ill circumstance that on *Sun'ays* much company always meet at the great tables. Lord treasurer told at *Court*, what I said to Mr. secretary on this occasion. The secretary shewed me his bill of fare to encourage me to dine with him. Poh, said I, shew me a bill of company, for I value not your dinner. See how this is all blotted\*, I can write no more here,

\* This refers to the ink mentioned above, which blotted his paper.



but to tell you I love *MD* dearly, and God bless them.

30. In my conscience I fear I shall have the gout. I sometimes feel pains about my feet and toes; I never drank till within these two years, and I did it to cure my head. I often sit evenings with some of these people, and drink in my turn; but I am now resolved to drink ten times less than before; but they advise me to let what I drink be all wine, and not to put water to it\*. *Tooke* and the printer stayed to-day to finish their affair, and treated me, and two of the under-secretaries, upon their getting the *Gazette*. Then I went to see lord treasurer, and chid him for not taking notice of me at *Windsor*: he said, he kept a place for me yesterday at dinner, and expected me there; but I was glad I did not come, because the duke of *Buckingham* was there, and that would have made us acquainted; which I have no mind to. However, we appointed to sup at Mr. *Masham's*, and there stayed till past one o'clock; and that is late, firrahs: and I have much business.

31. I have sent a noble haunch of venison this afternoon to Mrs. *Vanbomrigh*: I wish you had it, firrahs: I dined gravely with my landlord the secretary. The queen was abroad to-day in order to hunt, but finding it disposed to rain, she kept

\* This advice appears to be reasonable, either because that when wine is mixed with water, the particles of it, being diluted, insinuate themselves with greater facility into more vessels of the body, and into channels, that pure wine could not readily get admittance into; and therefore its effects are more difficult to be shaken of: or, because that wine being of a hot nature, as it digests every thing else, so it digests itself; but, when mixed with water, it has a contrary effect. Vid. *Aristot. Problem. Sect. 3. Prob. 3.* Consult also *Prob. 14, 22.*

in her coach; she hunts in a chaise with one horse, which she drives herself, and drives furiously, like *Jehu*, and is a mighty hunter, like *Nimrod*. *Dingley* has heard of *Nimrod*, but not *Stella*, for it is in the *Bible*. I was to-day at *Eton*, which is but just cross the bridge, to see my lord *Kerry's* son, who is at school there. Mr. secretary has given me a warrant for a buck; I can't send it to *MD*? It is a sad thing faith, considering how *Presto* loves *MD*, and how *MD* would love *Presto's* venison for *Presto's* sake. God bless the two dear *Wexford* girls.

*Aug.* 1. We had for dinner the fellow of that haunch of venison I sent to *London*; 'twas mighty fat and good, and eight people at dinner; that was bad. The queen and I were going to take the air this afternoon, but not together; and were both hindered by a sudden rain. Her coaches and chaises all went back, and the guards too: and I scoured into the market-place for shelter. I intended to have walked up the finest avenue I ever saw, two miles long, with two rows of elms on each side. I walked in the evening a little upon the terrace, and came home at eight: Mr. secretary came soon after, and we were engaging in deep discourse, and I was endeavouring to settle some points of the greatest consequence; and had wormed myself pretty well into him, when his under-secretary came in (who lodges in the same house with us) and interrupted all my scheme. I have just left him; 'tis late, &c.

2. I have been now five days at *Windsor*, and *Patrick* has been drunk three times that I have seen, and oftener I believe. He has lately had cloaths that have cost me five pounds, and the dog thinks he has the whip hand of me; he begins to master me; so now I am resolved to part with him, and will

will use him without the least pity. The secretary and I have been walking three or four hours to-day. The duchess of *Shrewsbury* asked him, was not that Dr. Dr. and she could not say my name in *English*, but said Dr. *Presto*, which is *Italian* for *Swift*. Whimsical enough, as *Billy Swift* says. I go to-morrow with the secretary to his house at *Buckleberry*, twenty-five miles from hence, and return early on *Sunday* morning. I will leave this letter behind me lockt up, and give you an account of my journey when I return. I had a letter yesterday from the bishop of *Clogher*, who is coming up to *Dublin* to his parliament. Have you any correspondence with him to *Wexford*? Methinks, I now long for a letter from you, dated *Wexford, July 24, &c.* O Lord, that would be so pretending; and then says you, *Stella* can't write much, because it is bad to write when one drinks the waters; and I think, says you, I find myself better already, but I cannot tell yet, whether it be the journey or the waters. *Presto* is so silly to-night; yes he be; but *Presto* loves *MD* dearly, as hope saved.

3. Morning. I am to go this day at noon, as I told you, to *Buckleberry*; we dine at twelve; and expect to be there in four hours; I cannot bid you good-night now, because I shall be twenty-five miles from this paper to night, and so my journal must have a break; so good morrow, &c.

4, 5. I dined yesterday at *Buckleberry*, where we lay two nights, and set out this morning at eight, and were here at twelve, in four hours we went twenty-six miles. Mr. secretary was a perfect country gentleman at *Buckleberry*; he smoakt tobacco with one or two neighbours; he enquired after the wheat in such a field; he went to visit his hounds; and knew all their names; he and his lady saw me to my chamber just in the country

country fashion. His house is in the midst of near three thousand pounds a year he had by his lady, who is descended from *Jack Newbury*, of whom books and ballads are written; and there is an old picture of him in the house. She is a great favourite of mine. I lost church to-day; but I dressed, and shaved, and went to *Court*, and would not dine with the secretary, but engaged myself to a private dinner with Mr. *Lewis*, and one friend more. We go to *London* to-morrow; for lord *Dartmouth*, the other secretary, is come, and they are here their weeks by turns.

6. Lord treasurer comes every *Saturday* to *Windsor*, and goes away on *Monday* or *Tuesday*. I was with him this morning at his levee, for one cannot see him otherwise here, he is so hurried: we had some talk, and I told him I would stay this week at *Windsor* by myself, where I can have more leisure to do some business that concerns them. Lord treasurer and the secretary thought to mortify me, for they told me, they had been talking a great deal of me to-day to the queen, and she said, she had never heard of me; I told them, That was their fault, and not hers, &c. and so we laughed. I dined with the secretary, and let him go to *London* at five without me; and here am I all alone in the prebendary's house, which Mr. secretary has taken; only Mr. *Lewis* is in my neighbourhood, and we shall be good company. The vice-chamberlain, and Mr. *Masham*, and the green-cloth, have promised me dinners. I shall want but four till Mr. secretary returns. We have a musick meeting in our town to-night. I went to the rehearsal of it, and there was *Margarita*, and her sister, and another drab, and a parcel of fiddlers; I was weary, and would not go to the meeting, which I am sorry for, because I heard it was a great assembly. Mr. *Lewis* came from



from it, and sat with me till just now; and 'tis late.

7. I can do no business, I fear, because Mr. *Lewis*, who has nothing or little to do here, sticks close to me. I dined to-day with the gentlemen ushers, among scurvey company; but the queen was hunting the stag till four this afternoon, and she drove in her chaise above forty miles, and it was five before we went to dinner. Here are fine walks about this town. I sometimes walk up the avenue.

8. There was a drawing-room to-day at *Court*; but so few company, that the queen sent for us into her bed-chamber, where we made our bows, and stood about twenty of us round the room, while she looked at us round with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to some that were nearest her, and then she was told dinner was ready, and went out. I dined at the green-cloth, by Mr. *Scarborow's* invitation, who is in waiting. It is much the best table in *England*, and costs the queen a thousand pounds a month while she is at *Windsor* or *Hampton-Court*; and is the only mark of magnificence or hospitality I can see in the queen's family: it is designed to entertain foreign ministers, and people of quality, who come to see the queen, and have no place to dine at.

9. Mr. *Coke*, the vice-chamberlain, made me a long visit this morning, and invited me to dinner, but the toast, his lady, was unfortunately engaged to lady *Sunderland*. Lord treasurer stole here last night, but did not lie at his lodgings in the *Castle*; and after seeing the queen, went back again. I just drank a dish of chocolate with him. I fancy I shall have reason to be angry with him very soon: but what care I;

I believe

I believe I shall die with ministries in my debt. — This night I received a certain letter from a place called *Wexford*, from two dear naughty girls of my acquaintance; but faith I won't answer it here, no in troth. I will send this to Mr. *Reading*, supposing it will find you returned; and I hope better for the waters.

10. Mr. vice-chamberlain lent me his horses to ride about and see the country this morning. Dr. *Arbuthnot*, the queen's physician and favourite, went out with me to shew me the places: we went a little after the queen, and evertook Miss *Forester*, a maid of honour, on her palfry taking the air; we made her go along with us. We saw a place they have made for a famous horse-race to-morrow, where the queen will come. We met the queen coming back, and Miss *Forester* stood, like us, with her hat off while the queen went by. The Dr. and I left the lady where we found her, but under other conductors, and we dined at a little place he has taken, about a mile off. — When I came back, I found Mr. *Scarborow* had sent all about to invite me to the green-cloth, and lessened his company on purpose to make me easy. It is very obliging, and will cost me thanks. Much company is come to town this evening, to see to-morrow's race. I was tired with riding a trotting mettlesome horse a dozen miles, having not been on horse-back this twelvemonth. And Miss *Forester* did not make it easier; she is a silly true maid of honour, and I did not like her, although she be a toast, and was dressed like a man.

11. I will send this letter to-day. I expect the secretary by noon. I will not go to the race, unless I can get room in some coach. It is now morning. I must rise, and fold up and seal my letter. Farewel, and God preserve dearest *MD*.

I believe I shall leave this town on *Munday*.

## L E T T E R XXVIII.

Windſor, Aug. 11, 1711.

I SENT away my twenty-feventh this morning in an expreſs to *London*, and directed to Mr. *Reading*: this ſhall go to your lodgings, where I reckon you will be returned before it reaches you. I intended to go to the race to-day, but was hindered by a viſit, I believe I told you ſo in my laſt. I dined to-day at the green-cloth, where every body had been at the race but myſelf, and we were twenty in all; and very noiſy company: but I made the vice-chamberlain and two friends more ſit at a ſide-table, to be a little quiet. At ſix I went to ſee the ſecretary, who is returned; but lord keeper ſent to deſire I would ſup with him, where I ſtayed till juſt now; lord treaſurer and ſecretary were to come to us, but both failed. 'Tis late, &c.

12. I was this morning to viſit lord keeper, who made me reproaches that I had never viſited him at *Windſor*. He had a preſent ſent him of delicious peaches, and he was champng and champng, but I durſt not eat one; I wiſhed *Dingley* had ſome of them, for poor *Stella* can no more eat fruit than *Preſto*. *Dilly Aſke* is come to *Windſor*; and after church I carried him up to the drawing-room, and talked to the keeper and treaſurer, on purpoſe to ſhew them to him, and he ſaw the queen and ſeveral great lords, and the duchefs of *Montague*; he was mighty happy, and reſolves to fill a letter to the biſhop\*. My friend *Lewis* and I dined ſoberly with Dr. *Adams*, the only neighbour prebendary. One of the prebendaries here is lately a peer,

\* Of *Clogher*.

by the death of his father. He is now lord *Wilboughby* of *Brook*, and will sit in the house of lords with his gown. I supped to-night at *Masham's* with lord treasurer, Mr. secretary, and *Prior*. The treasurer made us stay till twelve, before he came from the queen, and 'tis now past two.

13. I reckoned upon going to *London* to-day; but by an accident the cabinet council did not sit last night, and sat to-day, so we go to-morrow at six in the morning. I miss'd the race to-day by coming out too late, when every body's coach was gone, and ride I would not; I felt my last riding three days after. We had a dinner to-day at the secretary's lodgings without him: Mr *Hare*, his under-secretary, Mr. *Lewis*, brigadier *Sutton* and I dined together, and I made the vice-chamberlain take a snap with us, rather than stay till five for his lady, who was gone to the race. The reason why the cabinet council was not held last night, was because Mr. secretary *St. John* would not sit with your duke of *Somerset*. So to-day the duke was forced to go to the race while the cabinet was held. We have musick-meetings in our town, and I was at the rehearsal t'other day, but I did not value it, nor would go to the meeting. Did I tell you this before?

*London*, 14. We came to town this day in two hours and forty minutes: twenty miles are nothing here. I found a letter from the archbishop of *Dublin*, sent me the Lord knows how. He says some of the bishops will hardly believe that lord treasurer got the queen to remit the *First-Fruits* before the duke of *Ormond* was declared lord lieutenant; and that the bishops have written a letter to lord treasurer, to thank him. He has sent me the address of the convocation, ascribing, in good part, that affair to the duke, who had less



share in it than *MD*; for if it had not been for *MD*, I should not have been so good a solicitor. I dined to-day in the city, about a little bit of mischief, with a printer.—I found Mrs. *Vanbomrigh* all in combustion, squabbling with her rogue of a landlord; she has left her house, and gone out of our neighbourhood a good way. Her eldest daughter is come of age, and going to *Ireland* to look after her fortune, and get it in her own hands.

15. I dined to-day with Mrs. *Van*, who goes to-night to her new lodgings. I went at six to see lord treasurer, but his company was gone, contrary to custom, and he was busy, and I was forced to stay some time before I could see him. We were together hardly an hour, and he went away being in haste. He desired me to dine with him on *Friday*, because there would be a friend of his that I must see: my lord *Harley* told me where he was gone, that it was Mrs. *Masham* his father meant, who is come to town to lie-in, and whom I never saw, though her husband is one of our *Society*. God send her a good time; her death would be a terrible thing.—Do you know, that I have ventured all my credit with these great ministers to clear some misunderstandings betwixt them; and if there be no breach, I ought to have the merit of it? 'Tis a plaguy ticklish piece of work, and a man hazards losing both sides. 'Tis a pity the world does not know my virtue.—I thought the clergy in convocation in *Ireland* would have given me thanks for being their solicitor, but I hear of no such thing. Pray talk occasionally on that subject, and let me know what you hear. Do you know the greatness of my spirit, that I value their thanks not a rush? but at my return shall freely let all people know, that it was my lord treasurer's action, wherein the duke of *Ormond* had no more share

share than a cat. And so they may go whistle, and I'll go sleep.

16. I was this day in the city, and dined at *Pontac's* with *Stratford*, and two other merchants. *Pontac* told us, although his wine was so good, he sold it cheaper than others, he took but seven shillings a flask. Are not these pretty rates? The books he sent for from *Hamburg*, are come, but not yet got out of the custom-house. My library will be at least double when I come back. I shall go to *Windsor* again on *Saturday*, to meet our *Society*, who are to sup at Mr. secretary's; but I believe I shall return on *Monday*, and then I will answer your letter, that lies safe here underneath; — I see it; lie still; I'll answer you, when the ducks have eaten up the dirt.

17. I dined to-day at lord treasurer's with Mrs. *Masham*, and she is extremely like one Mrs. *Mallory*, that was once my landlady in *Trim*. She was used with mighty kindness and respect like a favourite. It signifies nothing going to this lord treasurer about business, although it be his own. He was in haste, and desires I will come again, and dine with him to-morrow. His famous lying porter is fallen sick, and they think he will die: I wish I had all my half-crowns again. I believe I have told you, he is an old *Scotch* fanatick, and the damn'dest liar in his office alive. I have a mind to recommend *Patrick* to succeed him: I have trained him up pretty well. I reckon for certain; you are now in town. The weather now begins to alter to rain.

*Windsor*, 18. I dined to-day with lord treasurer, and he would make me go with him to *Windsor*, although I was engaged to the secretary, to whom I made my excuses; we had in the coach besides, his son and son-in-law, lord *Harley*, and lord *Dup-*

*plin*, who are two of our society, and seven of us met by appointment, and supped this night with the secretary. It was past nine before we got here; but a fine moon-shiny night. I shall go back, I believe, on *Monday*. 'Tis very late.

19. The queen did not stir out to-day, she is in a little fit of the gout. I dined at Mr. *Masham's*; we had none but our society members, six in all, and I supped with lord treasurer. The queen has ordered twenty thousand pounds to go on with the building at *Blenheim*, which has been starved till now, since the change of the ministry. I suppose it is to reward his last action of getting into the *French* lines. Lord treasurer kept me till past twelve.

*London*, 20. It rained terribly every step of our journey to-day; I returned with the secretary after a dinner of cold meat, and went to Mrs. *Van's*, where I sat the evening. I grow very idle, because I have a great deal of business. Tell me how you passed your time at *Wexford*; and an't you glad at heart you have got home safe to your lodgings at *St. Mary's*, pray? And so your friends come to visit you; and Mrs. *Walls* is much better of her eye; and the dean is just as he used to be: and what does *Walls* say of *London*? 'tis a reasoning coxcomb. And goody *Stoyte*, and *Hannah* what d'ye call her; no, her name en't *Hannah*, *Catherine* I mean; they were so glad to see the ladies again; and Mrs. *Manley* wanted a companion at ombre.

21. I writ to-day to the archbishop of *Dublin*, and inclosed a long politick paper by itself. You know the bishops are all angry that (smoak the wax candle drop at the bottom of this paper) I have let the world know the *First-fruits* were got by lord treasurer before the duke of *Ormond* was governor. I told lord treasurer all this, and he is



very angry; but I pacified him again by telling him they were fools, and knew nothing of what passed here, but thought all was well enough, if they complimented the duke of *Ormond*. Lord treasurer gave me t'other day a letter of thanks he received from the bishops of *Ireland*, signed by seventeen, and says he will write them an answer. The dean of *Carlisle* sat with me to-day till three, and I went to dine with lord treasurer, who dined abroad, so did the secretary, and I was left in the fuds. 'Twas almost four, and I got to Sir *Matthew Dudley*, who had half dined. *Thornbill*, who killed Sir *Cholmley Dering*, was murdered by two men on *Turnham-Green* last *Monday* night: as they stabbed him, they bid him remember Sir *Cholmley Dering*. They had quarrelled at *Hampton-Court*, and followed and stabbed him on horseback. We have only a *Grubstreet* paper of it, but I believe it is true. I went myself through *Turnham-Green* the same night, which was yesterday.

22. We have had terrible rains these two or three days. I intended to dine at lord treasurer's, but went to see lady *Abercorn*, who is come to town, and my lord; and I dined with them, and visited lord treasurer this evening. His porter is mending. I sat with my lord about three hours, and am come home early to be busy. Passing by *White's Chocolate-house*, my brother *Masham* called me, and told me his wife was brought to-bed of a boy, and both very well. (Our society, you must know, are all brothers.) Dr. *Garth* told us, that Mr. *Henley* is dead of an apoplexy. His brother-in-law, earl *Poulet*, is gone down to the *Grange* to take care of his funeral. The earl of *Danby*, the duke of *Leeds's* eldest grandson, a very hopeful young man of about twenty, is dead at

*Utrecht*



*Utrecht* of the small-pox.—I long to know whether you begin to have any good effect by your waters.—Methinks this letter goes on slowly; 'twill be a fortnight next *Saturday* since it was begun, and one side not filled. O fye for shame, *Presto*. Faith, I'm so tofficated to and from *Windfor*, that I know not what to say; but faith, I'll go to *Windfor* again on *Saturday*, if they ask me, not else. So lose your money again, now you are come home; do, firrah.

Take your magnifying glass, madam *Dingley*.

You sha'nt read this, firrah *Stella*; don't read it for your life, for fear of your dearest eyes.

There's enough for this side; these ministers hinder me.

Pretty, dear, little, naughty, saucy *MD*.

Silly, impudent loggerhead *Presto*.

23. *Dilly* and I dined to-day with lord *Abercorn*, and had a fine fat haunch of venison, that smelt rarely on one side: and after dinner *Dilly* won half a crown of me at backgammon at his lodgings, to his great content. It is a scurvy empty town this melancholy season of the year; but I think our weather begins to mend. The roads are as deep as in *Winter*. The grapes are sad things; but the peaches are pretty good, and there are some figs. I sometimes venture to eat one, but always repent it. You say nothing of the box sent half a year ago. I wish you would pay me for Mrs. *Walls's* tea. Your mother is in the country, I suppose. Pray send me the account of *MD*, madam *Dingley*, as it stands since *November*, that is to say, for this year, (excluding the twenty pounds lent *Stella* for *Wexford*) for I cannot look in your letters. I think I ordered that *Hawkshaw's* interest should be paid to you. When you think proper, I will let *Parvisol* know you have paid that twenty pounds, or part of it; and so go play

with the dean, and I will answer your letter to-morrow. Good night, firrahs, and love *Presto*, and be good girls.

24. I dined to-day with lord treasurer, who chid me for not dining with him yesterday, for it seems I did not understand his invitation: and their *Club* of the ministry dined together, and expected me. Lord *Radnor* and I were walking the *Mall* this evening; and Mr. secretary met us and took a turn or two, and then stole away, and we both believed it was to pick up some wench; and to-morrow he will be at the cabinet with the queen: so goes the world. *Prior* has been out of town these two months, nobody knows where, and is lately returned. People confidently affirm he has been in *France*, and I half believe it. It is said, he was sent by the ministry, and for some overtures towards a Peace. The secretary pretends he knows nothing of it. I believe your parliament will be dissolved. I have been talking about the quarrel between your lords and commons with lord treasurer; and did, at the request of some people, desire that the queen's answer to the commons address might express a dislike of some principles, &c. but was answered dubiously.— And so now to your letter, fair ladies. I know drinking is bad; I mean writing is bad in drinking the waters; and was angry to see so much in *Stella's* hand. But why *Dingley* drinks them I cannot imagine; but truly she'll drink waters as well as *Stella*: why not? I hope you now find the benefit of them since you are returned: pray let me know particularly. I am glad you are forced upon exercise, which, I believe, is as good as the waters for the heart of them. 'Tis now past the middle of *August*; so by your reckoning you are in *Dublin*. It would vex me to the dogs that  
letters

letters should miscarry between *Dublin* and *Wexford*, after scaping the salt seas. I will write no more that nasty town in haste again I warrant you. I have been four *Sundays* together at *Windsor*, of which a fortnight together; but I believe I shall not go to-morrow; for I will not, unless the secretary asks me. I know all your news about the mayor: it makes no noise here at all, but the quarrel of your parliament does; it is so very extraordinary, and the language of the commons so very pretty. The *Examiner* has been down this month, and was very silly the five or six last papers; but there is a pamphlet come out, in answer to a letter to the seven lords who examined *Gregg*. The *Answer* is by the real author of the *Examiner*, as I believe; for it is very well written. We had *Trap's* poem on the duke of *Ormond* printed here, and the printer sold just eleven of them. 'Tis a dull piece, not half so good as *Stella's*; and she is very modest to compare herself with such a poetaster. I am heartily sorry for poor *Mrs. Parnel's* death; she seemed to be an excellent good-natured young woman, and I believe the poor lad is much afflicted; they appeared to live perfectly well together. *Dilly* is not tired at all with *England*, but intends to continue here a good while: he is mighty easy to be at distance from his two sisters-in-law. He finds some sort of scrub acquaintance; goes now and then in disguise to a play; smoaks his pipe; reads now and then a little trash, and what else the Lord knows. I see him now and then; for he calls here, and the town being thin, I am less pestered with company than usual. I have got rid of many of my solicitors, by doing nothing for them: I have not above eight or nine left, and I'll be as kind to them. Did I tell you of a knight, who desired me to speak

to lord treasurer to give him two thousand pounds, or five hundred pounds a year, until he could get something better? I honestly delivered my message to the treasurer, adding, The knight was a puppy, whom I would not give a groat to save from the gallows. *Cole Reading's* father-in-law has been two or three times at me to recommend his Lights to the ministry; assuring me, that a word of mine would, &c. Did not that dog use to speak ill of me, and profess to hate me? He knows not where I lodge, for I told him I lived in the country; and I have ordered *Patrick* to deny me constantly to him.—Did the bishop of *London* die in *Wexford*? poor gentleman! Did he drink the waters? Were you at his burial? Was it a great funeral? So far from his friends? But he was very old: we shall all follow. And yet it was a pity, if God pleased. He was a good man; not very learned: I believe he died but poor. Did he leave any charity legacies? Who held up his pall? Was there a great fight of clergy? Do they design a tomb for him? Are you sure it was the bishop of *London*? because there is an elderly gentleman here that we give the same title to: or did you fancy all this in your water, as others do strange things in their wine? They say, these waters trouble the head, and make people imagine what never came to pass. Do you make no more of killing a bishop? Are these your whiggish tricks?—Yes, yes, I see you are in a fret. Oh faith, says you, saucy *Presbo*, I'll break your head; what, can't one report what one hears, without being made a jest and a laughing-stock? Are these your *English* tricks, with a murrain? And *Sacheverell* will be the next bishop? He would be glad of an addition of two hundred pounds a year to what he has; and that is more than they will give him, for aught

I see.



I see. He hates the new ministry mortally, and they hate him, and pretend to despise him too. They will not allow him to have been the occasion of the late change; at least some of them will not: but my lord keeper owned it to me t'other day. No, Mr. *Addison* does not go to *Ireland* this year: he pretended he would; but he is gone to *Bath* with Pastoral *Philips*, for his eyes.—So now I have run over your letter; and I think this shall go to-morrow, which will be just a fortnight from the last, and bring things to the old form again after your rambles to *Wexford*, and mine to *Windsor*. Are there not many literal faults in my letters? I never read them over, and I fancy there are. What do you do then? do you guess my meaning; or are you acquainted with my manner of mistaking? I lost my handkerchief in the *Mall* to-night with lord *Radnor*: but I made him walk with me to find it, and find it I did not. *Tisdall* (that lodges with me) and I have had no conversation, nor do we pull off our hats in the streets. There is a cousin of his (I suppose) a young parson, that lodges in the house too; a handsome genteel fellow. *Dick Tighe* and his wife lodged over-against us; and he has been seen, out of our upper windows, beating her two or three times: they are both gone to *Ireland*, but not together; and he solemnly vows never to live with her. Neighbours do not stick to say, that she has a tongue: in short I am told, she is the most urging provoking devil that ever was born; and he a hot whiffling puppy, very apt to resent. I'll keep this bottom till to-morrow: I'm sleepy.

25. I was with the secretary this morning, who was in a mighty hurry, and went to *Windsor* in a chariot with lord keeper; so I was not invited, and am forced to stay at home; but not at all against

my will; for I could have gone, and would not. I dined in the city with one of my printers, for whom I got the *Gazette*, and am come home early; and have nothing to say to you more, but finish this letter, and not send it by the bell-man. Days grow short, and the weather grows bad, and the town is splenetick, and things are so oddly contrived, that I cannot be absent; otherwise I would go for a few days to *Oxford*, as I promised.—They say, 'tis certain that *Prior* has been in *France*; nobody doubts it: I had not time to ask the secretary, he was in such haste. Well, I will take my leave of dearest *MD*, for a while; for I must begin my next letter to-night: consider that, young women; and pray be merry, and good girls, and love *Presto*. There is now but one business the ministry wants me for; and when that is done, I will take my leave of them. I never got a penny from them, nor expect it. In my opinion, some things stand very ticklish; I dare say nothing at this distance. Farewel, dear firrabs, dearest lives: there is peace and quiet with *MD*, and nowhere else. They have not leisure here to think of small things, which may ruin them; and I have been forward enough. Farewel again, dearest rogues; I am never happy, but when I write or think of *MD*. I have enough of *Courts* and ministries; and wish I were at *Laracor*: and if I could with honour come away this moment, I would. *Bernage* came to see me to-day; he is just landed from *Portugal*, and come to raise recruits; he looks very well, and seems pleased with his station and manner of life: he never saw *London* nor *England* before; he is ravished with *Kent*, which was his first prospect when he landed. Farewel again, &c. &c.

## L E T T E R XXIX.

London, Aug. 25, 1711.

I HAVE got a pretty small gilt sheet of paper to write to *MD*. I have this moment sent my 28th by *Patrick*, who tells me he has put it in the post-office; 'tis directed to your lodgings: if it wants more particular direction, you must set me right. It is now a solar month and two days since the date of your last, *N. 18*. and I reckon you are now quiet at home, and thinking to begin your 19th, which will be full of your quarrel between the two houses, all which I know already. Where shall I dine to-morrow? can you tell? *Mrs. Van-bomrigh* boards now, and cannot invite one; and there I used to dine when I was at a loss; and all my friends are gone out of town, and your town is now at the fullest with your parliament and convocation. But let me alone, firrahs; for *Presto* is going to be very busy; not *Presto*, but t'other I.

26. People have so left the town, that I am at a loss for a dinner. It is a long time since I have been at *London* upon a *Sunday*; and the ministers are all at *Windsor*. It cost me eighteen pence in coach-hire before I could find a place to dine in. I went to *Frankland's*, and he was abroad, and the drab his wife lookt out at window, and bowed to me without inviting me up: so I dined with *Mr. Coste*, my lord *Montrath's* brother; my lord is with you in *Ireland*. This morning at five my lord *Fersey* died of the gout in his stomach, or apoplexy, or both: he was abroad yesterday, and his death was sudden: he was chamberlain to king *William*, and a great favourite, turned out by the queen as a *Tory*, and stood now fair to be privy-seal; and by his death will, I suppose, make that  
matter

matter easier, which has been a very stubborn business at *Court*, as I have been informed. I never remember so many people of quality to have died in so short a time.

27. I went to-day into the city to thank *Stratford* for my books, and dine with him, and settle my affairs of my money in the bank, and receive a bill for Mrs. *Wesley* for some things I am to buy for her; and the d— a one of all these could I do. The merchants were all out of town, and I was forced to go to a little hedge place for my dinner. May my enemies live here in *Summer*! and yet I am so unlucky that I cannot possibly be out of the way at this juncture. People leave the town so late in *Summer*, and return so late in *Winter*, that they have almost inverted the seasons. It is *Autumn* this good while in *St. James's Park*; the limes have been losing their leaves, and those remaining on the trees are all parched: I hate this season, where every thing grows worse and worse. The only good thing of it is the fruit, and that I dare not eat. Had you any fruit at *Wexford*? A few cherries, and durst not eat them. I do not hear we have yet got a new privy-seal. The *Whigs* whisper, that our new ministry differ among themselves, and they begin to talk out Mr. secretary: they have some reasons for their whispers, although I thought it was a greater secret. I do not much like the posture of things; I always apprehended, that any falling out would ruin them, and so I have told them several times. The *Whigs* are mighty full of hopes at present; and whatever is the matter, all kind of stocks fall. I have not yet talked with the secretary about *Prisr's* journey. I should be apt to think it may foretel a peace; and that is all we have to preserve us.

The



The secretary is not come from *Windsor*; but I expect him to-morrow. Burn all politicks!

28. We begin to have fine weather, and I walked to-day to *Chelsea*, and dined with the dean of *Carlisle*, who is laid up with the gout. It is now fixed that he is to be dean of *Christ-church* in *Oxford*. I was advising him to use his interest to prevent any misunderstanding between our ministers; but he is too wise to meddle, though he fears the thing and the consequences as much as I. He will get into his own warm quiet deanry, and leave them to themselves; and he is in the right.—When I came home to-night I found a letter from Mr. *Lewis*, who is now at *Windsor*; and in it, forsooth, another which lookt like *Presto's* hand; and what should it be but a 19th from *MD*? O faith, I scaped narrowly, for I sent my 28th but on *Saturday*; and what should I have done if I had two letters to answer at once? I did not expect another from *Wesford*, that's certain. Well, I must be contented; but you are dear faucy girls, for all that, to write so soon again, faith; an't you.

29. I dined to-day with lord *Abercorn*, and took my leave of them; they set out to-morrow for *Chester*, and, I believe, will now fix in *Ireland*. They have made a pretty good journey of it: his eldest son is married to a lady with ten thousand pounds; and his second son has, t'other day, got a prize in the lottery of four thousand pounds, beside two small ones of two hundred pounds each: nay, the family was so fortunate, that my lord bestowing one ticket, which is a hundred pounds, to one of his servants, who had been his page, the young fellow got a prize, which has made it another hundred. I went in the evening to lord treasurer, who desires I will dine with him to-morrow,  
when

when he will shew me the answer he designs to return to the letter of thanks from your bishops in *Ireland*. The archbishop of *Dublin* desired me to get myself mentioned in the answer which my lord would send; but I sent him word I would not open my lips to my lord upon it. He says, it would convince the bishops of what I have affirmed, that the *First-Fruits* were granted before the duke of *Ormond* was declared governor; and I writ to him, That I would not give a farthing to convince them. My lord treasurer began a health to my lord privy-seal; *Prior* punned, and said it was so privy, he knew not who it was; but I fancy they have fixed it all, and we shall know to-morrow. But what care you who is privy-seal, faucy fluttikins?

30. When I went out this morning, I was surprized with the news, that the bishop of *Bristol* is made lord privy-seal. You know his name is *Robinson*, and that he was many years envoy in *Sweden*. All the friends of the present ministry are extreme glad, and the clergy above the rest. The *Whigs* will fret to death, to see a civil employment given to a clergyman. It was a very handsome thing in my lord treasurer, and will bind the church to him for ever. I dined with him to-day, but he had not written his letter; but told me, he would not offer to send it without shewing it to me: he thought that would not be just, since I was so deeply concerned in the affair. We had much company; lord *Rivers*, *Marr*, and *Kinnoul*, Mr. secretary, *George Granville*, and *Masham*; the last has invited me to the christening of his son to-morrow fennight, and on *Saturday* I go to *Windsor* with Mr. secretary.

31. *Dilly* and I walked to-day to *Kensington* to lady *Mounjoy*, who invited us to dinner. He returned

turned soon to go to a play, it being the last that will be acted for some time : he dresses himself like a beau, and no doubt makes a fine figure. I went to visit some people at *Kensington*; *Ophy Butler's* wife there lies very ill of an ague, which is a very common disease here and little known in *Ireland*. —I am apt to think we shall soon have a Peace, by the little words I hear thrown out by the ministry. I have just thought of a project to bite the town. I have told you, that it is now known that *Mr. Prior* has been lately in *France*. I will make a printer of my own fit by me one day, and I will dictate to him a formal relation of *Prior's* journey, with several particulars, all pure invention; and I doubt not but it will take.

*Sept. 1. Morning.* I go to-day to *Windsor* with *Mr. secretary*; and lord treasurer has promised to bring me back. The weather has been fine for some time, and I believe we shall have a great deal of dust.—At night. *Windsor.* The secretary and I dined to-day at *Parson's-Green* at my lord *Peterborow's* house, who has left it and his gardens to the secretary during his absence. It is the finest garden I have ever seen about this town, and abundance of hot walls for grapes, where they are in great plenty, and ripening fast. I durst not eat any fruit but one fig; but I brought a basket full to my friend *Lewis* here at *Windsor*. Does *Stella* never eat any? what, no apricocks at *Dennybrook*? nothing but claret and ombre; I envy people maunching and maunching\* peaches and grapes, and I not daring to eat a bit. My head is pretty well, only a sudden turn

\* As the provincial word maunching echoes rather better to this action of the jaws than the proper term munching, it is therefore here retained.

any time makes me giddy for a moment, and sometimes it feels very stuffy; but if it grows no worse, I can bear it very well. I take all opportunities of walking; and we have a delicious park here just joining to the castle, and an avenue in the great park very wide and two miles long, set with a double row of elms on each side. Were you ever at *Windsor*? I was once a great while ago; but had quite forgotten it.

2. The queen has the gout, and did not come to chapel, nor stir out from her chamber, but received the sacrament there; as she always does the first *Sunday* in the month. Yet we had a great *Court*, and among others, I saw your *Ingoldsby*, who seeing me talk very familiarly with the keeper, treasurer, &c. came up and saluted me, and began a very impertinent discourse about the siege of *Bouchain*. I told him, I could not answer his questions, but I would bring him one that should; so I went and fetched *Sutton* (who brought over the express about a month ago) and delivered him to the general, and bid him answer his questions; and so I left them together. *Sutton* after some time comes back in a rage; finds me with lord *Rivers* and *Masbam*, and there complains of the trick I had played him, and swore he had been plagued to death with *Ingoldsby's* talk. But he told me, *Ingoldsby* askt him what I meant by bringing him; so, I suppose, he smoakt me a little. - So we laughed, &c. My lord *Willoughby*, who is one of the chaplains, and prebendary of *Windsor*, read prayers last night to the family; and the bishop of *Bristol*, who is dean of *Windsor*, officiated last night at the cathedral. This they do to be popular, and it pleases mightily. I dined with Mr. *Masbam*, because he lets me have a select company. For the *Court* here have got by the end a good thing I  
said



said to the secretary some weeks ago. He shewed me his bill of fare to tempt me to dine with him; Poh, said I, I value not your bill of fare, give me your bill of company. Lord treasurer was mightily pleased, and told it every body, as a notable thing. I reckon upon returning to-morrow; they say the bishop will then have the privy-seal delivered him at a great council.

3. *Windsor* still. The council was held so late to-day, that I do not go back to town till to-morrow. The bishop was sworn privy-councillor, and had the privy-seal given him: and now the patents are passed for those who were this long time to be made lords or earls. Lord *Raby*, who is earl of *Strafford*, is on *Thursday* to marry a name-fake of *Stella's*; the daughter of Sir *H. Johnson* in the city; he has threescore thousand pounds with her, ready money; besides the rest at the father's death. I have got my friend *Stratford* to be one of the directors of the *South-Sea* company, who were named to-day. My lord treasurer did it for me a month ago; and one of those whom I got to be printer of the *Gazette*, I am recommending to be printer to the same company. He treated Mr. *Lewis* and me to-day at dinner. I supped last night and this with lord treasurer, keeper, &c. and took occasion to mention the printer. I said, It was the same printér, whom my lord treasurer has appointed to print for the *South-Sea* company; he denied, and I insisted on it; and I got the laugh on my side.

*London*, 4. I came as far as *Brentford* in lord *Rivers's* chariot, who had business with lord treasurer; then I went into lord treasurer's: we stopt at *Kensington*, where lord treasurer went to see Mrs. *Masham*, who is now what they call in the straw. We got to town by three, and I lighted  
at

at lord treasurer's; who commanded me not to stir: but I was not well; and when he went up, I begged the young lord to excuse me, and so went into the city by water, where I could be easier, and dined with the printer, and dictated to him some part of *Prior's* journey to *France*. I walkt from the city, for I take all occasions of exercise. Our journey was horrid dusty.

5. When I went out to-day, I found it had rained mightily in the night, and the streets were as dirty as *Winter*: it is very refreshing after ten days dry. — I went into the city and dined with *Stratford*, thanked him for his books, gave him joy of his being director, of which he had the first notice by a letter from me. I ate sturgeon, and it lies on my stomach. I almost finished *Prior's* journey at the printer's, and came home pretty late with *Patrick* at my heels.

7. Morning. But what shall we do about this letter of *MD's*, *N. 19*? not a word answered yet, and so much paper spent? I cannot do any thing in it, sweet hearts, till night. — At night. O Lord, O Lord, the greatest disgrace that ever was has happened to *Presto*. What do you think; but when I was going out this forenoon a letter came from *MD*, *N. 20*, dated *Dublin*. O dear, O dear; O sad, O sad. — Now I have two letters together to answer: here they are, lying together. But I will only answer the first; for I came in late. I dined with my friend *Lewis* at his lodgings, and walked at six to *Kensington* to Mr. *Masham's* son's christening. It was very private; nobody there but my lord treasurer, his son, and son-in-law, that is to say, lord *Harley*, and lord *Dupplin*, and lord *Rivers* and I. The dean of *Rochester* christened the child, but soon went away. Lord treasurer and lord *Rivers* were godfathers, and Mrs. *Hill*, Mrs. *Masham's*



*sham's* sister, godmother. The child roared like a bull, and I gave Mrs. *Masham* joy of it; and she charged me to take care of my nephew, because Mr. *Masham* being a brother of our society, his son you know is consequently a nephew. Mrs. *Masham* sat up dressed in bed, but not as they do in *Ireland* with all smooth about her, as if she was cut off in the middle; for you might see the counterpain (what d'ye call it?) rise about her hips and body. There's another name of the counterpain, and you'll laugh now, firrahs. *George Granville* came in at supper, and we stayed till eleven, and lord treasurer set me down at my lodging in *Suffolk-street*. Did I ever tell you that lord treasurer hears ill with the left ear, just as I do? he always turns the right; and his servants whisper him at that only. I dare not tell him, that I am so too, for fear he should think I counterfeited, to make my court.

6. You must read this before the other; for I mistook, and forgot to write yesterday's journal, it was so insignificant: I dined with Dr. *Cockburn*, and sat the evening with lord treasurer, till ten o'clock. On *Thursdays* he has always a large select company, and expects me. So good night for last night, &c.

8. Morning. I go to *Windfor* with lord treasurer to-day, and will leave this behind me to be sent to the post. And now let us hear what says the first letter, *N. 19*. You are still at *Wexford*, as you say, madam *Dingley*. I think no letter from me ever yet miscarried. And so *Inish-Cortby*\*, and the river *Slainy*; fine words those in a lady's mouth. Your hand like *Dingley's*, you scrambling, scattering, sluttekin? *Yes mighty like indeed, is not*

\* The name of a town in the county of *Wexford*.

it †? Piffhh, don't talk of writing or reading till your eyes are well, and long well; only I would have *Dingley* read sometimes to you, that you may not lose the desire of it. God be thanked that the ugly numming is gone. Pray use exercise when you go to town. What game is that ombra ‡ which Dr. *Elwood* and you play at? is it the *Spanish* game ombre? Your card purse? you a card purse! you a fiddlestick. You have luck indeed; and luck in a bag. What a Devil, is that eight-shilling tea-kettle copper, or tin japanned? It is like your *Irish* politeness, raffling for tea-kettles. What a splutter you keep to convince me that *Walls* has no taste? My head continues pretty well. Why do you write, dear firrah *Stella*, when you find your eyes so weak that you cannot see? what comfort is there in reading what you write, when one knows that? So *Dingley* can't write because of the clutter of new company come to *Wexford*? I suppose the noise of their hundred horses disturbs you; or do you lie in one gallery, as in an hospital? What; you are afraid of losing in *Dublin* the acquaintance you have got in *Wexford*; and chiefly the bishop of *Rapho*, an old, doating, perverse coxcomb? Twenty at a time at breakfast. That is like five pounds at a time, when it was never but once. I doubt, madam *Dingley*, you are apt to lie in your *Travels*, though not so bad as *Stella*; she tells thumpers, as I shall prove in my next, if I find this receives encouragement.—So, Dr. *Elwood*

† These words in *Italics* are written in strange misshapen letters, inclining to the right hand, in imitation of *Stella's* writing.

‡ In *Stella's* spelling. It is an odd thing that a woman of *Stella's* understanding should spell extremly ill.  
says,

says, There are a world of pretty things in my Works. A pox on his praises! an enemy here would say more. The duke of *Buckingham* would say as much, tho' he and I are terribly fallen out; and the great men are perpetually inflaming me against him: they bring me all he says of me, and, I believe, make it worse out of roguery.— No 'tis not your pen is bewitched, madam *Stella*, but your old *scrawling, splay-foot pot-hooks* §, s, f, aye that's it: there the s, f, f, there, there, that's exact. Farewel, &c.

Our fine weather is gone, and I doubt we shall have a rainy journey to-day. Faith, 'tis shaving day, and I have much to do.

When *Stella* says her pen was bewitched, it was only because there was a hair in it. You know the fellow they call God-help-it had the same thoughts of his wife, and for the same reason. I think this is very well observed, and I unfolded the letter to tell you it.

Cut off those two notes above; and see the nine pounds indorsed, and receive the other; and send me word how my accounts stand that they may be adjusted by *Nov. 1*. Pray be very particular: but the twenty pounds I lend you is not to be included; so make no blunder. I won't wrong you; nor you shan't wrong me; that's the short. O Lord, how stout *Presto* is of late? But he loves *MD* more than his life a thousand times, for all his stoutness; tell him that; and that I'll swear it, as hope saved, ten millions of times, &c. &c.

I open my letter once more to tell *Stella*, that if she does not use exercise after her waters, it will lose all the effects of them: I should not live, if I

§ These words in *Italics* are miserably scrawled, in imitation of *Stella's* hand, and the two *Effes* that follow.

did not take all opportunities of walking. Pray, pray, do this to oblige poor *Presfo*.

## L E T T E R   X X X .

Windfor, Sept. 8, 1711.

**I** MADE the coachman stop, and put in my twenty-ninth at the post-office at two o'clock to-day, as I was going to lord treasurer, with whom I dined, and came here by a quarter past eight; but the *Moon* shone, and so we were not in much danger of overturning; which however he values not a straw, and only laughs when I chide at him for it. There was nobody but he and I, and we supped together, with Mr. *Masham*, and Dr. *Arbutnot*, the queen's favourite physician, a *Scotchman*. I could not keep myself awake after supper, but did all I was able to disguise it, and thought I came off clear; but at parting he told me, I had got my nap already. It is now one o'clock; but he loves sitting up late.

9. The queen is still in the gout, but recovering; she saw company in her bed-chamber after church; but the crowd was so great, I could not see her. I dined with my brother, Sir *William Windham*, and some others of our society, to avoid the great tables on *Sunday* at *Windfor*, which I hate. The usual company supped to-night at lord treasurer's, which was lord keeper, Mr. secretary, *George Granville*, *Masham*, *Arbutnot* and I. But showers have hindered me from walking to-day, and that I don't love.—Noble fruit, and I dare not eat a bit. I ate one fig to-day, and sometimes a few mulberries, because it is said, they are wholesome, and you know, a good name does much. I shall return to town to-morrow, though I  
thought



thought to have staid a week, to be at leisure for something I am doing. But I have put it off till next; for I shall come here again on *Saturday*, when our Society are to meet at supper at Mr. secretary's. My life is very regular here: on *Sunday* morning I constantly visit lord keeper, and sup at lord treasurer's with the same set of company. I was not sleepy to-night; I resolved I would not; yet it is past midnight at this present writing.

*London, 10.* Lord treasurer and *Masham* and I left *Windsor* at three this afternoon; we dropt *Masham* at *Kensington* with his lady, and got home by six. It was seven before we sat down to dinner, and I staid till past eleven. *Patrick* came home with the secretary: I am more plagued with *Patrick* and my portmantua than with myself. I forgot to tell you that when I went to *Windsor* on *Saturday*, I overtook lady *Giffard* and Mrs. *Fenton* in a chariot going, I suppose, to *Sheen*. I was then in a chariot too, of lord treasurer's brother, who had business with the treasurer; and my lord came after, and overtook me at *Turnham-Green*, four miles from *London*, and then the brother went back, and I went in the coach with lord treasurer: so it happened that those people saw me, and not with lord treasurer. Mrs. F. was to see me about a week ago; and desired I would get her son into the *Charter-house*.

11. This morning the printer sent me an account of *Prior's* journey; it makes a two-penny pamphlet, I suppose you will see it; for I dare engage it will run; 'tis a formal grave lie, from the beginning to the end. I writ all but about the last page, that I dictated, and the printer writ. Mr. secretary sent to me to dine where he did; it was at *Prior's*; when I came in *Prior* shewed me the

pamphlet, seemed to be angry, and said, Here is our *English* liberty: I read some of it, and said I liked it mightily, and envied the rogue the thought; for had it come into my head, I should have certainly done it myself. We stayed at *Prior's* till past ten, and then the secretary received a packet with the news of *Bouchain* being taken, for which the guns will go off to-morrow. *Prior* owned his having been in *France*, for it was past denying; it seems he was discovered by a rascal at *Dover*, who had positive orders to let him pass. I believe we shall have a peace.

12. It is terrible rainy weather, and has cost me three shillings in coaches and chairs to-day, yet I was dirty into the bargain. I was three hours this morning with the secretary about some business of moment, and then went into the city to dine. The printer tells me he sold yesterday a thousand of *Prior's* journey, and had printed five hundred more. It will do rarely, I believe, and is a pure bite. And what is *MD* doing all this while? got again to their cards, their *Walls*, their deans, their *Stoytes*, and their claret? Pray present my service to Mr. *Stoyte*, and *Catherine*. Tell goody *Stoyte*, she owes me a world of dinners, and I will shortly come over and demand them.—Did I tell you of the archbishop of *Dublin's* last letter \*? He had been saying in several of his former, that he would shortly write to me something about myself, and it looked as if he intended something for me: at last out it comes, and consists of two parts. First, he advises me to strike in for some preferment now I have friends; and secondly, he advises me, since I have parts, and learning, and a

\* See the last Collection of Letters, printed by *Dodsley* and others, No. 50.

happy pen, to think of some new subject in *Divinity* not handled by others, which I should manage better than any body. A rare spark this, with a pox! but I shall answer him as rarely. Methinks he should have invited me over, and given me some hopes or promises. But hang him! and so good night, &c.

13. It rained most furiously all this morning till about twelve, and sometimes thundered; I trembled for my shillings, but it cleared up, and I made a shift to get a walk in the *Park*, and then went with the secretary to dine with lord treasurer. Upon *Thursdays* there is always a select company; we had the duke of *Shrewsbury*, lord *Rivers*, the two secretaries, Mr. *Granville*, and Mr. *Prior*. Half of them went to council at six; but *Rivers*, *Granville*, *Prior* and I stayed till eight. *Prior* was often affecting to be angry at the account of his journey to *Paris*; and indeed the two last pages, which the printer got somebody to add, are so romantick, they spoil all the rest. *Dilly Ashe* pretended to me that he was only going to *Oxford* and *Cambridge* for a fortnight, and then would come back. I could not see him as I appointed t'other day; but some of his friends tell me, he took leave of them as going to *Ireland*; and so they say at his lodging. I believe the rogue was ashamed to tell me so, because I advised him to stay the *Winter*, and he said he would. I find he had got into a good set of scrub acquaintance, and I thought passed his time very merrily; but I suppose he languished after *Balderig*, and the claret of *Dublin*; and, after all, I think he is in the right; for he can eat, drink, and converse better there than here. *Bernage* was with me this morning: he calls now and then; he is in terrible fear of a Peace. He said, he ne-

ver had his health so well as in *Portugal*. He is a favourite of his colonel.

14 I was mortified enough to-day, not knowing where in the world to dine, the town is so empty; I met *H. Coote*, and thought he would invite me, but he did not: Sir *John Stanley* did not come into my head; so I took up with Mrs. *Van*, and dined with her and her damned landlady, who, I believe, by her eye-brows, is a bawd. This evening I met *Addison* and *Pastoral Philips* in the *Park*, and supped with them at *Addison's* lodgings; we were very good company, and yet know no man half so agreeable to me as he is. I sat with them till twelve, so you may think 'tis late, young women; however, I would have some little conversation with *MD* before your *Presto* goes to bed, because it makes me sleep and dream, and so forth. Faith this letter goes on slowly enough firrabs, but I can't write much at a time till you are quite settled after your journey you know, and have got all your visits, and lost your money at ombre. You never play at ches now, *Siella*. That puts me in mind of *Dick Tighe*; I fancy I told you, he used to beat his wife here; and she deserved it; and he resolves to part with her; and they went to *Ireland* in different coaches. O Lord, I said all this before, I'm sure. Go to bed, firrabs

*Windfor*, 15. I made the secretary stop at *Brentford*, because we set out at two this afternoon, and fasting would not agree with me. I only designed to eat a bit of bread and butter, but he would light, and we ate roast beef like dragons. And he made me treat him and two more gentlemen; faith it cost me a guinea; I don't like such jesting, yet I was mightily pleased with it too. To-night our Society met at the secretary's, there were



were nine of us ; and we have chosen a new member, the earl of *Jersey*, whose father died lately. 'Tis past one, and I have stolen away.

16. I design to stay here this week by myself, about some business that lies on my hands, and will take up a great deal of time. Dr. *Adams*, one of the canons, invited me to-day to dinner. The tables are so full here on *Sunday*, that it is hard to dine with a few, and Dr. *Adams* knows I love to do so ; which is very obliging. The queen saw company in her bed-chamber ; she looks very well, but she sat down. I supped with lord treasurer as usual, and stayed till past one as usual, and with our usual company, except lord keeper, who did not come this time to *Windsor*. I hate these suppers mortally ; but I seldom eat any thing.

17. Lord treasurer and Mr secretary stay here till to-morrow ; some business keeps them, and I am sorry for it, for they hinder me a day. Mr. *Lewis* and I were going to dine soberly with a little court friend at one. But lord *Harley* and lord *Dupplin* kept me by force, and said we should dine at lord treasurer's, who intended to go at four to *London* ; I stayed like a fool, and went with the two young lords to lord treasurer ; who very fairly turned us all three out of doors. They both were invited to the duke of *Somerfet*, but he was gone to a horse-race, and would not come till five : so we were forced to go to a tavern, and sent for wine from lord treasurer's, who at last we were told did not go to town till the morrow, and at lord treasurer's we supped again ; and I desired him to let me add four shillings to the bill I gave him. We sat up till two, yet I must write to little *MD*.

18. They

18. They are all gone early this morning; and I am alone to seek my fortune; but Dr. *Arbuthnot* engages me for my dinners; and he yesterday gave me my choice of place, person, and victuals for to-day. So I chose to dine with Mrs. *Hill*, who is one of the dressers, and Mrs. *Masbam's* sister, no company but us three, and to have a shoulder of mutton, a small one, which was exactly, only there was too much victuals besides; and the Dr.'s wife was of the company. And to-morrow Mrs. *Hill* and I are to dine with the Doctor. I have seen a fellow often about Court, whom I thought I knew; I asked who he was, and they told me it was the gentleman porter; then I called him to mind; he was *Killy's* acquaintance (I won't say yours) I think his name is *Lovet*, or *Lovel*, or something like it. I believe he does not know me, and in my present posture I shall not be fond of renewing old acquaintance; I believe I used to see him with the *Bradleys*; and by the way, I have not seen Mrs. *Bradley* since I came to *England*. I left your letter in *London*, like a fool; and cannot answer it till I go back, which will not be until *Monday* next: so this will be above a fortnight from my last; but I will fetch it up in my next; so go and walk to the dean's for your health this fine weather.

19. The queen designs to have cards and dancing here next week, which makes us think she will stay here longer than we believed. Mrs. *Masbam* is not well after her lying-in: I doubt she got some cold; she is lame in one of her legs with a rheumatick pain. Dr. *Arbuthnot* and Mrs. *Hill* go to-morrow to *Kensington* to see her, and return the same night. Mrs. *Hill* and I dined with the Doctor to-day. I rode out this morning with the  
 Doctor

Doctor to see *Cranburn*, a house of lord *Ranelagh's*, and the duchess of *Marlborough's* lodge, and the *Park*; the finest places they are for nature, and plantations, that ever I saw; and the finest riding upon artificial roads, made on purpose for the queen. *Arbutnot* made me draw up a sham subscription for a book, called *A History of the Maids of honour since Harry the eighth*, shewing they make the best wives, with a list of all the maids of honour since, &c. to pay a crown in hand, and t'other crown upon delivery of the book; and all in the common forms of those things. We got a gentleman to write it fair, because my hand is known, and we sent it to the maids of honour, when they came to supper. If they bite at it, 'twill be a very good court jest; and the queen will certainly have it; we did not tell Mrs. *Hill*.

20. To-day I was invited to the green-cloth by colonel *Godfrey*, who married the duke of *Marlborough's* sister, mother to the duke of *Berwick* by king *James*: I must tell you those things that happened before you were born: But I made my excuses, and young *Harcourt* (lord keeper's son) and I dined with my next neighbour Dr. *Adams*. Mrs. *Masham* is better, and will be here in three or four days. She had need; for the duchess of *Somerset* is thought to gain ground daily.—We have not yet sent you over all your bills; and I think we have altered your money-bill. The duke of *Ormond* is censured here by those in power for very wrong management in the affair of the may-oralty. He is governed by fools; and has usually much more sense than his advisers, but never proceeds by it. I must know how your health continues after *Wexford*. Walk and use exercise, s'rrahs both; and get somebody to play at shuttlecock

glecock with you, madam *Stella*, and walk to the dean's and *Donnybrook*.

21. Colonel *Godfrey* sent to me again to-day; so I dined at the green-cloth, and we had but eleven at dinner, which is a small number there, the Court being always thin of company till *Saturday* night.—This new ink and pen make a strange figure; *I must write larger, yes I must, or Stella won't be able to read this* \*. S S. S. there's your S s for you, *Stella*. The maids of honour are bit, and have all contributed their crowns, and are teasing others to subscribe for the book. I will tell lord keeper and lord treasurer to-morrow; and I believe the queen will have it. After a little walk this evening, I squandered away the rest of it in sitting at *Lewis's* lodging, while he and Dr. *Arbuthnot* played at picquet. I have that foolish pleasure, which I believe nobody has beside me, except old lady *Berkeley*. But I fretted when I came away; I will loiter so no more, for I have a plaguy deal of business upon my hands, and very little time to do it. The pamphleteers begin to be very busy against the ministry: I have begged Mr. secretary to make examples of one or two of them; and he assures me he will. They are very bold and abusive.

22. This being the day the ministry comes to *Windsor*, I ate a bit or two at Mr. *Lewis's* lodgings, because I must sup with lord treasurer; and at half an hour after one, I led Mr. *Lewis* a walk up the avenue, which is two miles long: we walkt in all about five miles; but I was so tired with his slow walking, that I left him here, and walkt two miles towards *London*, hoping to meet lord

\* These words in *Italicks* are written enormously large.  
treasurer,



treasurer, and return with him; but it grew darkish, and I was forced to walk back, so I walkt nine miles in all; and lord treasurer did not come till after eight; which is very wrong, for there was no *Moon*, and I often tell him how ill he does to expose himself so; but he only makes a jest of it. I supped with him, and staid till now, when it is half an hour after two. He is as merry and careless, and disengaged as a young heir at one and twenty. 'Tis late indeed.

23. The secretary did not come last night, but at three this afternoon; I have not seen him yet; but I verily think they are contriving a Peace as fast as they can, without which it will be impossible to subsist. The queen was at church to-day, but was carried in a chair. I and Mr. *Lewis* dined privately with Mr. *Lowman*, clerk of the kitchen. I was to see lord keeper this morning, and told him the jest of the maids of honour, and lord treasurer had it last night. That rogue *Arbutnot* puts it all upon me. The *Court* was very full to-day; I expected lord treasurer would have invited me to supper; but he only bowed to me, and we had no discourse in the drawing-room. 'Tis now seven at night, and I am at home; and I hope lord treasurer will not send for me to supper; if he does not, I will reproach him, and he will pretend to chide me for not coming.—So farewell till I go to bed, for I am going to be busy.—'Tis now past ten, and I went down to ask the servants about Mr. secretary; they tell me the queen is yet at council, and that she went to supper, and came out to the council afterwards. 'Tis certain they are managing a Peace. I will go to bed, and there's an end.—'Tis now eleven, and a messenger is come from lord treasurer to sup with them; but I have excused myself, and am

glad I am in bed; for else I should sit up till two, and drink till I was hot. Now I'll go sleep.

*London, 24.* I came to town by six with lord treasurer, and have staid till ten. That of the queen's going out to sup, and coming in again, is a lie, as the secretary told me this morning: but I find the ministry are very busy with Mr. *Prior*, and I believe he will go again to *France*. I am told so much, that we shall certainly have a Peace very soon. I had charming weather all last week at *Windsor*; but we have had a little rain to-day, and yesterday was windy. *Prior's Journey* sells still; they have sold two thousand, altho' the town is empty. I found a letter from Mrs. *Fenton* here, desiring me in lady *Giffard's* name to come and pass a week at *Sheen*, while she is at *Moor-park*. I will answer it with a vengeance: and now you talk of answering, there is *MD's N. 20* is yet to be answered: I had put it up so safe I could hardly find it; but here it is, faith, and I am afraid I cannot send this till *Thursday*; for I must see the secretary to-morrow morning, and be in some other place in the evening.

25. *Stella* writes like an emperor, and gives such an account of her journey, never saw the like. Let me see; stand away, let us compute; you staid four days at *Inish-Corby*; two nights at Mrs. *Proby's* mother's; and yet was but six days in journey; for your words are, "We left *Wexford* this day fennight, and came here last night." I have heard them say, that travellers may lie by authority. Make up this, if you can. How far is it from *Wexford* to *Dublin*? how many miles did you travel in a day\*? Let me see—thirty pounds in two months,

\* The doctor was always a bad reckoner, either of money or any thing else; and this is one of his rapid com-

months, is nine score pounds a year; a matter of nothing in *Stella's* purse. I dreamed *Billy Swift* was alive, and that I told him, you writ me word he was dead, and that you had been at his funeral, and I admired at your impudence, and was in mighty haste to run and let you know what lying rogues you were. Poor lad, he is dead of his mother's former folly and fondness, and yet now I believe as you say, that her grief will soon wear off.—O yes, madam *Dingley*, mightily tired of the company, no doubt of it, at *Wexford*? And your description of it is excellent; clean sheets, but bare walls; I suppose then you lay upon the walls.—Mrs. *Walls* has got her tea; but who pays me the money? Come, I shall never get it; so I make a present of it to stop some gaps, &c. Where's the thanks of the house? So, that's well; why, it cost four and thirty shillings *English*—You must adjust that with Mrs. *Walls*; I think that is so many pence more with you.—No, *Leigh* and *Sterne*, I suppose, were not at the water-side; I fear *Sterne's* business will not be done; I have not seen him this good while. I hate him for the management of that box; and I was the greatest fool in nature for trusting to such a young jackanapes; I will speak to him once more about it, when I see him. Mr. *Addison* and I met once more since, and I supped with him; I believe I told you so somewhere in this letter. The archbishop chose an admirable messenger in *Walls* to send to me; yet I think him fitter for a messenger than any thing.—The

computations. For as *Stella* was seven days in journey, although Dr. *Swift* says only six, she might well have spent four days at *Inish-Corbby*, and two nights at Mrs. *Proby's* mother's, the distance from *Wexford* to *Dublin* being but two easy days journey.

D— she † has ! I did not observe her looks. Will she rot out of modesty with lady *Giffard*? I pity poor *Fenny*—but her husband is a dunce, and with respect to him she loses little by her deafness. I believe, madam *Stella*, in your accounts you mistook one liquor for another, and it was a hundred and forty quarts of wine, and thirty-two of water.—This is all written in the morning before I go to the secretary, as I am now doing. I have answered your letter a little shorter than ordinary; but I have a mind it should go to-day, and I will give you my journal at night in my next; for I'm so afraid of another letter before this goes: I will never have two together again unanswered.—What care I for Dr. *Tisdall* and Dr. *Raymond*, or how many children they have? I wish they had a hundred apiece.—Lord treasurer promises me to answer the bishops' letter to-morrow, and shew it me; and I believe it will confirm all I said, and mortify those that threw the merit on the duke of *Ormond*. For I have made him jealous of it; and t'other day talking of the matter, he said, I am your witness you got it for them before the duke was lord lieutenant. My humble service to Mrs. *Walls*, Mrs. *Stoyte*, and *Catherine*. Farewel, &c.

What do you do when you see any literal mistakes in my letters? how do you set them right? for I never read them over to correct them. Farewel again.

Pray send this note to Mrs. *Brent*, to get the money when *Parvisol* comes to town, or she can send to him.

† Somewhat or other which *Stella*'s mother had consented to.



## LETTER XXXI.

London, Sept. 25, 1711.

I DINED in the city to-day, and at my return I put my 30th into the post-office; and when I got home I found for me one of the noblest letters I ever read; it was from —, three sides and a half in folio on a large sheet of paper; the two first pages made up of satire upon *London*, and crowds and hurry, stolen from some of his own school-boy's exercises: the side and a half remaining is spent in desiring me to recommend Mrs. *South*, your commissioner's widow, to my lord treasurer for a pension. He is the prettiest, discreetest fellow that ever my eyes beheld, or that ever dipt pen into ink. I know not what to say to him. A pox on him, I have too many such customers on this side already. I think I will send him word that I never saw my lord treasurer in my life: I am sure I industriously avoided the name of any great person when I saw him, for fear of his reporting it in *Ireland*. And this recommendation must be a secret too, for fear the duke of *Bolton* should know it, and think it was too mean. I never read so d—d a letter in my life: a little would make me send it over to you.—I must send you a pattern, the first place I cast my eyes on, I will not pick and chuse. [In this place (meaning the *Exchange* in *London*) which is the *compendium* of old *Troynovant*, as that is of the whole busy world, I got such a surfeit, that I grew sick of mankind, and resolved, for ever after, to bury myself in the shady retreat of —.] You must know that *London* has been called by some *Troynovant*, or *New Troy*.—Will you have any more? Yes,

one little bit for *Stella*, because she'll be fond of it. [This wondrous *Theatre* (meaning *London*) was no more to me than a desert, and I should less complain of solitude in a *Connaught* shipwreck, or even the great *Bog of Allen*.] A little scrap for Mrs. *Marget*\*, and then I have done. [Their royal *Fanum*, wherein the *Idol Pecunia* is daily worshipped, seemed to me to be just like a hive of bees working and labouring under huge weights of cares.] *Fanum* is a temple, but he means the *Exchange*; and *Pecunia* is money: so now Mrs. *Marget* will understand her part. One more paragraph, and I—Well, come don't be in such a rage, you shall have no more. Pray, *Stella*, be satisfied; 'tis very pretty: and that I must be acquainted with such a dog as this!—Our Peace goes on fast. *Prior* was with the secretary two hours this morning: I was there a little after he went away, and was told it. I believe he will soon be dispatched again to *France*; and I will put somebody to write an account of his second journey: I hope you have seen the other. This latter has taken up my time with storming at it.

26. *Bernage* has been with me these two days; yesterday I sent for him to let him know, that Dr. *Arbuthnott* is putting in strongly to have his brother made a captain over *Bernage's* head. *Arbuthnott's* brother is but an ensign; but the doctor has great power with the queen: yet he told me, he would not do any thing hard to a gentleman who is my friend; and I have engaged the secretary and his colonel for him. To-day he told me very melancholy, that the other had written from *Windsor* (where he went to solicit) that he has got the company; and *Bernage* is full of the spleen.

\* *Stella's* maid.

I made the secretary write yesterday a letter to the colonel in *Bernage's* behalf. I hope it will do yet; and I have written to Dr. *Arbuthnot* to *Windsor*, not to insist on doing such a hardship. I dined in the city at *Pontack's* with *Stratford*; it cost me seven shillings: he would have treated; but I did not let him. I have removed my money from the bank to another fund. I desire *Parvisol* may speak to *Hawkshaw* to pay in my money when he can; for I will put it in the funds; and in the mean time borrow so much of Mr. secretary, who offers to lend it me. Go to the dean's, sir-rah.

27. *Bernage* was with me again to-day, and is in great fear, and so was I; but this afternoon at lord treasurer's, where I dined, my brother *George Granville*, secretary at war, after keeping me a while in suspense, told me, that Dr. *Arbuthnot* had waved the business, because he would not wrong a friend of mine: that his brother is to be a lieutenant, and *Bernage* is made a captain. I called at his lodging, and the soldier's *Coffee-house*, to put him out of pain, but cannot find him; so I have left word, and shall see him to-morrow morning, I suppose. *Bernage* is now easy; he has ten shillings a day, beside lawful cheating. However, he gives a private sum to his colonel; but it is very cheap: his colonel loves him well, but is surprized to see him have so many friends. So he is now quite off my hands.—I left the company early to-night at lord treasurer's; but the secretary followed me, to desire I would go with him to *W*——. Mr. *Lewis's* man came in before I could finish that word beginning with a *W*, which ought to be *Windsor*, and brought me a very handsome rallying letter from Dr. *Arbuthnot*, to tell me, he had, in compliance to me, given up his bro-



ther's pretensions in favour of *Bernage* this very morning; that the queen had spoken to Mr. *Granville* to make the company easy in the other's having the captainship. Whether they have done it to oblige me or no, I must own it so. He says, he this very morning begged her majesty to give Mr. *Bernage* the company. I am mightily well pleased to have succeeded so well; but you will think me tedious, although you like the man, as I think.

*Windsor*, 28. I came here a day sooner than ordinary, at Mr. secretary's desire, and supped with him and *Prior*, and two private ministers from *France*, and a *French* priest. I know not the two ministers names; but they are come about the Peace. The names the secretary called them, I suppose, were feigned; they were good rational men. We have already settled all things with *France*, and very much to the honour and advantage of *England*; and the queen is in mighty good humour. All this news is a mighty secret; the people in general know that a Peace is forwarding. The earl of *Strafford* is to go soon to *Holland* and let them know what we have been doing: and then there will be the devil and all to pay; but we'll make them swallow it with a pox. The *French* ministers staid with us till one, and the secretary and I sat up talking till two; so you will own 'tis late, sirrahs, and time for your little saucy *Presto* to go to bed and sleep adazy; and God blefs poor little *MD*: I hope they are now fast asleep and dreaming of *Presto*.

29. Lord treasurer came to-night, as usual, at half an hour after eight, as dark as pitch. I am weary of chiding him; so I commended him for observing his friends advice, and coming so early, &c. I was two hours with lady *Oglethorp* to-night,  
and



and then supped with lord treasurer, after dining at the green-cloth: I stayed till two; this is the effect of lord treasurer's being here; I must sup with him, and he keeps cursed hours. Lord keeper and the secretary were absent; they cannot sit up with him. This long sitting up makes the periods in my letters so short. I design to stay here all next week, to be at leisure by myself, to finish something of weight I have upon my hands, and which must soon be done. I shall then think of returning to *Ireland*, if these people will let me; and I know nothing else they have for me to do. I gave Dr. *Arbuthnot* my thanks for his kindness to *Bernage*, whose commission is now signed. Methinks I long to know something of *Stella's* health, how it continues after *Wexford* waters.

30. The queen was not at chapel to-day, and all for the better, for we had a dunce to preach: she has a little of the gout. I dined with my brother *Masham* and a moderate company, and would not go to lord treasurer's till after supper at eleven o'clock, and pretended I had mistaken the hour; so I ate nothing: and a little after twelve the company broke up, the keeper and secretary refusing to stay; so I saved this night's debauch. *Prior* went away yesterday with his *Frenchmen*, and a thousand reports are raised in this town. Some said, they knew one to be the Abbé de *Po-lignac*, others swore it was the Abbé du *Bois*. The *Whigs* are in a rage about the Peace; but we'll wherret them, I warrant, boys. Go, go, go to the dean's, and don't mind politicks, young women, they are not good after the waters; they are stark naught; they strike up into the head. Go, get two black aces, and fish for a manilio.

*Oct. 1.* Sir *John Walters*, an honest drunken fellow, is now in waiting, and invited me to the green-cloth to-day, that he might not be behind hand with colonel *Godfrey*, who is a *Whig*. I was engaged to the Mayor's feast with Mr. *Masham*; but waiting to take leave of lord treasurer, I came too late, and so returned sneaking to the green-cloth, and did not see my lord treasurer neither; but was resolved not to lose two dinners for him. I took leave to-day of my friend and solicitor lord *Rivers*, who is commanded by the queen to set out for *Hanover* on *Thursday*. The secretary does not go to town till to-morrow: he and I and two friends more drank a sober bottle of wine here at home, and parted at twelve; he goes by seven to-morrow morning, so I shall not see him. I have power over his cellar in his absence, and make little use of it. Lord *Dartmouth* and my friend *Lewis* stay here this week; but I can never work out a dinner from *Dartmouth*. *Masham* has promised to provide for me: I squired his lady out of her chaise to-day, and must visit her in a day or two. So you have had a long fit of the finest weather in the world; but I am every day in pain that it will go off. I have done no business to-day: I am very idle.

2. My friend *Lewis* and I, to avoid over-much eating, and great tables, dined with honest *Femmy Eckershall*, clerk of the kitchen, now in waiting; and I bespoke my dinner: but the cur had your acquaintance *Lovet*, the gentleman porter, to be our company: *Lovet*, towards the end of dinner, after twenty wriggings, said he had the honour to see me formerly at *Moor-park*, and thought he remembered my face; I said I thought I remembered him, and was glad to see him, &c.

and

and I escaped for that much, for he was very pert. It has rained all this day, and I doubt our good weather is gone. I have been very idle this afternoon, playing at twelve-penny picquet with *Lewis*; I won seven shillings, which is the only money I won this year; I have not played above four times, and I think always at *Windsor*: cards are very dear, there is a duty on them of sixpence a pack, which spoils small gamesters.

3. Mr. *Masham* sent this morning to desire I would ride out with him, the weather growing again very fine: I was very busy, and sent my excuses; but desired he would provide me a dinner: I dined with him, his lady, and her sister, Mrs. *Hill*, who invites us to-morrow to dine with her, and we are to ride out in the morning. I sat with lady *Oglethorp* till eight this evening, then was going home to write; looked about for the woman that keeps the key of the house; she told me *Patrick* had it. I cooled my heels in the cloisters till nine, then went into the musick-meeting, where I had been often desired to go; but was weary in half an hour of their fine stuff\*, and stole out so privately that every body saw me; and cooled my heels in the cloisters again till after ten: then came in *Patrick*. I went up, shut the chamber-door, and gave him two or three swinging cuffs on the ear, and I have strained the thumb of my left hand with pulling him, which I did not feel until he was gone. He was plaguily afraid and humbled.

4. It was the finest day in the world, and we got out before eleven, a noble caravan of us. The duchess of *Shrewsbury* in her own chaise with one

\* *Swift*, like some others, rather hated than loved musick.

horse, and Miss *Touchet* with her; Mrs. *Masham* and Mrs. *Scarborow*, one of the dressers, in one of the queen's chaises; Miss *Forester* and Miss *Scarborow*, two maids of honour, and Mrs. *Hill* on horseback. The duke of *Shrewsbury*, Mr. *Masham*, *George Fielding*, *Arbuthnott* and I on horseback too. Mrs. *Hill's* horse was hired for Miss *Scarborow*, but she took it in civility, her own horse was galled and could not be rid, but kicked and winced: the hired horse was not worth eighteen pence. I borrowed coat, boots and horse, and in short we had all the difficulties, and more than we used to have in making a party from *Trim* to *Longfield's*\*. My coat was light camblet, faced with red velvet, and silver buttons. We rode in the great park and the forest about a dozen miles, and the duchess and I had much conversation; we got home by two, and Mr. *Masham*, his lady, *Arbuthnott* and I dined with Mrs. *Hill*. *Arbuthnott* made us all melancholy, by some symptoms of bloody ur—e: he expects a cruel fit of the stone in twelve hours; he says he is never mistaken, and he appeared like a man that was to be racked to-morrow. I cannot but hope it will not be so bad; he is a perfectly honest man, and one I have much obligation to. It rained a little this afternoon, and grew fair again. Lady *Oglethorp* sent to speak to me, and it was to let me know that lady *Rochester* desires she and I may be better acquainted. 'Tis a little too late; for I am not now in love with lady *Rochester*: they shame me out of her, because she is old. *Arbuthnott* says he hopes my strained thumb is not the gout; for he has often found people so mistaken. I do not remember

\* Mr. *Longfield* lived at *Killbride*, about four miles from *Trim*.



the particular thing that gave it me; only I had it just after beating *Patrick*, and now it is better; so I believe he is mistaken.

5. The duchess of *Shrewsbury* sent to invite me to dinner; but I was abroad last night when her servant came, and this morning I sent my excuses, because I was engaged, which I was sorry for. Mrs. *Forester* taxed me yesterday about the history of the maids of honour; but I told her fairly it was no jest of mine; for I found they did not relish it altogether well: and I have enough already of a quarrel with that brute Sir *John Walters*, who has been railing at me in all companies ever since I dined with him; that I abused the queen's meat and drink, and said, nothing at the table was good, and all a d—— lie; for, after dinner, commending the wine, I said, I thought it was something small. You would wonder how all my friends laugh at this quarrel. It will be such a jest for the keeper, treasurer, and secretary.—I dined with honest colonel *Godfrey*, took a good walk of an hour on the terrass, and then came up to study: but it grows bloody cold and I have no waistcoat here.

6. I never dined with the chaplains till to-day; but my friend *Gastrel* and the dean of *Rocheſter* had often invited me, and I happened to be disengaged; it is the worst provided table at court. We ate on pewter: every chaplain, when he is made a dean, gives a piece of plate, and so they have got a little, some of it very old. One who was made dean of *Peterborow* (a small deanry) said, he would give no plate; he was only dean of *Pewterborow*. The news of Mr. *Hill's* miscarriage in his expedition came to-day, and I went to visit Mrs. *Masſham* and Mrs. *Hill*, his two sisters, to condole with them. I advised them by all means to go to the musick-meeting

meeting to-night, to shew they were not cast down, &c. and they thought my advice was right, and went. I doubt Mr. *Hill* and his admiral made wrong steps; however, we lay it all to a storm, &c. I sat with the secretary at supper; then we both went to lord treasurer's supper, and sat till twelve. The secretary is much mortified about *Hill*; because this expedition was of his contriving, and he counted much upon it; but lord treasurer was just merry as usual, and old laughing at Sir *John Walters* and me falling out. I said, Nothing grieved me, but that they would take example, and perhaps presume upon it, and get out of my government; but that I thought I was not obliged to govern bears, though I governed men. They promise to be as obedient as ever, and so we laughed;—and so I go to bed; for it is colder still, and you have a fire now, and are at cards at home.

7. Lord *Harley* and I dined privately to-day with Mrs. *Masham* and Mrs. *Hill*, and my brother *Masham*. I saw lord *Halifax* at Court, and we joined and talked, and the duchess of *Shrewsbury* came up and reproached me for not dining with her: I said, That was not so soon done; for I expected more advances from ladies, especially duchesses: she promised to comply with any demands I pleased; and I agreed to dine with her to-morrow, if I did not go to *London* too soon, as I believe I shall before dinner. Lady *Oglethorp* brought me and the duchess of *Hamilton* together to-day in the drawing-room, and I have given her some encouragement, but not much. Every body has been teasing *Walters*. He told lord treasurer, that he took his company from him that were to dine with him; my lord said, I will send you Dr. *Swift*: lord keeper bid him take care what he did; For, said he, Dr. *Swift* is not only all our favourite,

avourite, but our governor. The old company supped with lord treasurer, and got away by twelve.

*London*, 8. I believe I shall go no more to *Windsor*; for we expect the queen will come in ten days to *Hampton-Court*. It was frost last night, and cruel cold to-day. I could not dine with the duchess; for I left *Windsor* half an hour after one with lord treasurer, and we called at *Kensington*, where Mrs. *Masbam* was got to see her children for two days. I dined, or rather supped with lord treasurer, and staid till after ten. *Tisdall* and his family are gone from hence, upon some wrangle with the family. Yesterday I had two letters brought me to Mr. *Masbam's*; one from *Ferd*, and t'other from our little *MD*, N. 21. I would not tell you till to-day because I would not. I won't answer it till the next, because I have slept two days by being at *Windsor*, which I must recover here. Well, firrahs, I must go to sleep. The roads were as dry as at *Midsummer* to-day. This letter shall go to-morrow.

9. Morning. It rains hard this morning; I suppose our fair weather is now at an end. I think I'll put on my waistcoat to-day: shall I? Well, I will then, to please *MD*. I think of dining at home to-day upon a chop and a pot. The town continues yet very thin. Lord *Strafford* is gone to *Holland* to tell them what we have done here towards a Peace. We shall soon hear what the *Dutch* say, and how they take it. My humble service to Mrs. *Walls*, Mrs. *Stoyte* and *Catherine*. —Morrow, dearest firrahs, and farewell; and God Almighty blefs *MD*, poor, little, dear *MD*, for so I mean, and *Presto* too. I'll write to you again to-night, that is, I'll begin my next letter. Farewel, &c.

This

This little bit belongs to *MD*; we must always write on the margin\*: you are faucy rogues.

## L E T T E R   X X X I I .

London, October 9, 1711.

**I** WAS forced to lie down at twelve to-day, and mend my night's sleep: I slept till after two, and then sent for a bit of mutton and pot of ale from the next cook's shop, and had no stomach. I went out at four, and called to see *Biddy Floyd*, which I had not done these three months: she is something marked, but has recovered her complexion quite, and looks very well. Then I sat the evening with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*, and drank coffee, and ate an egg. I likewise took a new lodging to-day, not liking a ground-floor, nor the ill smell, and other circumstances. I lodge, or shall lodge, by *Leicester-Fields*, and pay ten shillings a week; that won't hold out long, faith. I shall lie here but one night more. It rained terribly till one o'clock to-day. I lie, for I shall lie here two nights, till *Thursday*, and then remove. Did I tell you that my friend Mrs. *Barton* has a brother drowned, that went on the expedition with *Jack Hill*? He was a lieutenant-colonel, and a coxcomb; and she keeps her chamber in form, and the servants say, she receives no messages. —Answer *MD*'s letter, *Presto*, d'ye hear? No, says *Presto*, I won't yet, I'm busy: you're a faucy rogue. Who talks?

\* This happens to be the only single line written upon the margin of any of his journals. By some accident there was a margin about as broad as the back of a razor, and therefore he made this use of it.



10. It cost me two shillings in coach-hire to dine in the city with a printer. I have sent, and caused to be sent, three pamphlets out in a fortnight. I will ply the rogues warm, and whenever any thing of theirs makes a noise, it shall have an answer. I have instructed an under-spur-leather to write so, that it is taken for mine. A rogue that writes a news-paper called *The Protestant Post-boy*, has reflected on me in one of his papers; but the secretary has taken him up, and he shall have a squeeze extraordinary. He says, that an ambitious *Tantivy*, missing of his towering hopes of preferment in *Ireland*, is come over to vent his spleen on the late ministry, &c. I'll *Tantivy* him with a vengeance. I sat the evening at home and am very busy, and can hardly find time to write unless it were to *MD*. I am in furious haste.

11. I dined to-day with lord treasurer. *Thursdays* are now his days when his choice company comes, but we are too much multiplied. *George Granville* sent his excuses upon being ill; I hear he apprehends the apoplexy, which would grieve me much. Lord treasurer calls *Prior* nothing but *Monsieur Baudrier*, which was the feigned name of the *Frenchman* that writ his journey to *Paris*. They pretend to suspect me, so I talk freely of it, and put them out of their play. Lord treasurer calls me now *Dr. Martin*, because *Martin\** is a sort of a swallow, and so is a *Swift*. When he and I came last *Monday* from *Windsor*, we were reading all the signs † on the road. He is a pure trisler;  
tell

\* From this pleasantry of my lord *Oxford*, the appellation *Martinus Scriblerus* took its rise.

† Vide *Swift's Imitations of Horace*, Lib. II, Sat. 6.  
wære

tell the bishop of *Clogher* so. I made him make two lines in verse for the *Bell and Dragon*, and they were rare bad ones. I suppose *Dilly* is with you by this time: what could his reason be of leaving *London*, and not owning it? 'Twas plaguy silly. I believe his natural inconstancy made him weary; I think he is the king of inconstancy. I staid with lord treasurer till ten; we had five lords and three comioners. Go to ombre, sir-rah.

12. Mrs. *Vanhomrigh* has changed her lodging as well as I. She found she had got with a bawd, and removed: I dined with her to-day; for though she boards, her landlady does not dine with her. I am grown a mighty lover of herrings; but they are much smaller here than with you. In the afternoon I visited an old major-general, and eat six oysters; then sat an hour with Mrs. *Colledge*, the joiner's daughter that was hanged; it was the joiner was hanged, and not his daughter; with *Thompson's* wife, a magistrate. There was the famous Mrs. *Floyd* of *Chester*, who, I think, is the handsomest woman (except *MD*) that ever I saw. She told me, that twenty people had sent her the verses upon *Biddy*, as meant to her: and indeed, in point of handsomeness, she deserves them much better. I will not go to *Windsor* to-morrow, and so I told the secretary to-day. I hate the thoughts of *Saturday* and *Sunday* suppers with lord treasurer. *Jack Hill* is come home from his unfortunate ex-

where he gives an account of what sort of tattle entertained my lord *Oxford* and him upon the road to *Windsor*; and, among other whims, how, as the chariot passed along,

They gravely try'd to read the lines  
Writ underneath the country Signs.

†

pedition,

pedition, and is, I think, now at *Windsor*: I have not yet seen him. He is privately blamed by his own friends for want of conduct. He called a council of war, and therein it was determined to come back. But they say, a general should not do that, because the officers will always give their opinion for returning, since the blame will not lie upon them, but the general: I pity him heartily. *Bernage* received his commission to-day.

13. I dined to-day with colonel *Crowe*, late governor of *Barbadoes*; he is a great acquaintance of your friend *Sterne*, to whom I trusted the box. Lord treasurer has refused *Sterne's* business; and I doubt he is a rake; *Femmy Leigh* stays for him, and nobody knows where to find him. I am so busy now, I have hardly time to spare to write to our little *MD*; but in a fortnight I hope it will be over. I am going now to be busy, &c.

14. I was going to dine with *Dr. Cockburn*, but Sir *Andrew Fountain* met me, and carried me to Mrs. *Van's*, where I drank the last bottle of *Raymond's* wine, admirable good, better than any I get among the ministry. I must pick up time to answer this letter of *MD's*, I'll do it in a day or two for certain.—I am glad I am not at *Windsor*, for it is very cold, and I won't have a fire till *November*. I am contriving how to stop up my grate with bricks. *Patrick* was drunk last night; but did not come to me, else I should have given him t'other cuff. I sat this evening with Mrs. *Barton*, it is the first day of her seeing company; but I made her merry enough, and we were three hours disputing upon *Whig* and *Tory*. She grieved for her brother only for form, and he was a sad dog. Is *Stella* well enough to go to church, pray? no nummings left? no darkness in your eyes? do you walk and exercise? Your exercise is ombre.—

People



People are coming up to town; the queen will be at *Hampton-court* in a week. Lady *Betty Germain*, I hear, is come, and lord *Pembroke* is coming: his new wife is as big with child as she can tumble.

15. I sat at home till four this afternoon to-day writing, and ate a roll and butter; then visited *Will. Congreve* an hour or two, and supped with lord treasurer, who came from *Windsor* to-day, and brought *Prior* with him. The queen has thanked *Prior* for his good service in *France*, and promised to make him a commissioner of the customs. Several of that commission are to be out; among the rest, my friend Sir *Matthew Dudley*; I can do nothing for him, he is so hated by the ministry. Lord treasurer kept me till twelve, so I need not tell you it is now late.

16. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary at Dr. *Cotesworth's*, where he now lodges till his house be got ready in *Golden-Square*. One *Boyer*, a *French* dog, has abused me in a pamphlet, and I have got him up in a messenger's hands: the secretary promises me to swinge him. Lord treasurer told me last night that he had the honour to be abused with me in a pamphlet. I must make that rogue an example for warning to others. I was to see *Jack Hill* this morning, who made that unfortunate expedition; and there is still more misfortune; for that ship, which was admiral of his fleet, is blown up in the *Thames*, by an accident and carelessness of some rogue, who was going, as they think, to steal some gun-powder: five hundred men are lost; we don't yet know the particulars. I am got home by seven, and am going to be busy, and you are going to play and supper; you live ten times happier than I: but I should live ten times happier than you, if I were with *MD*. I saw *Femmy Leigh* to-day in the street, who tells me that *Sterne* has



has not lain above once these three weeks in his lodgings, and he doubts he takes ill courses; he stays only till he can find *Sterne* to go along with him, and he cannot hear of him. I begged him to enquire about the box when he comes to *Chester*, which he promises.

17. The secretary and I dined to-day with Brigadier *Britton*, a great friend of his. The lady of the house is very galante, about thirty-five; she is said to have a great deal of wit; but I see nothing among any of them that equals *MD* by a bar's length, as hope saved. My lord treasurer is much out of order; he has a sore throat, and the gravel, and a pain in his breast where the wound was: pray God preserve him. The queen comes to *Hampton-Court* on *Tuesday* next; people are coming fast to town, and I must answer *MD's* letter, which I can hardly find time to do, though I am at home the greatest part of the day. Lady *Betty Germain* and I were disputing *Whig* and *Tory* to death this morning. She is grown very fat, and looks mighty well. *Biddy Floyd* was there, and she is, I think, very much spoiled with the small-pox.

18. Lord treasurer is still out of order, and that breaks our method of dining there to-day. He is often subject to a sore throat, and some time or other it will kill him, unless he takes more care than he is apt to do. It was said about the town that poor lord *Peterborough* was dead at *Frankfort*; but he is something better, and the queen is sending him to *Italy*, where I hope the warm climate will recover him; he has abundance of excellent qualities, and we love one another mightily. I was this afternoon in the city, eat a bit of meat, and settled some things with a printer. I will answer your letter on *Saturday*, if possible, and then

send away this; so to fetch up the odd days I lost at *Windsor*, and keep constant to my fortnight. Ombre time is now coming on, and we shall have nothing but *Manley*, and *Walls*, and *Stoytes*, and the dean. Have you got no new acquaintance? Poor girls; no body knows *MD*'s good qualities. 'Tis very cold; but I will not have a fire till *November*, that's pozz. Well, but coming home to-night, I found on my table a letter from *MD*; faith I was angry, that is with myself; and I was afraid too to see *MD*'s hand so soon, for fear of something, I don't know what: at last I opened it, and it was over well, and a bill for the two hundred guineas. However, 'tis a sad thing that this letter is not gone, nor your twenty-first answered yet.

19. I was invited to-day to dine with Mrs. *Van*, with some company who did not come; but I ate nothing but herrings: you must know I hardly ever eat of above one thing, and that the plainest ordinary meat at table; I love it best, and believe it wholesomest. You love rarities; yes you do; I wish you had all that I ever see where I go. I was coming home early, and met the secretary in his chair, who persuaded me to go with him to *Britton's*: for he said, he had been all day at business, and had eaten nothing. So I went, and the time past so, that we staid till two, so you may believe 'tis late enough.

20. This day has gone all wrong, by sitting up so late last night. Lord treasurer is not yet well, and can't go to *Windsor*. I dined with Sir *Matthew Dudley*, and took occasion to hint to him that he would lose his employment, for which I am very sorry. Lord *Pembroke* and his family are all come to town. I was kept so long at a friend's this evening, that I cannot send this to-night.

When

When I knocked at my lodgings, a fellow asked me where lodged Dr. *Swift*? I told him I was the person: he gave me a letter he brought from the secretary's office, and I gave him a shilling: when I came up, I saw *Dingley's* hand: faith I was afraid, I do not know what. At last it was a formal letter from *Dingley* about her exchequer business. Well, I'll do it on *Monday*, and settle it with *Tooke*. And now, boys, for your letter, I mean the first, N. 21. Let's see; come out, little letter.—I never had the letter from the bishop that *Raymond* mentions; but I have written to *Ned Southwel*, to desire the duke of *Ormond* to speak to his reverence that he may leave off his impertinence. What a pox can they think I am doing for the archbishop here? You have a pretty notion of me in *Ireland*, to make me an agent for the archbishop of *Dublin*.—Why; do you think I value your people's ingratitude about my part in serving them? I remit them their *First-Fruits* of Ingratitude, as freely as I got the other remitted to them. This lord treasurer defers writing his letter to them, or else they would be plaguily confounded by this time. For, he designs to give the merit of it wholly to the queen and me, and to let them know it was done before the duke of *Ormond* was lord lieutenant. You visit, you dine abroad, you see friends; you pilgarlick; you walk from *Finglass*, you a cat's foot. O Lord—Lady *Gore* hung her child by the waist; what is that *waisf*\*, I don't understand the word; he must hang on

\* With great respect to the Dr.'s judgment, perhaps *Stella's* orthography might be defended against the tyranny of her instructor; at least she has all the moderns on her side: however indeed, *waisf* as well as *waisf*, is to be met with in *Littleton's* dictionary.



till you explain or spell it.—I don't believe he was pretty, that's a liiii.—Pish; burn your *First-Fruits*; again at it. *Stella* has made twenty false spellings in her writing; I'll send them to you all back again on the other side of this letter, to mend them; I won't miss one. Why; I think there were seventeen bishops names to the letter lord *Oxford* received.—I will send you some pamphlets by *Leigh*: put me in mind of it on *Monday*, for I shall go then to the printer; yes, and the *Miscellany*. I am mightily obliged to *Walls*, but I don't deserve it by any usage of him here, having seen him but twice, and once *en passant*. Mrs. *Manley* forsworn ombre! What; and no blazing star appear? no monsters born? no whale thrown up? Have you not found out some evasion for her? She had no such regard to oaths in her younger days. I got the books for nothing, madam *Dingley*; but the wine I got not; it was but a promise.—Yes, my head is pretty well in the main, only now and then a little threatning or so.—You talk of my reconciling some great folks. I tell you what. The secretary told me last night, that he had found the reason why the queen was cold to him for some months past; that a friend had told it him yesterday; and it was, that they suspected he was at the bottom with the duke of *Marlborough*. Then he said, he had reflected upon all I had spoken to him long ago; but he thought it had been only my suspicion, and my zeal and kindness for him. I said I had reason to take that very ill, to imagine I knew so little of the world as to talk at a venture to a great minister; that I had gone between him and lord treasurer often, and told each of them what I had said to the other, and that I had informed him so before: he said all that you may imagine to excuse himself, and approve my conduct.



conduct. I told him, I knew all along, that this proceeding of mine was the surest way to send me back to my willows in *Ireland*, but that I regarded it not, provided I could do the kingdom service in keeping them well together. I minded him how often I had told lord treasurer, lord keeper, and him together, that all things depended on their union, and that my comfort was to see them love one another; and I had told them all singly, that I had not said this by chance, &c. He was in a rage to be thus suspected; swears he will be upon a better foot, or none at all: and I do not see, how they can well want him in this juncture. I hope to find a way of settling this matter. I act an honest part; that will bring me neither profit nor praise. *MD* must think the better of me for it: nobody else shall ever know it. Here's politicks enough for once; but madam *D. D.* gave me occasion for it. I think I told you I have got into lodgings that don't smell ill—O Lord! the spectacles: well I'll do that on *Monday* too; although it goes against me to be employed for folks that neither you nor I care a groat for. Is the eight pounds from *Hawkshaw* included in the thirty-nine pounds five shillings and two-pence? How do I know by this how my account stands? Can't you write five or six lines to cast it up? Mine is forty-four pounds *per annum*, and eight pounds from *Hawkshaw* makes fifty-two pounds. Pray set it right, and let me know; you had best.—And so now I have answered *N. 21*, and 'tis late, and I will answer *N. 22* in my next: this cannot go to-night, but shall on *Tuesday*: and so go to your play, and lose your money, with your two eggs a penny; silly jade; you witty? very pretty.

21. Mrs. *Van* would have me dine with her again to-day, and so I did, though lady *Mountjoy* has sent two or three times to have me see and dine with her, and she is a little body I love very well. My head has ached a little in the evenings these three or four days, but it is not of the giddy sort, so I do not much value it. I was to see lord *Harley* to-day, but lord treasurer took physick, and I could not see him. He has voided much gravel, and is better, but not well; he talks of going on *Tuesday* to see the queen at *Hampton-Court*; I wish he may be able. I never saw so fine a summer day as this was; how is it with you pray? and can't you remember, naughty packs. I han't seen lord *Pembroke* yet. He will be sorry to miss *Dilly*: I wonder you say nothing of *Dilly's* being got to *Ireland*; if he be not there soon, I shall have some certain odd thoughts; guess them if you can.

22. I dined in the city to-day with Dr. *Freind*, at one of my printers; I enquired for *Leigh*, but could not find him: I have forgot what sort of apron you want. I must rout among your letters, a needle in a bottle of hay. I gave *Sterne* directions, but where to find him Lord knows. I have bespoken the spectacles; got a set of *Examiners*, and five pamphlets, which I have either written or contributed to, except the best, which is the *Vindication of the duke of Marlborough*; and is entirely of the author of the *Atalantis*. I have settled *Dingley's* affair with *Tooke*, who has undertaken it, and understands it. I have bespoken a *Miscellany*: what would you have me do more? It cost me a shilling coming home; it rains terribly, and did so in the morning. Lord treasurer has had an ill day, in much pain. He writes and  
does

does business in his chamber now he is ill: the man is bewitched; he desires to see me, and I'll maul him, but he will not value it a rush.—I am half weary of them all. I often burst out into these thoughts, and will certainly steal away as soon as I decently can. I have many friends, and many enemies; and the last are more constant in their nature. I have no shuddering at all to think of retiring to my old circumstances, if you can be easy; but I will always live in *Ireland* as I did the last time; I will not hunt for dinners there; nor converse with more than a very few.

23. Morning. This goes to-day, and shall be sealed by and bye. Lord treasurer takes physick again to-day; I believe I shall dine with lord *Dupplin*. Mr. *Tooke* brought me a letter directed for me at *Morphew's* the bookseller. I suppose, by the postage, it came from *Ireland*; it is a woman's hand, and seems false spelt on purpose; it is in such sort of verse as *Harris's* petition; rallies me for writing merry things, and not upon divinity; and is like the subject of the archbishop's last letter, as I told you. Can you guess whom it came from? it is not ill written; pray find it out; there is a *Latin* verse at the end of it all rightly spelt; yet the *English*, as I think, affectedly wrong in many places.—My plaguing time is coming. A young fellow brought me a letter from judge *Coot*e, with recommendation to be lieutenant of a man of war. He is the son of one *Echlin*, who was minister of *Belfast* before *Tisdall*, and I have got some other new customers; but I shall trouble my friends as little as possible. Saucy *Stella* used to jeer me for meddling with other folks affairs; but now I am punished for it.—*Patrick* has brought the candle, and I have no more room. Farewel, &c. &c.

Here is a full and true account of *Stella's* new spelling.

Plaguely,	—	—	Plaguily*.
Dincing,	—	—	Dining.
Straingers,	—	—	Strangers.
Chais,	—	—	Chafe†.
Waift,	—	—	Waft.
Houer,	—	—	Hour.
Immagin,	—	—	Imagine.
A bout,	—	—	About.
Intellegence,	—	—	Intelligence.
Aboundance,	—	—	Abundance.
Merrit,	—	—	Merit.
Secreet,	—	—	Secret.
Phamphlets,	—	—	Pamphlets.
Buffiness,	—	—	Business.

Tell me truly, firrah, how many of these are mistakes of the pen, and how many are you to answer for as real ill spelling? There are but fourteen; I said twenty by guess. You must not be angry, for I will have you spell right, let the world go how it will. Though after all, there is but a mistake of one letter in any of these words. I allow you henceforth but six false spellings in every letter you send me.

\* This column of words, as they are corrected, is in *Stella's* hand.

† Yet here is one word still false spelt.



## L E T T E R   XXXIII.

London, Oct. 23, 1711.

I DINED with lord *Dupplin*, as I told you I would, and put my thirty-second into the post-office my own self; and I believe there has not been one moment since we parted, wherein a letter was not upon the road going or coming to or from *PMD*\*. If the queen knew it, she would give us a pension; for it is we bring good luck to their post-boys and their packets: else they would break their necks and sink. But, an old saying and a true one; Be it snow or storm or hail, *PMD*'s letters never fail: Cross winds may sometimes make them tarry; But *PMD*'s letters can't miscarry.—Terrible rain to-day, but it cleared up at night enough to save my twelve-pence coming home. Lord treasurer is much better this evening. I hate to have him ill, he is so confidently careless. I won't answer your letter yet, so be satisfied.

24. I called at lord treasurer's to-day at noon; he was eating some broth in his bed-chamber, undressed, with a thousand papers about him. He has a little fever upon him, and his eye terribly blood-shot; yet he dressed himself, and went out to the treasury. He told me, he had a letter from a lady with a complaint against me, it was from Mrs. *Cutts*, a sister of lord *Cutts*, who writ to him, that I had abused her brother: you remember the *Salamander*; it is printed in the *Miscellany*. I told my lord, that I would never regard complaints, and that I expected whenever he received any against me, he would immediately

\* That is, *Presto* and *MD*.

put them into the fire, and forget them, else I should have no quiet.—I had a little turn in my head this morning; which, though it did not last above a moment, yet being of the true sort, has made me as weak as a dog all this day. 'Tis the first I have had this half year. I shall take my pills if I hear of it again. I dined at lady *Mountjoy's* with *Harry Coot*, and went to see lord *Pembroke* upon his coming to town.—The *Whig* party are furious against a Peace, and every day some ballad comes out reflecting on the ministry on that account. The secretary *St. John* has seized on a dozen booksellers and publishers, into his messengers hands. Some of the foreign ministers have published the *Preliminaries* agreed on here between *France* and *England*; and people rail at them as insufficient to treat a Peace upon; but the secret is, that the *French* have agreed to articles much more important, which our ministers have not communicated, and the people, who think they know all, are discontented that there is no more. This was an inconvenience I foretold to the secretary; but we could contrive no way to fence against it.—So there's politicks for you.

25. The queen is at *Hampton-Court*; she went on *Tuesday* in that terrible rain. I dined with *Lewis* at his lodgings, to dispatch some business we had. I sent this morning and evening to lord treasurer, and he is much worse by going out; I am in pain about evening. He has sent for Dr. *Radcliffe*; pray God preserve him. The chancellor of the exchequer shewed me to-day a ballad in manuscript against lord treasurer and his *South-Sea* project; it is very sharply written: if it be not printed, I will send it you. If it be, it shall go in your packet of pamphlets.—I found out your letter about directions for the  
apron,

apron, and have ordered to be bought a cheap, green silk work apron; I have it by heart; I sat this evening with Mrs. *Barton*, who is my near neighbour. It was a delicious day, and I got my walk, and was thinking whether *MD* was walking too just at that time that *Presto* was.—This paper does not cost me a farthing, I have it from the secretary's office. I long till to-morrow to know how my lord treasurer sleeps this night, and to hear he mends: we are all undone without him; so pray for him, firrahs, and don't stay too late at the dean's.

26. I dined with Mrs. *Van*; for the weather is so bad, and I am so busy, that I can't dine with great folks; and besides I dare eat but little, to keep my head in order, which is better. Lord treasurer is very ill, but I hope in no danger. We have no quiet with the *Whigs*, they are so violent against a Peace; but I'll cool them with a vengeance, very soon. I have not heard from the bishop of *Clogher*, whether he has got his statues. I writ to him six weeks ago; he's so busy with his parliament. I won't answer your letter yet, say what you will, faucy girls.

27. I forgot to go about some business this morning, which cost me double the time; and I was forced to be at the secretary's office till four, and lose my dinner; so I went to Mrs. *Van's*, and made them get me three herrings, which I am very fond of, and they are light vittals: besides, I was to have supped at lady *Ashburnham's*; but the drab did not call for us in her coach, as she promised, but sent for us, and so I sent my excuses. It has been a terrible rainy day, but so flattering in the morning, that I would needs go out in my new hat. I met *Leigh* and *Sterne* as I was going into the *Park*. *Leigh* says he will go to *Ireland* in ten days, if he can get *Sterne* to go with him;



him; so I will send him the things for *MD*, and I have desired him to enquire about the box. I hate that *Sterne* for his carelessness about it; but it was my fault.

29. I was all this terrible rainy day with my friend *Lewis* upon business of importance; and I dined with him, and came home about seven, and thought I would amuse myself a little after the pains I had taken. I saw a volume of *Congreve's Plays* in my room, that *Patrick* had taken to read; and I looked into it, and in mere loitering read in it till twelve, like an owl and a fool: if ever I do so again; never saw the like. Count *Gal- las*, the emperor's envoy, you will hear is in disgrace with us: the queen has ordered her ministers to have no more commerce with him; the reason is the fool writ a rude letter to lord *Dartmouth*, secretary of state, complaining of our proceedings about a Peace; and he is always in close confidence with lord *Wharton*, and *Sunderland*, and others of the late ministry. I believe you begin to think there will be no Peace; the *Whigs* here are sure it cannot be, and stocks are fallen again. But I am confident there will, unless *France* plays us tricks; and you may venture a wager with any of your *Whig* acquaintance that we shall not have another campaign. You will get more by it than by ombre, firrah.—I let slip telling you yesterday's journal, which I thought to have done this morning, but blundered. I dined yesterday at *Harry Cooté's* with lord *Hatton*, Mr. *Finch*, a son of lord *Nottingham*, and Sir *Andrew Fountain*. I left them soon; but hear they staid till two in the morning, and were all drunk; and so good night for last night, and good night for to-night. You blundering goosecap, an't you  
ashamed



ashamed to blunder to young ladies? I shall have a fire in three or four days now, oh ho.

30. I was to-day in the city concerting some things with a printer, and am to be to-morrow all day busy with Mr. secretary about the same. I won't tell you now; but the ministers reckon it will do abundance of good, and open the eyes of the nation, who are half bewitched against a Peace. Few of this generation can remember any thing but war and taxes, and they think it is as it should be: whereas 'tis certain we are the most undone people in *Europe*, as I am afraid I shall make appear beyond all contradiction. But I forgot; I won't tell you what I will do, nor what I will not do: so let me alone, and go to *Stoyte*, and give goody *Stoyte* and *Catherine* my humble service; I love goody *Stoyte* better than goody *Walls*. Who'll pay me for this green apron? I will have the money; it cost ten shillings and six pence. I think it plaguy dear for a cheap thing; but they said, that *English* silk would cackle, and I know not what. You have the making into the bargain. 'Tis right *Italian*: I have sent it and the pamphlets to *Leigh*, and will send the *Miscellanies* and spectacles in a day or two. I would send more; but faith I'm plaguy poor at present.

31. The *Devil's* in this secretary; when I went this morning he had people with him; but says he, We are to dine with *Prior* to-day, and then will do all our business in the afternoon; at two *Prior* sends word he is otherwise engaged; then the secretary and I go and dine with brigadier *Britton*, sit till eight, grow merry, no business done; he is in haste to see lady *Fersey*, we part, and appoint no time to meet again. This is the fault of all the present ministers, teasing me to death

for my assistance, laying the whole weight of their affairs upon it, yet slipping opportunities. Lord treasurer mends every day, though slowly: I hope he will take care of himself. Pray, will you send to *Parvisol* to send me a bill of twenty pounds as soon as he can, for I want money. I must have money; I will have money, sirrahs.

*Nov. 1.* I went to-day into the city to settle some business with *Stratford*, and to dine with him; but he was engaged, and I was so angry I would not dine with any other merchant, but went to my printer, and ate a bit, and did business of mischief with him, and I shall have the spectacles and *Miscellany* to-morrow, and leave them with *Leigh*. A fine day always makes me go into the city, if I can spare time, because it is exercise; and that does me more good than any thing. I have heard nothing since of my head, but a little I don't know how, sometimes: but I am very temperate, especially now the treasurer is ill, and the ministers often at *Hampton-Court*, and the secretary not yet fixed in his house, and I hate dining with many of my old acquaintance. Here has been a fellow discovered going out of the *East-India* house with sixteen thousand pounds in money and bills; he would have escaped, if he had not been so uneasy with thirst, that he stole out before his time, and was caught. But what is that to *MD*? I wish we had the money, provided the *East-India* company was never the worse; you know we must not covet, &c. Our weather, for this fortnight past, is chequered, a fair and a rainy day; this was very fine, and I have walked four miles, wish *MD* would do so, lazy fluttikins.

2. It has rained all day with a *continuendo*, and I went in a chair to dine with Mrs. *Van*; always there in a very rainy day. But I made a shift to  
come

come back afoot. I live a very retired life, pay very few visits, and keep but very little company; I read no news-papers. I am sorry I sent you the *Examiner*; for the printer is going to print them in a small volume: it seems the author is too proud to have them printed by subscription, though his friends offered, they say, to make it worth five hundred pounds to him. The *Spectators* are likewise printing in a larger and smaller volume: so I believe they are going to leave them off, and indeed people grow weary of them, though they are often prettily written. We have had no news for me to send you now towards the end of my letter. The queen has the gout a little; I hoped the lord treasurer would have had it too; but *Radcliffe* told me yesterday it was the rheumatism in his knee and foot; however he mends, and I hope will be abroad in a short time. I am told they design giving away several employments before the parliament sits, which will be the thirteenth instant. I either do not like, or not understand this policy; and if lord treasurer does not mend soon, they must give them just before the sessions. But he is the greatest procrastinator in the world.

3. A fine day this, and I walked a pretty deal; I stuf't the secretary's pockets with papers, which he must read and settle at *Hampton-Court*, where he went to-day, and stays some time. They have no lodgings for me there, so I can't go; for the town is small, chargeable and inconvenient. Lord treasurer had a very ill night last night, with much pain in his knee and foot, but is easier to-day.—And so I went to visit *Prior* about some business, and so he was not within, and so Sir *Andrew Fountain* made me dine to-day again with *Mrs. Van*, and I came home soon, remembering



this must go to-night, and that I had a letter of *MD's* to answer. O Lord, where is it? let me see; so, so, here it is. You grudge writing so soon. Pox on that bill; the woman would have me manage that money for her. I do not know what to do with it now I have it; I am like the unprofitable steward in the gospel: *I laid it up in a napkin; there thou hast what is thine own, &c.* Well, well, I know of your new mayor. (I'll tell you a pun; a fishmonger owed a man two crowns; so he sent him a piece of bad ling and a tench, and then said he was paid: how is that now? find it out; for I won't tell it you: which of you finds it out?) Well, but as I was saying, what care I for your mayor? I fancy *Ford* may tell *Forbes* right about my returning to *Ireland* before *Christmas*, or soon after. I'm sorry you did not go on with your story about *Pray God you be John*; I never heard it in my life, and wonder what it can be. —Ah, *Stella*, faith you leaned upon your Bible to think what to say when you writ that. Yes, that story of the secretary's making me an example is true; “never heard it before;” why how could you hear it? is it possible to tell you the hundredth part of what passes in our companies here? The secretary is as easy with me as *Mr. Addison* was. I have often thought what a splutter *Sir William Temple* makes about being secretary of state; I think *Mr. St. John* the greatest young man I ever knew; wit, capacity, beauty, quickness of apprehension, good learning, and an excellent taste; the best orator in the house of commons, admirable conversation, good nature, and good manners; generous, and a despiser of money. His only fault is talking to his friends in way of complaint of too great a load of business, which looks a little like affectation: and he endeavours



deavours too much to mix the fine gentleman, and man of pleasure, with the man of business. What truth and sincerity he may have I know not: he is now but thirty-two, and has been secretary above a year. Is not all this extraordinary? How he stands with the queen and lord treasurer I have told you before. This is his character; and I believe you will be diverted by knowing it. I writ to the archbishop of *Dublin*, bishop of *Cloyne*, and of *Clogher* together, five weeks ago from *Windsor*: I hope they had my letters; pray know if *Clogher* had his.—Fig for your Physician and his advice, madam *Dingley*; if I grow worse, I will; otherwise I will trust to temperance and exercise: your fall of the leaf; what care I when the leaves fall? I am sorry to see them fall with all my heart; but why should I take physick because leaves fall off from trees? that won't hinder them from falling. If a man falls from a horse, must I take physick for that?—This arguing makes you mad; but it is true right reason, not to be disproved.—I am glad at heart to hear poor *Stella* is better; use exercise and walk, spend pattens and spare potions, wear out clogs and waste claret. Have you found out my pun of the fishmonger? Don't read a word more till you have got it. And *Stella* is handsome again, you say? and is she fat? I have sent to *Leigh* the set of *Examiners*; the first thirteen were written by several hands, some good, some bad; the next three and thirty were all by one hand, that makes forty-six:\*

then

\* Here the doctor's memory failed him a little: he should have said, The first twelve were written by several hands (for *Swift's Examiners* commenced with No. 13), and the next thirty-two were by one hand, in all forty-

then that author, whoever he was, laid it down on purpose to confound guessers; and the last six were written by a woman. Then there is an account of *Guiscard* by the same woman, but the facts sent by *Presto*. Then *An Answer to the Letter to the lords about Greg* by *Presto*; *Prior's* journey by *Presto*; *Vindication* of the duke of *Marlborough* entirely by the same woman; *Comment* on *Hare's* sermon by the same woman, only hints sent to the printer from *Presto* to give her. Then there's the *Miscellany*, an apron for *Stella*, a pound of chocolate without sugar for *Stella*, a fine snuff-rasp of ivory, given me by Mrs. *St. John* for *Dingley*, and a large roll of tobacco, which she must hide or cut shorter out of modesty, and four pair of spectacles for the Lord knows who. There's the cargo, I hope it will come safe. Oh, Mrs. *Masbam* and I are very well; we write to one another, but it is upon business; I believe I told you so before: pray pardon my forgetfulness in these cases; poor *Presto* can't help it. *MD* shall have

four. Vid. his letter to *Stella*, dated *June 7, 1711*. If the reader has any doubt of this matter still remaining, let him consult the two last paragraphs of the forty-fourth *Examiner*; and for curiosity, if he pleases, read the first paragraph of the forty-fifth Number, where he will find the *Examiner* intends to proceed on a plan quite different from *Swift's* course of politicks. However, in six or eight weeks after *Swift* became silent, the *Examiner* was laid down, although revived again the *December* following, and continued to be a lively and spirited paper for two or three months, the writers of it being supplied with hints from Mr. secretary *St. John* and Dr. *Swift*. But the ministry having then obtained their ends in parliament, and the Peace being in great forwardness, they suffered the *Examiner* to sink again into obscurity and dulness.

the money as soon as *Tooke* gets it. And so I think I have answered all, and the paper is out, and now I have fetcht up my week, and will send you another this day fortnight.—Why, you rogues, two crowns make *tench-ill-ling*: you are so dull you could never have found it out. Farewel, &c.  
 &c.

## L E T T E R   X X X I V .

London, November 3, 1711.

**M**Y thirty-third lies now before me just finished, and I am going to seal and send it, so let me know whether you would have me add any thing: I gave you my journal of this day; and it is now nine at night, and I am going to be busy for an hour or two.

4. I left a friend's house to-day where I was invited, just when dinner was setting on, and pretended I was engaged, because I saw some fellows I did not know, and went to Sir *Matthew Dudley's*, where I had the same inconvenience, but he would not let me go; otherwise I would have gone home, and sent for a slice of mutton and a pot of ale, rather than dine with persons unknown, as bad for aught I know as your deans, parsons, and curates. Bad slabby weather to-day.—Now methinks I write at ease, when I have no letter of *MD's* to answer. But I mistook, and have got the large paper. The queen is laid up with the gout at *Hampton-Court*; she is now seldom without it any long time together; I fear it will wear her out in a very few years. I plainly find I have less twitchings about my toes since these ministers are sick and out of town, and that I don't dine with them. I would com-

pound for a light easy gout to be perfectly well in my head.—Pray walk when the frost comes, young ladies, go a frost-biting. It comes into my head, that from the very time you first went to *Ireland* I have been always plying you to walk and read. The young fellows here have begun a kind of fashion to walk, and many of them have got swinging strong shoes on purpose; it has got as far as several young lords; if it hold, it would be a very good thing. Lady *Lucy* and I are fallen out: she rails at me, and I have left visiting her.

5. *MD* was very troublesome to me last night in my sleep; I was adreamed, methought, that *Stella* was here: I asked her after *Dingley*, and she said, she had left her in *Ireland*, because she designed her stay to be short, and such stuff.—*Monfieur Pontchartrain*, the secretary of state in *France*, and *Monfieur Fontenelle*, the secretary of the *Royal Academy* there, (who writ the *Dialogues des morts*, &c.) have sent letters to lord *Pembroke*, that the *Academy* have, with the king's consent, chosen him one of their members, in the room of one who is lately dead. But the cautious gentleman has given me the letters to shew my lord *Dartmouth* and Mr. *St. John*, our two secretaries, and let them see there is no treason in them; which I will do on *Wednesday*, when they come from *Hampton-Court*. The letters are very handsome, and it is a great mark of honour and distinction to lord *Pembroke*. I hear the two *French* ministers are come over again about the Peace; but I have seen nobody of consequence to know the truth. I dined to-day with a lady of my acquaintance who was sick, in her bed-chamber, upon three herrings and a chicken; the dinner was my bespeaking. We begin now to have chestnuts.



cheshnuts and *Seville* oranges; have you the latter yet? 'Twas a terrible windy day, and we had processions in carts of the *Pope* and the *Devil*, and the butchers rang their cleavers; you know this is the fifth of *November*, popery and gun-powder.

6. Since I am used to this way of writing, I fancy I could hardly make out a long letter to *MD* without it. I think I ought to allow for every line taken up by telling you where I dined; but that will not be above seven lines in all, half a line to a dinner. Your *Ingoldsby* is going over, and they say here, he is to be made a lord.—Here was I staying in my room till two this afternoon for that puppy Sir *Andrew Fountain*, who was to go with me into the city, and never came; and if I had not shot a dinner flying, with one Mr. *Murray*, I might have fasted or gone to an ale-house. You never said one word of goody *Stoyte* in your letter; but I suppose these *Winter* nights we shall hear more of her.—Does the *Provost* laugh as much as he used to do? we reckon him here a good-for-nothing fellow.—I design to write to your dean one of these days, but I can never find time, nor what to say. I will think of something: but if *DD* \* were not in *Ireland*, I believe seriously I should not think of the place twice a year. Nothing there ever makes the subject of talk in any company where I am.

7. I went to-day to the city on business; but stopt at a printer's and staid there; it was a most delicious day. I hear the parliament is to be prorogued for a fortnight longer; I suppose, either because the queen has the gout, or that lord treasurer is not well, or that they would do some-

\* These two initial letters include both *Stella* and *Dingley*.

thing more towards a Peace. I called at lord treasurer's at noon, and sat a while with lord *Harley*, but his father was asleep. A bookseller has reprinted or new-titled *A Sermon of Tom Swift's* printed last year, and publishes an advertisement calling it *Dr. Swift's Sermon*. Some friend of lord *Galway* has, by his directions, published a four-shilling book about his conduct in *Spain*; to defend him; I have but just seen it. But what care you for books, except *Presto's Miscellanies*? *Leigh* promised to call and see me, but has not yet; I hope he will take care of his cargo, and get your *Chester* box. A murrain take that box; every thing is spoiled that is in it. How does the strong box do? You say nothing of *Raymond*: is his wife brought to bed again; or how? has he finished his house; paid his debts; and put out the rest of the money to use? I am glad to hear poor *Joe*, is like to get his two hundred pounds. I suppose *Trim* is now reduced to slavery again. I am glad of it; the people were as great rascals as the gentlemen. But I must go to bed, firrabs; the secretary is still at *Hampton-Court* with my papers, or is come only to night. They plague me with attending them.

8. I was with the secretary this morning, and we dined with *Prior*, and did business this afternoon till about eight, and I must alter and undo, and a clutter: I am glad the parliament is prorogued. I staid with *Prior* till eleven; the secretary left us at eight. *Prior*, I believe, will be one of those employed to make the Peace, when a *Congress* is opened. Lord *Ashburnham* told to-day at the *Coffee-house*, that lord *Harley* was yesterday morning married to the duke of *Newcastle's* daughter, the great heiress, and it got about all the town. But I saw lord *Harley* yesterday at noon  
in

in his night-gown, and he dined in the city with *Prior* and others; so it is not true: but I hope it will be so; for I know, it has been privately managing this long time: the lady will not have half her father's estate; for the duke left lord *Pelham's* son his heir; the widow duchess will not stand to the will, and she is now at law with *Pelham*. However, at worst, the girl will have about ten thousand pounds a year, to support the honour: for lord treasurer will never save a groat for himself. Lord *Harley* is a very valuable young gentleman; and they say the girl is handsome, and has good sense, but red hair.

9. I designed a jaunt into the city to-day to be merry, but was disappointed; so one always is in this life; and I could not see lord *Dartmouth* to-day, with whom I had some business. Business and pleasure both disappointed. You can go to your dean, and for want of him, goody *Stoyte*, or *Walls*, or *Manly*, and meet every where with cards and claret. I dined privately with a friend on a herring and chicken, and half a flask of bad *Florence*. I begin to have fires now, when the mornings are cold; I have got some loose bricks at the back of my grate for good husbandry. Fine weather. *Patrick* tells me, my caps are wearing out; I know not how to get others. I want a necessary woman strangely; I am as helpless as an elephant.—I had three packets from the archbishop of *Dublin*, cost me four shillings, all about *Higgins*, printed stuff, and two long letters. His people forget to enclose them to *Lewis*; and they were only directed to Doctor *Swift*, without naming *Londin* or any thing else: I wonder how they reached me, unless the post-master directed them. I have read all the trash, and am weary.

10. Why; if you must have it out, something is to be published of great moment, and three or four great people are to see there are no mistakes in point of fact: and 'tis so troublesome to send it among them, and get their corrections, that I am weary as a dog. I dined to-day with the printer, and was there all the afternoon; and it plagues me, and there's an end, and what would you have? *Lady Dupplin*, lord treasurer's daughter, is brought to bed of a son. Lord treasurer has had an ugly return of his gravel. 'Tis good for us to live in gravel-pits, but not for gravel-pits to live in us: a man in this case should leave no stone unturned. Lord treasurer's sickness, the queen's gout, the forwarding the Peace, occasion putting off the parliament a fortnight longer. My head has no ill returns. I had good walking to-day in the city, and take all opportunities of it on purpose for my health; but I can't walk in the *Park*, because that is only for walking sake, and loses time, so I mix it with business: I wish *MD* walked half as much as *Presto*. If I was with you, I'd make you walk; I would walk behind or before you, and you should have masks on, and be tuckt up like any thing, and *Stella* is naturally a stout walker, and carries herself firm, methinks I see her strut, and step clever over a kennel; and *Dinghy* would do well enough, if her petticoats were pinned up; but she is so embroiled, and so fearful, and then *Stella* scolds, and *Dingley* stumbles, and is so daggled. Have you got the whale-bone petticoats amongst you yet? I hate them; a woman here may hide a moderate gallant under them. Pshaw, what's all this I'm saying? methinks I am talking to *MD* face to face.

11. Did



11. Did I tell you that old *Frowde*, the old fool, is felling his estate at *Pepperbara*, and is skulking about the town no body knows where? and who do you think manages all this for him, but that rogue *Child*, the double squire of *Farnham*? I have put Mrs. *Masbam*, the queen's favourite, upon buying it; but that is yet a great secret; and I have employed lady *Oglethorp* to enquire about it. I was with lady *Oglethorp* to-day, who is come to town for a week or two, and to-morrow I will see to hunt out the old fool; he is utterly ruined, and at this present in some blind alley with some dirty wench. He has two sons that must starve, and he never gives them a farthing. If Mrs. *Masbam* buys the land, I will desire her to get the queen to give some pension to the old fool, to keep him from absolutely starving. What do you meddle with other peoples affairs for? says *Stella*. O, but Mr. *Masbam* and his wife are very urgent with me, since I first put them in the head of it. I dined with Sir *Matthew Dudley*, who, I doubt, will soon lose his employment.

12. Morning. I am going to hunt out old *Frowde*, and to do some business in the city. I have not yet called to *Patrick* to know whether it be fair. It has been past dropping these two days. Rainy weather hurts my pate and my purse. He tells me 'tis very windy, and begins to look dark; woe be to my shillings: an old saying and a true; Few fillings, many shillings. If the day be dark, my purse will be light. To my enemies be this curse; A dark day and a light purse. And so I'll rise, and go to my fire, for *Patrick* tells me I have a fire; yet it is not shaving day, nor is the weather cold; this is too extravagant. What is become of *Dilly*? I suppose you have him with you. *Stella* is just now shewing a white leg, and putting  
it

it into the slipper.—Present my service to her, and tell her I am engaged to the dean; and desire she will come too: or, *Dingley*, can't you write a note? This is *Stella's* morning dialogue, no, morning speech I mean.—Morrow, firrahs, and let me rise as well as you; but I promise you *Walls* can't dine with the dean to-day, for she is to be at Mrs. *Proby's* just after dinner, and to go with *Gracy Spencer* to the shops to buy a yard of muslin, and a silver lace for an under petticoat. Morrow again, firrahs.—At night. I dined with *Stratford* in the city, but could not finish my affairs with him; but now I have resolved to buy five hundred pounds *South-Sea* stock, which will cost me three hundred and eighty ready money; and I will make use of the bill of a hundred pounds you sent me, and transfer Mrs. *Walls* over to *Hawkshaw*; or, if she dislikes it, I will borrow a hundred pounds of the secretary, and repay her. Three shillings coach-hire to-day. I have spoken to *Frowde's* brother, to get me the lowest price of the estate, to tell Mrs. *Mosham*.

13. I dined privately with a friend to-day in the neighbourhood. Last *Saturday* night I came home, and the drab had just washed my room, and my bed-chamber was all wet, and I was forced to go to bed in my own defence, and no fire: I was sick on *Sunday*, and now have got a swinging cold. I scolded like a dog at *Patrick*, although he was out with me; I detest washing of rooms: can't they wash them in a morning, and make a fire, and leave open the windows? I slept not a wink last night for hawking and spitting; and now every body has colds. Here's a clutter: I'll go to bed and sleep if I can.

14. Lady *Mountjoy* sent to me two days ago, so I dined with her to day, and in the evening  
went

went to see lord treasurer. I found *Patrick* had been just there with a how d'ye, and my lord had returned answer, that he desired to see me. Mrs. *Masham* was with him when I came; and they are never disturbed: 'tis well she is not very handsome: they sit alone together, settling the nation. I sat with lady *Oxford*, and stopt Mrs. *Masham* as she came out, and told her what progress I had made, &c. and then went to lord treasurer: he is very well, only uneasy at rising or sitting, with some rheumatick pain in his thigh, and a foot weak. He shewed me a small paper, sent by an unknown hand to one Mr. *Cook*, who sent it to my lord: it was written in plain large letters, thus;

*Though G——d's knife did not succeed;*

*A F——n's yet may do the Deed.*

And a little below; *Burn this you Dog.* My lord has frequently such letters as these: once he shewed me one, which was a vision describing a certain man, his dress, his sword, and his countenance, who was to murder my lord. And he told me, he saw a fellow in the chapel at *Windsor* with a dress very like it. They often send him letters signed Your humble servant, *The Devil*, and such stuff. I sat with him till after ten, and have business to do.

15. The secretary came yesterday to town from *Hampton-Court*, so I went to him early this morning; but he went back last night again: and coming home to-night I found a letter from him to tell me, that he was just come home from *Hampton Court*, and just returning, and will not be here till *Saturday* night. A pox take him; he stops all my business. I'll beg leave to come back when I have got over this; and hope to see

*MD* in *Ireland* soon after *Christmas*.—I'm weary of courts, and want my journies to *Laracor*; they did me more good than all the ministries these twenty years. I dined to-day in the city, but did no business as I designed. *Lady Mountjoy* tells me, that *Dilly* is got to *Ireland*, and that the archbishop of *Dublin* was the cause of his returning so soon. The parliament was prorogued two days ago for a fortnight, which, with the queen's absence, makes the town very dull, and empty. They tell me the duke of *Ormond* brings all the world away with him from *Ireland*. *London* has nothing so bad in it in *Winter*, as your knots of *Irish* folks; but I go to no *Coffee-house*, and so I seldom see them. This letter shall go on *Saturday*; and then I am even with the world again. I have lent money, and cannot get it, and am forced to borrow for myself.

16. My man made a blunder this morning, and let up a visiter, when I had ordered to see no body, so I was forced to hurry a hang-dog instrument of mine into my bed-chamber, and keep him cooling his heels there above an hour.—I am going on fairly in the common forms of a great cold; I believe it will last me about ten days in all.—I should have told you that in those two verses sent to lord treasurer, the *G*—*d* stands for *Guiscard*; that is easy; but we differed about *F*——*n*; I thought it was for *Frenchman*, because he hates them, and they him: and so it would be, That although *Guiscard's* knife miss'd its design, the knife of a *Frenchman* might yet do it. My lord thinks it stands for *Felton*, the name of him that stabbed the first duke of *Buckingham*.—Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I dined with the *Vans* to day, and my cold made me loiter all the evening. Stay, young women, don't you begin to owe me a letter? just  
 † a month



a month to-day since I had your *N. 22.* I'll stay a week longer, and then I'll expect like agog; till then you may play at ombre, and so forth, as you please. The *Whigs* are still crying down our Peace, but we will have it, I hope, in spite of them: the emperor comes now with his two eggs a penny, and promises wonders to continue the war; but it is too late; only I hope the fear of it will serve to spur on the *French* to be easy and sincere. Night, firrahs; I'll go early to bed.

17. Morning. This goes to-night; I will put it myself in the post-office. I had just now a long letter from the archbishop of *Dublin*, giving me an account of the ending your sessions, how it ended in a storm; which storm, by the time it arrives here, will be only *half nature*. I can't help it, I won't hide. I often advised the dissolution of that parliament, although I did not think the scoundrels had so much courage; but they have it only in the wrong, like a bully that will fight for a whore, and run away in an army. I believe, by several things the archbishop says, he is not very well either with the government or clergy.—See how luckily my paper ends with a fortnight.—God Almighty bless and preserve dearest little *MD*.—I suppose your lord-lieutenant is now setting out for *England*. I wonder the bishop of *Clogher* does not write to me; or let me know of his statues, and how he likes them: I will write to him again, as soon as I have leisure. Farewel, dearest *MD*, and love *Presto*, who loves *MD* infinitely above all earthly things, and who will.—My service to Mrs. *Stoyte*, and *Catherine*. I'm sitting in my bed; but will rise to seal this. Morrow, dear rogues. Farewel again, dearest *MD*, &c.

## L E T T E R    X X X V .

London, Nov. 17, 1711.

I PUT my last this evening in the post-office. I dined with Dr. *Cockburn*. This being queen *Elizabeth's* birth-day, we have the D— and all to do among us. I just heard of the stir as my letter was sealed this morning; and was so cross I would not open it to tell you. I have been visiting lady *Og'thorp* and lady *Worsley*; the latter is lately come to town for the Winter, and with child, and what care you? This is queen *Elizabeth's* birth day, usually kept in this town by 'prentices, &c. but the *Whigs* designed a mighty procession by midnight, and had laid out a thousand pounds to dress up the *Pope*, *Devil*, *Cardinals*, *Sacheverell*, &c. and carry them with torches about, and burn them. They did it by contribution. *Garth* gave five guineas, Dr. *Garth* I mean, if ever you heard of him. But they were seized last night, by order from the secretary: you will have an account of it, for they bawl it about the streets already. They had some very foolish and mischievous designs; and it was thought they would have put the rabble upon assaulting my lord treasurer's house, and the secretary's; and other violences. The *Militia* was raised to prevent it, and now, I suppose, all will be quiet. The figures are now at the secretary's office at *White-hall*. I design to see them if I can.

18. I was this morning with Mr. secretary, who just came from *Hampton-Court*. He was telling me more particulars about this business of burning the *Pope*. It cost a great deal of money, and had it gone on, would have cost three times

times as much: but the town is full of it, and half a dozen *Grub street* papers already. The secretary and I dined at brigadier *Britton's*, but I left them at six, upon an appointment with some sober company of men and ladies, to drink punch at Sir *Andrew Fountain's*. We were not very merry; and I don't love rack punch, I love it better with brandy; are you of my opinion? Why then; twelve-penny weather; firrahs, why don't you play at shuttle-cock? I have thought of it a hundred times; faith *Presto* will come over after *Christmas*, and will play with *Stella* before the cold weather is gone. Do you read the *Spectators*? I never do; they never come in my way; I go to no *Coffee-houses*. They say abundance of them are very pretty; they are going to be printed in small volumes; I'll bring them over with me. I shall be out of my hurry in a week, and if *Leigh* be not gone over, I will send you by him what I am now finishing. I don't know where *Leigh* is; I have not seen him this good while, though he promised to call: I shall send to him. The queen comes to town on *Thursday* for good and all.

19. I was this morning at lord *Dartmouth's* office, and sent out for him from the committee of council, about some business. I was asking him more concerning this bustle about the figures in wax-work of the *Pope* and *Devil*, &c. He was not at leisure, or he would have seen them. I hear the owners are so impudent, that they design to replevin them by law. I am assured that the figure of the *Devil* is made as like lord treasurer as they could. Why; I dined with a friend in *St. James's-street*. Lord treasurer, I am told, was abroad to-day; I will know to-morrow how he does after it:—The duke of *Marlborough* is come,

come, and was yesterday at *Hampton-Court* with the queen; no, it was t'other day; no it was yesterday; for to-day I remember Mr. secretary was going to see him, when I was there, not at the duke of *Marlborough's*, but at the secretary's; the duke is not so fond of me. What care I? I won seven shillings to-night at picquet: I play twice a year or so.

20. I have been so teased with *Whiggish* discourse by Mrs. *Barton* and lady *Betty Germain*, never saw the like. They turn all this affair of the pope-burning into ridicule; and indeed they have made too great a clutter about it, if they had no real reason to apprehend some tumults. I dined with lady *Betty*. I hear *Prior's* commission is passed to be ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary for the Peace; my lord privy-seal, who you know is bishop of *Bristol*, is the other; and lord *Strafford*, already ambassador at the *Hague*, the third: I am forced to tell you ignorant sluts who is who. I was punning scurvily with Sir *Andrew Fountain* and lord *Pembroke* this evening; do you ever pun now? Sometimes with the dean, or *Tom Leigh*. *Prior* puns very well. Od so, I must go see his excellency, 'tis a noble advancement: but they could do no less, after sending him to *France*. Lord *Strafford* is as proud as hell, and how he will bear one of *Prior's* mean birth on an equal character with him, I know not. And so I go to my business, and bid you good night.

21. I was this morning busy with my printer; I gave him the fifth sheet, and then I went and dined with him in the city, to correct something, and alter, &c. and I walked home in the dusk, and the rain overtook me: and I found a letter here from Mr. *Lewis*; well, and so I opened it; and he says, The peace is past danger, &c. Well; and



and so there was another letter inclosed in his; well; and so I looked on the outside of this t'other letter. Well; and so who do you think this t'other letter was from? Well; and so I'll tell you, it was from little *MD*, N. 23, 23, 23, 23. I tell you it is no more; I have told you so before\*: but I just looked again to satisfy you. Hie, *Stella*; you write like an emperor, a great deal together; a very good hand, and but four false spellings in all. Shall I send them to you? I am glad you did not take my correction ill. Well; but I won't answer your letter now; firrah saucy boxes, no, no; not yet; just a month and three days from the last, which is just five weeks: you see it comes just when I begin to grumble.

22. Morning. *Toske* has just brought me *Dingley's* money. I will give you a note for it at the end of this letter. There was half a crown for entering the letter of attorney: but I swore to stop that. I'll spend your money bravely here. Tomorrow, dear firrahs.—At night. I dined to-day with Sir *Thomas Hanmer*; his wife, the duchess of *Grafton*, dined with us: she wears a great high head-dress, such as was in fashion fifteen years ago, and looks like a mad-woman in it; yet she has great remains of beauty. I was this evening to see lord *Harley*, and thought to have sat with lord treasurer; but he was taken up with the *Dutch* envoy and such folks; and I would not stay. One particular in life here different from what I have in *Dublin*, is, that whenever I come home I expect to find some letter for me, and seldom miss; and never any worth a farthing, but often to

\* Nothing was ever more in *Swift's* style and manner of conversation, than these repetitious and the words following.

vex me. The queen does not come to town till *Saturday*. *Prior* is not yet declared; but these ministers being at *Hampton-Court* I know nothing; and if I write news from common hands, it is always lies. You will think it affectation; but nothing has vexed me more for some months past, than people I never saw, pretending to be acquainted with me, and yet speak ill of me too; at least some of them. An old crooked *Scotch* countess, whom I never heard of in my life, told the duchess of *Hamilton* t'other day, that I often visited her. People of worth never do that: so that a man only gets the scandal of having scurvy acquaintance. Three ladies were railing against me some time ago, and said they were very well acquainted with me; two of which I had never heard of; and the third had only seen twice where I happened to visit. A man who has once seen me in a *Coffee-house* will ask me how I do, when he sees me talking at *Court* with a minister of state; who is sure to ask me, how I came acquainted with that scoundrel. But come, firrahs, this is all stuff to you, so I'll say no more on this side the paper, but turn over.

23. My printer invited Mr. *Lewis* and me to dine at a tavern to-day, which I have not done five times since I came to *England*; I never will call it *Britain*, pray don't call it *Britain*. My week is not out, and one side of this paper is out, and I have a letter to answer of *MD's* into the bargain: must I write on the third side; faith that will give you an ill habit. I saw *Leigh* last night: he gives a terrible account of *Sterne*; he reckons he is seduced by some wencher; he is over head and ears in debt, and has pawned several things. *Leigh* says he goes on *Monday* next for *Ireland*, but believes *Sterne* will not go  
with

with him; *Sterne* has kept him these three months. *Leigh* has got the apron and things, and promises to call for the box at *Chester*; but I despair of it. Good night, firrahs; I have been late abroad.

24. I have finished my pamphlet to-day, which has cost me so much time and trouble; it will be published in three or four days, when the parliament begins sitting. I suppose the queen is come to town but know nothing, having been in the city finishing and correcting with the printer. When I came home I found letters on my table as usual, and one from your mother, to tell me, that you desire your writings and a picture should be sent to me, to be sent over to you. I have just answered her letter, and promised to take care of them if they be sent to me. She is at *Farnham*: it is too late to send them by *Leigh*; besides, I will wait your orders, madam *Stella*. I am going to finish a letter to lord treasurer about reforming our language; but first I must put an end to a ballad; and go you to your cards, firrahs, this is card season.

25. I was early with the secretary to-day, but he was gone to his devotions, and to receive the sacrament; several rakes did the same; it was not for piety, but employments; according to act of parliament. I dined with lady *Mary Dudley*; and pass my time since insipidly, only I was at *Court* at noon, and saw fifty acquaintance I had not met this long time: that is the advantage of a *Court*, and I fancy I am better known than any man that goes there. Sir *John Walters*' quarrel with me has entertained the town ever since; and yet we never had a word, only he railed at me behind my back. The parliament is again to be prorogued for eight or nine days; for the *Whigs* are too strong in the house of lords: other reasons

are pretended, but that is the truth. The prorogation is not yet known, but will be to-morrow.

26. Mr. *Lewis* and I dined with a friend of his, and unexpectedly there dined with us an *Irish* knight, one Sir *John St. Leger*, who follows the law here, but at a great distance: he was so pert, I was forced to take him down more than once. I saw to-day the *Pope* and *Devil*, and the other figures of *Cardinals*, &c. fifteen in all, which have made such a noise. I have put an under-strapper upon writing a two-penny pamphlet to give an account of the whole design. My large pamphlet will be published to-morrow, copies are sent to the great men this night. *Domville* is come home from his travels; I am vexed at it; I have not seen him yet; I design to present him to all the great men.

27. *Domville* came to me this morning, and we dined at *Pontack's*, and were all day together, till six this evening; he is perfectly as fine a gentleman as I know; he set me down at lord treasurer's, with whom I staid about an hour, till Monsieur *Buys*, the *Dutch* envoy, came to him about business. My lord treasurer is pretty well; but stiff in the hips with the remains of the rheumatism. I am to bring *Domville* to my lord *Harley* in a day or two. It was the dirtiest rainy day that ever I saw. The pamphlet \* is published; lord treasurer had it by him on the table, and was asking me about the mottos in the title page; he gave me one of them himself. I must send you the pamphlet if I can.

28. Mrs. *Van* sent to me to dine with her to-day, because some ladies of my acquaintance were to be there; and there I dined. I was this morning

\* This pamphlet was *The Conduct of the Allies.*



to return *Domville* his visit, and went to visit Mrs. *Masham*, who was not within. I am turned out of my lodging by my landlady; it seems her husband and son are coming home; but I have taken another lodging hard by, in *Leicester-Fields*. I presented Mr. *Domville* to Mr. *Lewis* and Mr. *Prior* this morning. *Prior* and I are called the two *Sofias* in a *Whig* news-paper. *Sofias*, can you read it? The pamphlet begins to make a noise: I was asked by several whether I had seen it, and they advised me to read it, for it was something very extraordinary. I shall be suspected: and it will have several poultry answers. It must take its fate, as *Savage* said of his sermon that he preached at *Farnham* on Sir *William Temple's* death. *Domville* saw *Savage* in *Italy*, and says he is a coxcomb, and half mad: he goes in red, and with yellow waistcoats, and was at ceremony kneeling to the pope on a *Palm-Sunday*; which is much more than kissing his toe; and I believe it will ruin him here when 'tis told. I'll answer your letter in my new lodgings: I have hardly room; I must borrow from the other side.

29. New lodgings. My printer came this morning to tell me he must immediately print a second edition, and lord treasurer made one or two small additions: they must work day and night to have it out on *Saturday*; they sold a thousand in two days. Our society met to-day, nine of us were present, we dined at our brother *Bathurst's*: we made several regulations, and have chosen three new members, lord *Orrery*, *Jack Hill*, who is Mrs. *Masham's* brother, he that lately miscarried in the expedition to *Quebeck*, and one colonel *Disney*. We have taken a room in a house near *St. James's* to meet in. I left them early about

correcting the pamphlet, &c. and am now got home, &c.

30. This morning I carried *Domville* to see my lord *Harley*, and I did some business with lord treasurer, and have been all this afternoon with the printer, adding something to the second edition. I dined with the printer; the pamphlet makes a world of noise, and will do a great deal of good: it tells abundance of most important facts which were not at all known. I'll answer your letter to-morrow morning; or suppose I answer it just now, though it is pretty late. Come then—You say you are busy with parliaments, &c. that's more than ever I will be when I come back; but you will have none these two years. Lord *Santry*, &c.\* yes, I have had enough on't. I am glad *Dilly* is mended; does not he thank me for shewing him the *Court* and the great people's faces? He had his glass out at the queen and the rest. 'Tis right what *Dilly* says; I depend upon nothing from my friends; but to go back as I came. Never fear *Laracor*, 'twill mend with a Peace; or surely they'll give me the *Dublin* parish. *Stella* is in the

\* Lord *Santry* was as violent a *Whig* as *Dick Tighe* [Vid. Letter 59 in *Dodley's* Collection, dated Feb 10, 1711], and Dr. *Higgins*, who is in this place hinted at by the &c. much such another as *Sachewerell*; consequently my lord was an outrageous enemy and persecutor of *Higgins*. However, it happened one day that lord *Santry* was looking out of the great window at *Lucas's Coffee-house* when *Higgins* was passing by; How do you do, Doctor? said my lord, in a sneering contemptuous manner. Very well, I thank you, little master, said *Higgins*. Let me out, let me out to him, cried *Santry* in a rage, pretending to leap out of the window, which was not far from the ground. Aye, do, said *Higgins*, let him out, I'll soon pitch him in to you again.

right; the bishop of *Ossory* is the filliest, best-natured wretch breathing, of as little consequence as an egg-shell.—Well, the spelling I have mentioned before; only the next time say *at least*, and not *at lest*. Pox on your *Newbury*: what can I do for him? I'll give his case (I am glad it is not a woman's) to what members I know; that's all I can do. Lord treasurer's lameness goes off daily. Pray God preserve poor good Mrs. *Stoyte*, she would be a great loss to us all; pray give her my service, and tell her she has my heartiest prayers. I pity poor Mrs. *Manley*; but I think the child is happy to die, considering how little provision it would have had. Poh, every pamphlet abuses me, and for things that I never writ. *Joe* should have written me thanks for his two hundred pounds: I reckon he got it by my means; and I must thank the duke of *Ormond*, who I dare swear will say he did it on my account? Are they golden pippins, those seven apples? We have had much rain every day as well as you: 7*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.* old blunderer, not 18*sh.* I have reckoned it 18 times. *Hawkshaw's* eight pounds is not reckoned; and if it be secure, it may lie where it is, unless they desire to pay it: so *Parvisol* may let it drop till further orders; for I have put Mrs. *Wesley's* money into the bank, and will pay her with *Hawkshaw's*.—I mean that *Hawkshaw's* money goes for an addition to *MD*, you know; but be good housewives. *Bernage* never comes now to see me; he has no more to ask: but I hear he has been ill.—A pox on Mrs. *South's* affair; I can do nothing in it, but by way of assisting any body else that solicits it, by dropping a favourable word, if it comes in my way. Tell *Walls* I do no more for any body with my lord treasurer, especially a thing of this kind. Tell him I have spent all my discretion,



cretion, and have no more to use.—And so I have answered your letter fully and plainly—And so I have got to the third side of my paper, which is more than belongs to you, young women. It goes to-morrow, To nobody's sorrow. You are silly, not I; I'm a poet, if I had but, &c.—Who's silly now? rogues and lasses, tinder-boxes and buzzards. O Lord, I am in a high vein of silliness; methought I was speaking to dearest little *MD* face to face. There; so lads, enough for to-night; to cards with the blackguards. Good night, my delight, &c.

*Dec. 1.* Pish, firrahs, put a date always at the bottom of the letter as well as the top, that I may know when you send it; your last is of *Nov. 3d*, yet I had others at the same time written a fortnight after. Whenever you would have any money, send me word three weeks before and in that time you will certainly have an answer, with a bill on *Parvisol*: pray do this; for my head is full and it will ease my memory. Why, I think I quoted to you some of —'s letter, so you may imagine how witty the rest was; for it was all of a bunch, as goodman *Peesley* says. Pray let us have no more *Buffiness*, but *Busyness*: the Deuse take me if I know how to spell it, your wrong spelling, madam *Stella*, has put me out: it does not look right; let me see, *Buffiness*, *Busyness*, *Business*, *Bisyness*, *Bifness*, *Byness*; faith, I know not which is right, I think the second; I believe I never writ the word in my life before; yes, sure I must though; *Business*, *Busyness*, *Bisyness*.—I have perplexed myself, and can't do it. Prithee ask *Walls*. *Busness*, I fancy that's right. Yes it is; I looked in my own pamphlet, and found it twice in ten lines, to convince you that I never writ it before. Oh, now I see it as plain as can be; so yours is only an s



too much. The parliament will certainly meet on *Friday* next; the *Whigs* will have a great majority in the house of lords; no care is taken to prevent it; there is too much neglect; they are warned of it, and that signifies nothing: it was feared there would be some peevish address from the lords against a Peace. 'Tis said about the town, that several of the allies begin now to be content that a Peace should be treated. This is all the news I have. The queen is pretty well; and so now I bid poor dearest *MD* farewell till to-night, then I will talk with them again.

The fifteen images that I saw were not worth forty pounds, so I stretched a little when I said a thousand. The *Grub-street* account of that tumult is published. The *Devil* is not like lord treasurer; they were all in your odd antick masks, bought in common shops. I fear *Prior* will not be one of the plenipotentiaries.

I was looking over some of this letter, and find I make many mistakes of leaving out words; so 'tis impossible to find my meaning, unless you be conjurers. I will take more care for the future, and read over every day just what I have written that day; which will take up no time to speak of.

## L E T T E R   X X X V I .

London, December 1, 1711.

**M**Y last was put in this evening. I intended to dine with Mr. *Masbam* to-day, and called at *White's Chocolate-house* to see if he was there. Lord *Wharton* saw me at the door, and I saw him, but took no notice, and was going away; but he came through the crowd, called after me, and asked me how I did, &c. This was pretty; and I believe he wished every word he spoke was a halter to hang me. *Masbam* did not dine at home, so I ate with a friend in the neighbourhood. The printer has not sent me the second edition; I know not the reason, for it certainly came out to-day; perhaps they are glutted with it already. I found a letter from lord *Harley* on my table, to tell me that his father desires I would make two small alterations. I am going to be busy, &c.

2. Morning. See the blunder; I was making it the 37th day of the month from the number above. Well, but I am staying here for old *Frewde*, who appointed to call this morning: I am ready dressed to go to church; I suppose he dare not stir out but on *Sundays*. The printer called early this morning, told me the second edition went off yesterday in five hours, and he must have a third ready to-morrow, for they might have sold half another: his men are all at work with it, though it be *Sunday*. This old fool will not come, and I shall miss church.—Morrow, firrahs.—At night. I was at *Court* to-day; the queen is well and walked through part of the rooms. I dined with the secretary, and dispatched some business. He tells me, the *Dutch* envoy designs to complain  
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of that pamphlet. The noise it makes is extraordinary. It is fit it should answer the pains I have been at about it. I suppose it will be printed in *Ireland*. Some lay it to *Prior*, others to Mr. secretary *St. John*, but I am always the first they lay every thing to. I'll go sleep, &c.

3. I have ordered *Patrick* not to let any odd fellow come up to me; and to-day a fellow would needs speak with me from Sir *George Prettyman*. I had never heard of him, and would not see the messenger; but at last it proved that this Sir *George* has sold his estate, and is a beggar. *Smithers*, the *Farnham* carrier, brought me this morning a letter from your mother, with three papers inclosed of lady *Giffard's* writing; one owning some exchequer business of 100 *l.* to be *Stella's*; another for 100 *l.* that she has of yours, which I made over to you for *Mariflon*; and a third for 300 *l.*; the last is on stamp paper. I think they had better lie in *England* in some good hand till lady *Giffard* dies; and I will think of some such hand before I come over. I was asking *Smithers* about all the people of *Farnham*. Mrs. *White* has left off dressing, is troubled with lameness and swelled legs, and seldom stirs out; but her old hang-dog husband as hearty as ever. I was this morning with lord treasurer about something he would have altered in the pamphlet; but it can't be till the fourth edition, which I believe will be soon; for I dined with the printer, and he tells me they have sold off half the third. Mrs. *Percival* and her daughter have been in town these three weeks, which I never heard till to-day; and Mrs. *Wesley* is come to town too, to consult Dr. *Radcliffe*. The *Whigs* are resolved to bring that pamphlet into the house of lords to have it condemned, so I hear. But the printer will stand to it, and not own the author; he must say,  
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he had it from the penny-post. Some people talk as if the house of lords would do some peevish thing; for the *Whigs* are now a great majority in it; our ministers are too negligent of such things: I have never slipt giving them warning; some of them are sensible of it; but lord treasurer stands too much upon his own legs. I fancy his good fortune will bear him out in every thing; but in reason I should think this ministry to stand very unsteady: if they can carry a Peace, they may hold; I believe not else.

4. Mr. secretary sent to me to-day to dine with him alone; but we had two more with us, which hindered me doing some business. I was this morning with young *Harcourt*, secretary to our society, to take a room for our weekly meetings; and the fellow asked us five guineas a week only to have leave to dine once a week; was not that pretty? so we broke off with him, and are to dine next *Thursday* at *Harcourt's* (he is lord keeper's son). They have sold off above half the third edition, and answers are coming out: the *Dutch* envoy refused dining with Dr. *D'avenant*, because he was suspected to write it: I have made some alterations in every edition, and it has cost me more trouble, for the time, since the printing than before. 'Tis sent over to *Ireland*, and I suppose you will have it reprinted.

5. They are now printing the fourth edition, which is reckoned very extraordinary, considering 'tis a dear twelvepenny book, and not bought up in numbers by the party to give away, as the *Whigs* do, but purely upon it's own strength. I have got an under spur-leather to write an *Examiner* again, and the secretary and I will now and then send hints; but we would have it a little upon the *Grubstreet*, to be a match for their writers.

I dined



I dined with lord treasurer to-day at five; he dined by himself after his family, and drinks no claret yet, for fear of his rheumatism; of which he is almost well. He was very pleasant, as he is always; yet I fancied he was a little touched with the present posture of affairs. The elector of *Hanover's* minister here has given in a violent memorial against the Peace, and caused it to be printed. The *Whig* lords are doing their utmost for a majority against *Friday*, and design, if they can, to address the queen against the Peace. Lord *Nottingham*, a famous *Tory* and speech-maker, is gone over to the *Whig* side: they toast him daily, and lord *Wharton* says, It is *Dismal* (so they call him from his looks) will save *England* at last. Lord treasurer was hinting as if he wished a ballad was made on him, and I will get up one against to-morrow. He gave me a scurrilous printed paper of bad verses on himself, under the name of the *English Catiline*, and made me read them to the company. It was his birth-day, which he would not tell us, but lord *Harley* whispered it to me.

6. I was this morning making the ballad, two degrees above *Grubstreet*; at noon I paid a visit to Mrs. *Masham*, and then went to dine with our society. Poor lord keeper dined below stairs, I suppose on a bit of mutton. We chose two members; we were eleven met, the greatest meeting we ever had: I am next week to introduce lord *Orrery*. The printer came before we parted, and brought the ballad, which made them laugh very heartily a dozen times. He is going to print the pamphlet in small, a fifth edition, to be taken off by friends and sent into the country. A six-penny answer is come out, good for nothing, but guessing me among others for the author. To-morrow is the fatal day for the parliament meeting,

ing, and we are full of hopes and fears. We reckon we have a majority of ten on our side in the house of lords; yet I observed Mrs. *Masbam* a little uneasy; she assures me the queen is stout. The duke of *Marlborough* has not seen the queen for some days past; Mrs. *Masbam* is glad of it, because she says, he tells a hundred lies to his friends of what she says to him: he is one day humble, and the next on the high ropes. The duke of *Ormond*, they say, will be in town to-night by twelve.

7. This being the day the parliament was to meet, and the great question to be determined, I went with Dr. *Freind* to dine in the city, on purpose to be out of the way, and we sent our printer to see what was our fate; but he gave us a most melancholy account of things. The earl of *Nottingham* began, and spoke against a Peace, and desired that in their address they might put in a clause to advise the queen not to make a peace without *Spain*; which was debated, and carried by the *Whigs* by about six voices: and this has happened entirely by my lord treasurer's neglect, who did not take timely care to make up all his strength, although every one of us gave him caution enough. *Nottingham* has certainly been bribed. The question is yet only carried in the committee of the whole house, and we hope when it is reported to the house to-morrow, we shall have a majority by some *Scotch* lords coming to town. However, it is a mighty blow and loss of reputation to lord treasurer, and may end in his ruin. I hear the thing only as the printer brought it, who was at the debate; but how the ministry take it, or what their hopes and fears are, I cannot tell until I see them. I shall be early with the secretary to-morrow, and then I will tell you more, and shall write a full account

to the bishop of *Clogher* to-morrow, and to the archbishop of *Dublin*, if I have time. I am horribly down at present. I long to know how lord treasurer bears this, and what remedy he has. The duke of *Ormond* came this day to town, and was there.

8. I was early this morning with the secretary, and talk't over this matter. He hoped, that when it was reported this day in the house of lords, they would disagree with their committee, and so the matter would go off, only with a little loss of reputation to lord treasurer. I dined with Dr. *Cockburn*, and after a *Scotch* member came in, and told us that the clause was carried against the *Court* in the house of lords almost two to one; I went immediately to Mrs. *Masham*, and meeting Dr. *Arbuthnot* (the queen's favourite physician) we went together. She was just come from waiting at the queen's dinner, and going to her own. She had heard nothing of the thing being gone against us. It seems lord treasurer had been so negligent, that he was with the queen while the question was put in the house: I immediately told Mrs. *Masham*, that either she and lord treasurer had joined with the queen to betray us, or that they two were betrayed by the queen: she protested solemnly it was not the former, and I believed her; but she gave me some lights to suspect the queen is changed. For, yesterday when the queen was going from the house, where she sat to hear the debate, the duke of *Shrewsbury* lord chamberlain asked her, whether he or the great chamberlain *Lindsay* ought to lead her out; she answered short, Neither of you, and gave her hand to the duke of *Somerset*, who was louder than any in the house for the clause against a Peace. She gave me one or two more instances of this sort, which convince me that the queen is false, or  
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at least very much wavering. Mr. *Masbam* begged us to stay, because lord treasurer would call; and we were resolved to fall on him about his negligence in securing a majority. He came, and appeared in good humour as usual, but I thought his countenance was much cast down. I rallied him, and desired him to give me his staff, which he did; I told him, if he would secure it me a week, I would set all right: he asked, How? I said, I would immediately turn lord *Marlborough*, his two daughters, the duke and duchess of *Somerset*, and lord *Cholmondely* out of all their employments; and I believe he had not a friend but was of my opinion. *Arbuthnott* asked; How he came not to secure a majority? He could answer nothing; but that he could not help it, if people would lie and forswear. A poor answer for a great minister. There fell from him a scripture expression, that *the hearts of kings are unsearchable*. I told him, It was what I feared, and was from him the worst news he could tell me. I begged him to know what we had to trust to; he stuck a little; but at last bid me not fear, for all would be well yet. We would fain have had him eat a bit where he was, but he would go home, it was past six: he made me go home with him. There we found his brother and Mr. secretary. He made his son take a list of all in the house of commons who had places, and yet voted against the *Court*, in such a manner as if they should lose their places: I doubt he is not able to compass it. Lord keeper came in an hour, and they were going upon business. So I left him, and returned to Mrs. *Masbam*; but she had company with her, and I would not stay.—This is a long journal, and of a day that may produce great alterations, and hazard the ruin of *England*. The *Whigs* are all in triumph;



umph; they foretold how all this would be, but we thought it boasting. Nay, they said the parliament should be dissolved before *Christmas*, and perhaps it may: this is all your d——d duchess of *Somerset's* doings. I warned them of it nine months ago, and a hundred times since: the secretary always dreaded it. I told lord treasurer, I should have the advantage of him; for he would lose his head, and I should only be hanged, and so carry my body entire to the grave.

9. I was this morning with Mr. secretary; we are both of opinion that the queen is false. I told him what I heard, and he confirmed it by other circumstances. I then went to my friend *Lewis*, who had sent to see me. He talks of nothing but retiring to his estate in *Wales*. He gave me reasons to believe the whole matter is settled between the queen and the *Whigs*; he hears that lord *Somers* is to be treasurer, and believes, that sooner than turn out the duchess of *Somerset*, she will dissolve the parliament, and get a *Whiggish* one, which may be done by managing elections. Things are now in the crisis, and a day or two will determine. I have desired him to engage lord treasurer, that as soon as he finds the change is resolved on, he will send me abroad as queen's secretary somewhere or other, where I may remain till the new ministers recal me; and then I will be sick for five or six months till the storm has spent itself. I hope he will grant me this; for I should hardly trust myself to the mercy of my enemies while their anger is fresh. I dined to-day with the secretary, who affects mirth, and seems to hope all will yet be well. I took him aside after dinner, told him how I had served them, and had asked no reward, but thought I might ask security; and then desired the same thing of him, to send

me abroad before a change. He embraced me, and swore he would take the same care of me as himself, &c. but bid me have courage, for that in two days my lord treasurer's wisdom would appear greater than ever; that he suffered all that had happened on purpose, and had taken measures to turn it to advantage. I said, God send it; but I do not believe a syllable; and as far as I can judge, the game is lost. I shall know more soon, and my letters will at least be a good history to shew you the steps of this change.

10. I was this morning with *Lewis*, who thinks they will let the parliament sit till they have given the money, and then dissolve them in *Spring*, and break the ministry. He spoke to lord treasurer about what I desired him. My lord desired him with great earnestness to assure me, that all would be well, and that I should fear nothing. I dined in the city with a friend. This day the commons went to the queen with their address, and all the lords who were for the Peace went with them, to shew their zeal. I have now some further conviction that the queen is false, and it begins to be known.

11. I went between two and three to see Mrs. *Masham*; while I was there she went to her bed-chamber to try a petticoat. Lord treasurer came in to see her, and seeing me in the outer room fell a rallying me; says he, You had better keep company with me, than with such a fellow as *Lewis*, who has not the soul of a chicken, nor the heart of a mite. Then he went in to Mrs. *Masham*, and as he came back desired her leave to let me go home with him to dinner. He asked, whether I was not afraid to be seen with him? I said, I never valued my lord treasurer in my life, and therefore should have always the same esteem

for Mr. *Harley* and lord *Oxford*. He seemed to talk confidently, as if he reckoned that all this would turn to advantage. I could not forbear hinting, that he was not sure of the queen; and that those scoundrel, starving lords would never have dared to vote against the *Court*, if *Somerset* had not assured them, that it would please the queen. He said, That was true, and *Somerset* did so. I staid till six; then de *Buys*, the *Dutch* envoy, came to him, and I left him. *Prior* was with us a while after dinner. I see him and all of them cast down; though they make the best of it.

12. *Ford* is come to town; I saw him last night; he is in no fear, but sanguine, although I have told him the state of things. This change so resembles the last, that I wonder they do not observe it. The secretary sent for me yesterday to dine with him, but I was abroad; I hope he had something to say to me. This is morning, and I write in bed. I am going to the duke of *Ormond*, whom I have not yet seen. Morrow, firrah. — At night. I was to see the duke of *Ormond* this morning: he asked me two or three questions after his civil way, and they related to *Ireland*: at last I told him, that from the time I had seen him, I never once thought of *Irish* affairs. He whispered me, that he hoped I had done some good things here; I said, If every body else had done half as much, we should not be as we are: then we went aside, and talked over affairs. I told him how all things stood, and advised him what was to be done. I then went and sat an hour with the duchess; then as long with lady *Oglethorp*, who is so cunning a devil, that I believe she could yet find a remedy, if they would take her advice. I dined with a friend at court,



13. I was this morning with the secretary; he will needs pretend to talk as if things would be well; Will you believe it, said he, if you see these people turned out? I said, Yes, if I saw the duke and duchess of *Somerſet* out: he ſwore, if they were not, he would give up his place. Our Society dined to-day at Sir *William Wyndham's*; we were thirteen preſent. Lord *Orrery*, and two other members were introduced; I left them at ſeven. I forgot to tell you, that the printer told me yeſterday, that *Morphew*, the publiſher, was ſent for by that lord chief juſtice, who was a manager againſt *Sacheverell*: he ſhewed him two or three papers and pamphlets; among the reſt mine of the *Conduct of the Allies*, threatened him; aſked who was the author, and has bound him over to appear next term. He would not have the impudence to do this, if he did not foreſee what was coming at court.

14. Lord *Shelburn* was with me this morning, to be informed of the ſtate of affairs, and deſired I would answer all his objections againſt a Peace, which was ſoon done, for he would not give me room to put in a word. He is a man of good ſenſe enough; but argues ſo violently, that he will ſome day or other put himſelf into a conſumption. He deſires that he may not be denied when he comes to ſee me, which I promiſed, but will not perform. *Leigh* and *Sterne* ſet out for *Ireland* on *Monday* ſennight: I ſuppoſe they will be with you long before this.—I was to-night drinking very good wine in ſcurvy company, at leaſt ſome of them; I was drawn in, but will be more cautious for the future: 'tis late, &c.

15. Morning. They ſay the *Occaſional bill* is brought to-day into the houſe of lords; but I know



know not. I will now put an end to my letter, and give it into the post-house myself. This will be a memorable letter, and I shall sigh to see it some years hence. Here are the first steps towards the ruin of an excellent ministry; for I look upon them as certainly ruined; and God knows what may be the consequences.—I now bid my dearest *MD* farewell; for company is coming, and I must be at lord *Dartmouth's* office by noon. Farewel, dearest *MD*; I wish you a merry *Christmas*; I believe you will have this about that time. Love *Presto*, who loves *MD* above all things a thousand times. Farewel again, dearest *MD*, &c.

## L E T T E R XXXVII.

London, Dec. 15, 1711.

**I** PUT in my letter this evening myself. I was to-day enquiring at the secretary's office of Mr. *Lewis*, how things went: I there met *Prior*, who told me, he gave all for gone, &c. and was of opinion the whole ministry would give up their places next week; *Lewis* thinks they will not till *Spring*, when the session is over; both of them entirely despair. I went to see Mrs. *Masham*, who invited me to dinner; but I was engaged to *Lewis*. At four I went to *Masham's*. He came and whispered me, that he had it from a very good hand, that all would be well, and I found them both very chearful. The company was going to the *Opera*, but desired I would come and sup with them. I did so at ten, and lord treasurer was there, and sat with us till past twelve, and was more chearful than I have seen him these ten days. Mrs. *Masham* told me, he was mightily cast down some days ago, and he could not indeed hide it

from me. *Arbuthnott* is in good hopes, that the queen has not betrayed us; but only has been frightened, and flattered, &c. But I cannot yet be of his opinion, whether my reasons are better, or that my fears are greater. I do resolve, if they give up, or are turned out soon, to retire for some months, and I have pitched upon the place already: but I will take methods for hearing from *MD*, and writing to them. But I would be out of the way upon the first of the ferment; for they lay all things on me, even some I have never read.

16. I took courage to-day, and went to *Court* with a very chearful countenance. It was mightily crowded; both parties coming to observe each other's faces. I avoided lord *Hallifax's* bow till he forced it on me; but we did not talk together. I could not make less than fourscore bows, of which about twenty might be to *Whigs*. The duke of *Somerſet* is gone to *Petworth*, and, I hear, the duchess too, of which I shall be very glad. Prince *Eugene*, who was expected here some days ago, we are now told, will not come at all. The *Whigs* designed to have met him with forty thousand horse. Lord treasurer told me some days ago of his discourse with the emperor's resident, that puppy *Hoffman*, about prince *Eugene's* coming; by which I found my lord would hinder it, if he could; and we shall be all glad if he does not come, and think it a good point gained. Sir *Andrew Fountain*, *Ford* and I dined to-day with Mrs. *Van* by invitation.

17. I have mistaken the day of the month, and been forced to mend it thrice. I dined to-day with Mr. *Masbam* and his lady, by invitation. Lord treasurer was to be there, but came not. It was to entertain *Buys*, the *Dutch* envoy, who speaks *English* well enough; he was plaguy politick,

tick, telling a thousand lies, of which none passed upon any of us. We are still in the condition of suspense, and, I think, have little hopes. The duchess of *Somerset* is not gone to *Petworth*; only the duke; and that is a poor sacrifice. I believe the queen certainly designs to change the ministry; but perhaps may put it off till the session is over: and I think they had better give up now, if she will not deal openly; and then they need not answer for the consequences of a Peace, when it is in other hands, and may yet be broken. They say, my lord privy seal sets out for *Holland* this week: so the Peace goes on.

18. It has rained hard from morning till night, and cost me three shillings in coach-hire. We have had abundance of wet weather. I dined in the city, and was with the printer, who has now a fifth edition of the *Conduct*, &c. it is in small, and sold for six-pence; they have printed as many as three editions, because they are to be sent in numbers into the country by great men, &c. who subscribe for hundreds. It has been sent a fortnight ago to *Ireland*; I suppose you will print it there. The *Tory* lords and commons in parliament argue all from it: and all agree, that never any thing of that kind was of so great consequence, or made so many converts. By the time I have sent this letter, I expect to hear from little *MD*: it will be a month two days hence since I had your last, and I will allow ten days for accidents. I cannot get rid of the leavings of a cold I got a month ago; or else it is a new one. I have been writing letters all this evening till I am weary, and I am sending out another little thing, which I hope to finish this week, and design to send to the printer in an unknown hand. There was printed a *Grub-street* speech of lord *Nottingham*; and he



was such an owl to complain of it in the house of lords, who have taken up the printer for it. I heard at *Court*, that *Walpole* (a great *Whig* member) said, that I and my whimsical club writ it at one of our meetings, and that I should pay for it. He will find he lies; and I shall let him know by a third hand my thoughts of him. He is to be secretary of state, if the ministry changes: but he has lately had a bribe proved against him in parliament, while he was secretary at war. He is one of the *Whigs* chief speakers.

19. Sad dismal weather. I went to the secretary's office, and *Lewis* made me dine with him. I intended to have dined with lord treasurer. I have not seen the secretary this week. Things do not mend at all. Lord *Dartmouth* despairs, and is for giving up; *Lewis* is of the same mind; but lord treasurer only says, Poh, poh, all will be well. I am come home early to finish something I am doing; but I find I want heart and humour; and would read any idle book that came in my way. I have just sent away a penny paper to make a little mischief. *Patrick* is gone to the burial of an *Irish* footman, who was *Dr. King's* servant; he died of a consumption, a fit death for a poor starving wit's footman. The *Irish* servants always club to bury a countryman.

20. I was with the secretary this morning, and for aught I can see we shall have a languishing death: I can know nothing, nor themselves neither. I dined, you know, with our Society, and that odious secretary would make me president next week, so I must entertain them this day sennight at the *Thatched-house Tavern*, where we dined to-day; it will cost me five or six pounds; yet the secretary says, he will give me wine. I found a letter when I came home from the bishop of *Clogher*.

21. This



21. This is the first time I ever got a new cold before the old one was going: it came yesterday, and appeared in all due forms, eyes and nose running, &c. and is now very bad, and I cannot tell how I got it. Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I were invited to dine with Mrs. *Van*.—I was this morning with the duke of *Ormond*; and neither he nor I can think of any thing to comfort us in present affairs. We must certainly fall, if the duchess of *Somerst* be not turned out; and no body believes the queen will ever part with her. The duke and I were settling when Mr. secretary and I should dine with him, and he fixt upon *Tuesday*; and when I came away I remembered it was *Christmas* day. I was to see lady —, who is just up after lying-in; and the ugliest sight I have seen, pale, dead, old and yellow, for want of her paint. She has turned my stomach. But she will soon be painted, and a beauty again.

22. I find myself disordered with a pain all round the small of my back, which I imputed to *Champagne* I had drunk; but find it to have been only my new cold. It was a fine frosty day, and I resolved to walk into the city. I called at lord treasurer's at eleven, and staid some time with him. He shewed me a letter from a great presbyterian parson\* to him, complaining how their friends had betrayed them by passing this *Conformity Bill*; and he shewed me the answer he had written; which his friends would not let him send; but was a very good one. He is very chearful; but gives one no hopes, nor has any to give. I went into the city, and there I dined.

\* This presbyterian teacher was Mr. *Showers*. Vide his letter to the lord high treasurer *Oxford*, and my lord treasurer's answer, in the Collection of Letters printed by *Johnston*, 1765, No. 6 and 7.

23. Morn-

23. Morning. As I was dressing to go to church, a friend that was to see me, advised me not to stir out; so I shall keep at home to-day, and only eat some broth, if I can get it. It is a terrible cold frost, and snow fell yesterday, which still remains, look, there you may see it from the pent-houses. The lords made yesterday two or three votes about Peace, and *Hanover*, of a very angry kind, to vex the ministry, and they will meet sooner by a fortnight than the commons: and they say, are preparing some knocking addresses. Morrow, sirrahs. I'll sit at home, and when I go to bed, I will tell you how I am.—I have sat at home all day, and eaten only a mess of broth and a roll. I have written a *Prophecy*, which I design to print; I did it to-day, and some other verses.

24. I went into the city to-day in a coach, and dined there. My cold is going. It is now bitter hard frost, and has been so these three or four days. My *Prophecy*\* is printed, and will be published after *Christmas* day; I like it mightily; I don't know how it will pass. You will never understand it at your distance, without help. I believe every body will guess it to be mine, because it is somewhat in the same manner with that of *Merlin* in the *Miscellanies*. My lord privy-seal set out this day for *Holland*: he'll have a cold journey. I gave *Patrick* half a crown for his *Christmas-box*, on condition he would be good, and he came home drunk at midnight. I have taken a memorandum of it; because I never design to give him a groat more. 'Tis cruel cold.

25. I wish dearest *MD* a merry *Christmas*, and many a one; but mine is melancholy: I durst

\* The *Windsor Prophecy*. Vide his Works.

not go to church to-day, finding myself a little out of order, and it snowing prodigiously, and freezing. At noon I went to Mrs. *Van*, who had this week engaged me to dine there to-day; and there I received the news, that poor Mrs. *Long* died at *Lynn* in *Norfolk* on *Saturday* last, at four in the morning; she was sick but four hours. We suppose it was the asthma, which she was subject to as well as the dropsy, as she sent me word in her last letter, written about five weeks ago; but then said she was recovered. I never was more afflicted at any death. The poor creature had retired to *Lynn* two years ago, to live cheap, and pay her debts. In her last letter she told me she hoped to be easy by *Christmas*; and she kept her word, although she meant it otherwise. She had all sorts of amiable qualities, and no ill ones, but the indiscretion of too much neglecting her own affairs. She had two thousand pounds left her by an old grandmother, with which she intended to pay her debts, and live on an annuity she had of one hundred pounds a year, and *New-burg-house*, which would be about sixty pounds more. That odious grandmother living so long, forced her to retire; for the two thousand pounds was settled on her after the old woman's death, yet her brute of a brother, Sir *James Long*, would not advance it for her; else she might have paid her debts, and continued here, and lived still: I believe melancholy helped her on to her grave. I have ordered a paragraph to be put in the *Post-boy*, giving an account of her death, and making honourable mention of her; which is all I can do to serve her memory: but one reason was spite; for, her brother would fain have her death a secret, to save the charge of bringing her up here to bury her, or going into mourning. Pardon all this,  
for



for the sake of a poor creature I had so much friendship for.

26. I went to Mr. secretary this morning, and he would have me dine with him. I called at noon at Mrs. *Masbam's*, who desired me not to let the *Prophecy* be published, for fear of angering the queen about the duchess of *Somerfet*; so I writ to the printer to stop them. They have been printed and given about, but not sold. I saw lord treasurer there, who had been two hours with the queen; and Mrs. *Masbam* is in hopes things will do well again. I went at night again, and supped at Mr. *Masbam's*, and lord treasurer sat with us till one o'clock. So 'tis late, &c.

27. I entertained our *Society* at the *Thatched-house Tavern* to-day at dinner; but brother *Bathurst* sent for wine, the house affording none. The printer had not received my letter, and so he brought us dozens apiece of the *Prophecy*; but I ordered him to part with no more. 'Tis an admirable good one, and people are mad for it. The frost still continues violently cold. Mrs. *Masbam* invited me to come to-night and play at cards; but our *Society* did not part till nine. But I supped with Mrs. *Hill*, her sister, and there was Mrs. *Masbam* and lord treasurer, and we stayed till twelve. He is endeavouring to get a majority against next *Wednesday*, when the house of lords is to meet, and the *Whigs* intend to make some violent addresses against a Peace, if not prevented. God knows what will become of us.—It is still prodigiously cold; but so I told you already. We have eggs on the spit, I wish they may not be ad-dle. When I came home to-night I found, forsooth, a letter from *MD*, N. 24, 24, 24, 24; there, do you know the number now? and at the same time one from *Joe*, full of thanks: let him know  
I have



I have received it, and am glad of his success, but won't put him to the charge of a letter. I had a letter some time ago from Mr. *Warburton*\*, and I beg one of you will copy out what I shall tell you, and send it by some opportunity to *Warburton*. 'Tis as follows; The Dr. has received Mr. *Warburton's* letter, and desires he will let the Dr. know, where that accident he mentions is like soon to happen, and he will do what he can in it. —And pray, madam, let them know, that I do this to save myself the trouble, and them the expence, of a letter.—And I think this is enough for one that comes home at twelve from a lord treasurer and Mrs. *Masham*. Oh, I could tell you ten thousand things of our mad politicks, upon what small circumstances great affairs have turned. But I will go rest my busy head.

28. I was this morning with brother *Bathurst* to see the duke of *Ormond*. We have given his grace some hopes to be one of our Society. The secretary and I and *Bathurst* are to dine with him on *Sunday* next. The duke is not in much hopes, but has been very busy in endeavouring to bring over some lords against next *Wednesday*. The duchess caught me as I was going out; she is sadly in fear about things, and blames me for not mending them by my credit with lord treasurer; and I blame her. She met me in the street at noon, and engaged me to dine with her, which I did; and we talked an hour after dinner in her closet. If we miscarry on *Wednesday*, I believe it will be by some strange sort of neglect. They talk of making eight new lords, by calling up some peers eldest sons; but they delay strangely. I saw judge *Cote* to-day at the duke of *Or-*

\* The Dr.'s curate at *Laracor*.

*mond's*: he desires to come and see me, to justify his principles.

29. Morning. This goes to-day. I will not answer yours, your 24th, till my next, which shall begin to-night, as usual. Lord *Shelburn* has sent to invite me to dinner, but I am engaged with *Lewis* at *Ned Southwell's*. Lord *Northampton* and lord *Aylesbury's* sons are both made peers; but we shall want more. I write this post to your dean. I owe the archbishop a letter this long time. All people that come from *Ireland* complain of him, and scold me for protecting him. Pray madam *Dingley*, let me know what *Presto* has received for this year, or whether any thing is due to him for last: I cannot look over your former letters now. As for *Dingley's* own account of her exchequer money, I will give it on t'other side. Farewel, my own dearest *MD*, and love *Presto*; and God ever bless dearest *MD*, &c. &c. I wish you many happy *Christmasses* and *New-Years*.

I have owned to the dean a letter I just had from you; but that I had not one this great while before.

*Dingley's* account.

Received of Mr. <i>Tooke</i> , - - -	6	17	6
Deducted for entering the letter of attorney, - - - - -	} 0	2	6
For the three half crowns it used to cost you, I don't know why nor wherefore, - - - - -	} 0	7	6
For exchange to <i>Ireland</i> , - - -	0	10	0
For coach-hire, - - - - -	0	2	6
	<hr/>		
In all, just	8	0	0

So there's your money, and we are both even: for I'll pay you no more than that eight pounds *Irish*, and pray be satisfied.

Churchwarden's accounts, boys.

*Saturday* night. I have broke open my letter, and tore it into the bargain; to let you know, that we are all safe; the queen has made no less than twelve lords to have a majority; nine new ones, the other three peers sons; and has turned out the duke of *Somerſet*. She is awaked at laſt, and ſo is lord treaſurer: I want nothing now but to ſee the duchefs out. But we ſhall do without her. We are all extremely happy. Give me joy, ſirrahs. This is written in a *Coffee-houſe*. Three of the new lords are of our Society.

## LETTER XXXVIII.

London, Dec. 29, 1711.

I PUT my letter in this evening, after coming from dinner at *Ned Southwell's*, where I drank very good *Irish* wine, and we were in great joy at this happy turn of affairs. The queen has been at laſt perſuaded to her own intereſt and ſecurity, and I freely think ſhe muſt have made both herſelf and kingdom very unhappy, if ſhe had done otherwiſe. It is ſtill a mighty ſecret that *Mafham* is to be one of the new lords; they ſay he does not yet know it himſelf; but the queen is to ſurpriſe him with it. Mr. ſecretary will be a lord at the end of the ſeſſion; but they want him ſtill in parliament. After all, it is a ſtrange unhappy neceſſity of making ſo many peers together; but the queen has drawn it upon herſelf, by her con-  
founded

founded trimming and moderation. Three, as I told you, are of our Society.

30. I writ the dean and you a lie yesterday; for the duke of *Somerſet* is not yet turned out. I was to-day at *Court*, and reſolved to be very civil to the *Whigs*; but ſaw few there. When I was in the bed-chamber talking to lord *Rocheſter*, he went up to lady *Burlington*, who aſked him, who I was; and lady *Sunderland* and ſhe whiſpered about me: I deſired lord *Rocheſter* to tell lady *Sunderland*, I doubted ſhe was not as much in love with me as I was with her; but he would not deliver my meſſage. The duchefs of *Shrewſbury* came running up to me, and clapt her fan up to hide us from the company, and we gave one another joy of this change; but ſighed, when we reflected on the *Somerſet* family not being out. The ſecretary and I, and brother *Bathurſt*, and lord *Windſor*, dined with the duke of *Ormond*. *Bathurſt* and *Windſor* are to be two of the new lords. I deſired lord *Radnor*'s brother, at *Court* to-day, to let my lord know I would call on him at fix, which I did, and was arguing with him three hours to bring him over to us, and I ſpoke ſo cloſely, that I believe he will be tractable; but he is a ſcoundrel, and though I ſaid I only talked for my love to him, I told a lie; for I did not care if he were hanged: but every one gained over is of conſequence. The duke of *Marlborough* was at *Court* to-day, and no body hardly took notice of him. *Mafham*'s being a lord begins to take wind: nothing at *Court* can be kept a ſecret. *Wednesday* will be a great day: you ſhall know more.

31. Our froſt is broken ſince yeſterday, and it is very ſlabbery; yet I walked to the city and dined,



dined, and ordered some things with the printer. I have settled Dr. King in the *Gazette*; it will be worth two hundred pounds a year to him. Our new lords patents are passed: I don't like the expedient, if we could have found any other. I see I have said this before. I hear the duke of *Marlborough* is turned out of all his employments: I shall know to-morrow, when I am to carry Dr. King to dine with the secretary.—These are strong remedies; pray God the patient is able to bear them. The last ministry people are utterly desperate.

Jan. 1. Now I wish my dearest little *MD* many happy New-years; yes, both *Dingley* and *Stella*, aye and *Presto* too, many happy new-years. I dined with the secretary, and it is true that the duke of *Marlborough* is turned out of all. The duke of *Ormond* has got his regiment of *Foot-guards*, I know not who has the rest. If the ministry be not sure of a Peace, I shall wonder at this step, and do not approve it at best. The queen and lord treasurer mortally hate the duke of *Marlborough*, and to that he owes his fall, more than to his other faults; unless he has been tampering too far with his party, of which I have not heard any particulars; however it be, the world abroad will blame us. I confess my belief, that he has not one good quality in the world besides that of a general, and even that I have heard denied by several great soldiers. But we have had constant success in arms while he commanded. Opinion is a mighty matter in war, and I doubt but the *French* think it impossible to conquer an army that he leads, and our soldiers think the same; and how far even this step may encourage the *French* to play tricks with us, no man knows. I do not love to see personal resentment mix with public affairs.

2. This being the day the lords meet, and the new peers to be introduced, I went to *Westminster* to see the sight; but the crowd was too great in the house. So I only went into the robing-room, to give my four brothers joy, and Sir *Thomas Mansel*, and lord *Windsor*; the other six I am not acquainted with. It was apprehended the *Whigs* would have raised some difficulties, but nothing happened. I went to see lady *Masham* at noon, and wish her joy of her new honour, and a happy New-year. I found her very well pleased; for peerage will be some sort of protection to her upon any turn of affairs. She engaged me to come at night, and sup with her and lord treasurer; I went at nine, and she was not at home, so I would not stay.—No, no, I won't answer your letter yet, young women. I dined with a friend in the neighbourhood. I see nothing here like *Christmas*, except brawn or mince-pies in places where I dine, and giving away my half-crowns like farthings to great mens porters and butlers. Yesterday I paid seven good guineas to the fellow at the tavern, where I treated the Society. I have a great mind to send you the bill. I think I told you some articles. I have not heard whether any thing was done in the house of lords after introducing the new ones. *Ford* has been sitting with me till peeast tweleve a clock.

3. This was our Society day, lord *Dupplin* was president; we chuse every week; the last president treats and chuses his successor. I believe our dinner cost fifteen pounds besides wine. The secretary grew brisk, and would not let me go, nor lord *Lansdown*, who would fain have gone home to his lady, being newly married to lady *Mary Thynne*. It was near one when we parted; so you must think I can't write much to-night. The ad-

journing of the house of lords yesterday, as the queen desired, was just carried by the twelve new lords, and one more. Lord *Radnor* was not there; I hope I have cured him. Did I tell you that I have brought Dr. *King* in to be *Gazetteer*? it will be worth above two hundred pounds a year to him: I believe I told you so before, but I am forgetful. Go, get you gone to ombre, and claret, and toasted oranges. I'll go sleep.

4. I cannot get rid of the leavings of my cold. I was in the city to-day, and dined with my printer, and gave him a ballad made by several hands, I know not whom. I believe lord treasurer had a finger in it; I added three stanzas; I suppose Dr. *Arbuthnot* had the greatest share. I have been overseeing some other little prints, and a pamphlet made by one of my understrappers. *Somerset* is not out yet. I doubt not but you will have the *Prophecy in Ireland*, although it is not published here, only printed copies given to friends. Tell me, do you understand it? No, faith, not without help. Tell me what you stick at, and I'll explain. We turned out a member of our Society yesterday for gross neglect and non-attendance. I writ to him by order to give him notice of it. It is *Tom. Harley*, secretary to the treasurer, and cousin-german to lord treasurer. He is going to *Hansver* from the queen. I am to give the duke of *Ormsnd* notice of his election as soon as I can see him.

5. I went this morning with a parishioner of mine, one *Nuttal*, who came over here for a legacy of one hundred pounds, and a roguish lawyer had refused to pay him, and would not believe he was the man. I writ to the lawyer a sharp letter, that I had taken *Nuttal* into my protection, and was resolved to stand by him; and the next

: Jews was, that the lawyer desired I would meet him, and attest he was the man, which I did, and his money was paid upon the spot. I then visited lord treasurer, who is now right again, and all well, only that the *Somerset* family is not out yet. I hate that; I don't like it, as the man said by, &c. Then I went and visited poor *Will. Congreve*, who had a *French* fellow tampering with one of his eyes; he is almost blind of both. I dined with some merchants in the city, but could not see *Stratford*, with whom I had business. *Presto*, leave off your impertinence, and answer our letter, sayth *MD*. Yes, yes, one of these days, when I have nothing else to do. Oh, faith, this letter is a week written, and not one side done yet.—These ugly spots are not tobacco, but this is the last gilt sheet I have of large paper, therefore hold your tongue. *Nuttal* was surpris'd, when they gave him bits of paper instead of money; but I made *Ben. Tooke* put him in his geers: he could not reckon ten pounds, but was puzzled with the *Irish* way. *Ben. Tooke* and my printer have desired me to make them stationers to the ordnance, of which lord *Rivers* is master instead of the duke of *Marlborough*. It will be a hundred pounds a year a-piece to them, if I can get it. I will try to-morrow.

6. I went this morning to earl *Rivers*, gave him joy of his new employment, and desired him to prefer my printer and bookseller to be stationers to his office. He immediately granted it me; but, like an old courtier, told me it was wholly on my account, but that he heard I had intended to engage Mr. secretary to speak to him, and desired I would engage him to do so; but that however he did it only for my sake. This is a court trick, to oblige as many as you can at once. I read prayers to poor *Mrs. Wesley* (who is very



much out of order) instead of going to church; and then I went to *Court*, which I found very full, in expectation of seeing prince *Eugene*, who landed last night, and lies at *Leicester-House*; but he was not to see the queen till six this evening. I hope and believe he comes too late to do the *Whigs* any good. I refused dining with the secretary, and was like to lose my dinner, which was at a private acquaintance's. I went at six to see the prince at *Court*; but he was gone in to the queen; and when he came out, Mr. secretary, who introduced him, walked so near him, that he quite screened him from me with his great periwig. I'll tell you a good passage: As prince *Eugene* was going with Mr. secretary to *Court*, he told the secretary, that *Hoffman*, the emperor's resident, said to his highness, that it was not proper to go to *Court* without a long wig, and his was a tied-up one; Now, says the prince, I knew not what to do; for I never had a long periwig in my life; and I have sent to all my valets and footmen to see whether any of them have one, that I might borrow it; but none of them has any.—Was not this spoken very greatly with some sort of contempt? But the secretary said, It was a thing of no consequence, and only observed by gentlemen-ushers. I supped with lord *Masham*, where lord treasurer and Mr. secretary supped with us; the first left us at twelve, but the rest did not part till two; yet I have written all this, because it is fresh: and now I'll go sleep, if I can; that is, I believe I shall, because I have drank a little.

7. I was this morning to give the duke of *Ormond* notice of the honour done him to make him one of our Society, and to invite him on *Thursday* next to the *Thatched-house*: he has accepted it with the gratitude and humility such a prefer-

ment deserves; but cannot come till the next meeting, because prince *Eugene* is to dine with him that day; which I allowed for a good excuse, and will report accordingly. I dined with lord *Masham*, and sat there till eight this evening; and came home, because I was not very well, but a little griped: but now I am well again, I will not go, at least but very seldom, to lord *Masham's* suppers. Lord treasurer is generally there, and that tempts me; but late sitting up does not agree with me; there's the short and the long, and I won't do it; so take your answer, dear little young women; and I have no more to say to you to-night, because of the archbishop; for I am going to write a long letter to him; but not so politicly as formerly: I won't trust him.

8. Well; then come, let us see this letter; if I must answer it, I must. What's here now? Yes faith, I lamented my birth-day \* two days after, and that's all; and you rhyme, madam *Stella*; were those verses made upon my birth-day? Faith, when I read them, I had them running in my head all the day, and said them over a thousand times; they drank your health in all their glasses, and wished, &c. I could not get them out of my head. What; no, I believe it was not; what do I say upon the eighth of *December*? Compare, and see whether I say so. I am glad of Mrs. *Stoyte's* recovery, heartily glad: your *Dolly Manley's* and bishop of *Cloyne's* child I have no concern about: I am sorry in a civil way, that's all. Yes, yes, Sir *George St. George* dead. Go, cry, madam *Dingley*; I have written to the dean. *Raymond* will be rich, for he has the building itch. I wish all he has

\* Dr. *Swift*, upon his birth-day, used always to read the third chapter of *Job*.

got may put him out of debt. Poh, I have fires like light'ning; they cost me twelvecpence a week, besides small-coal. I have got four new caps, madam, very fine and convenient, with striped cambrick, instead of muslin; so *Patrick* need not mend them, but take the old ones. *Stella* snatch'd *Dingley's* words out of her pen; *Presto* a cold? why all the world here is dead with them: I never had any thing like it in my life; 'tis not gone in five weeks. I hope *Leigh* is with you before this, and has brought your box: how do you like the ivory rasp? *Stella* is angry; but I'll have a finer thing for her. Is not the apron as good? I'm sure I shall never be paid it: so all's well again. What the quarrel with Sir *John Walters*? Why, we had not one word of quarrel; only he railed at me when I was gone. And lord keeper and treasurer teased me for a week; it was nuts to them: a serious thing with a vengeance. The *Whigs* may sell their estates then, or hang themselves, as they are disposed; for a Peace there will be. Lord treasurer told me, that *Conolly* was going to *Hanover*. Your provost is a coxcomb. *Stella* is a good girl for not being angry when I tell her of her spelling; I see none wrong in this. God Almighty be praised that your disorders lessen, it encreases my hopes mightily that they will go off. And have you been plagued with the fear of the plague? Never mind those reports; I have heard them five hundred times. *Replevi*; *Replevin*, simpleton, 'tis *Dingley* I mean; but it is a hard word, and so I'll excuse it. I stated *Dingley's* accounts in my last. I forgot *Catherine's* sevenpenny dinner. I hope it was beef-steaks; I'll call and eat them in *Spring*: but goody *Stoyte* must give me coffee, or green tea, for I drink no bohea. Well, aye, the pamphlet; but there are some ad-

ditions to the fourth edition : the fifth edition was of four thousand, in a smaller print, sold for sixpence. Yes, I had the twenty pound bill from *Parvisol*; and what then? Pray now eat the *Laracor* apples; I beg you not to keep them, but tell me what they are. You have had *Tooke's* bill in my last. And so there now, your whole letter is answered. I tell you what I do; I lay your letter before me, and take it in order, and answer what is necessary; and so, and so. Well; when I expected we were all undone, I designed to retire for six months, and then steal over to *Laracor*; and I had in my mouth a thousand times two lines of *Shakespear*, where cardinal *Wolsey* says;

“ A weak old man battered with storms of state,  
“ Is come to lay his weary bones among you.”

I beg your pardon, I have cheated you all this margin; I did not perceive it; and I went on wider and wider like *Stella*; aukward sluts, *she writes so so, there* : \* that's as like as two eggs a penny.— *A weak old man*, now I am saying it, and shall till to-morrow.—The duke of *Marlborough* says, There is nothing he now desires so much as to contrive some way how to soften *Dr. Swift*. He is mistaken; for those things that have been hardest against him were not written by me. Mr. secretary told me this from a friend of the duke's; and I'm sure now he is down, I shall not trample on him; although I love him not, I dislike his being out.—*Bernage* was to see me this morning, and gave some very indifferent excuses for not calling here so long. I care not two-pence. Prince *Eugene* did not dine with the duke of *Marlborough*

\* These words in the manuscript imitate *Stella's* writing, and are sloped the wrong way.



on *Sunday*, but was last night at lady *Betty German's* assemblèe, and a vast number of ladies to see him. Mr. *Lewis* and I dined with a private friend. I was this morning to see the duke of *Ormond*, who appointed me to meet him at the *Cockpit* at one, but never came. I sat too some time with the duchess. We don't like things very well yet. I am come home early, and going to be busy. I'll go write.

9. I could not go sleep last night till past two, and was waked before three by a noise of people endeavouring to break open my window; for a while I would not stir, thinking it might be my imagination; but hearing the noise continued, I rise and went to the window, and then it ceased: I went to bed again, and heard it repeated more violently; then I rise, and called up the house, and got a candle: the rogues had lifted up the sash a yard; there are great sheds before my windows, although my lodgings be a story high; and if they get upon the sheds they are almost even with my window. We observed their track, and panes of glass fresh broken. The watchmen told us to-day, they saw them, but could not catch them: they attacked others in the neighbourhood, about the same time, and actually robbed a house in *Sussex-Street*, which is the next street but one to us. It is said, they are seamen discharged from service. I went up to call my man, and found his bed empty; it seems he often lies abroad. I challenged him this morning as one of the robbers. He is a sad dog; and the minute I come to *Ireland* I will discard him. I have this day got double iron bars to every window in my dining-room and bed-chamber; and I hide my purse in my thread stocking between the bed's head and the wainscot. *Lewis* and I dined with an old *Scotch* friend, who brought

brought the duke of *Douglafs*, and three or four more *Scots* upon us.

10. This was our Society day you know; but the duke of *Ormond* could not be with us, because he dined with prince *Eugene*. It cost me a guinea contribution to a poet, who had made a copy of verses upon monkies, applying the story to the duke of *Marlborough*; the rest gave two guineas, except the two physicians, who followed my example. I don't like this custom; the next time I will give nothing. I sat this evening at lord *Masham's* with lord treasurer: I don't like his countenance; nor I don't like the posture of things well. We cannot be stout, Till *Somerfet's* out; as the old saying is.

11. Mr. *Lewis* and I dined with the chancellor of the exchequer, who eats the most elegantly of any man I know in town: I walkt lustily in the *Park* by moon-shine till eight, to shake off my dinner and wine; and then went to sup at Mr. *Demville's* with *Ford*, and staid till twelve. It is told me to day as a great secret, that the duke of *Somerfet* will be out soon; that the thing is fixt; but what shall we do with the duchess? They say, the duke will make her leave the queen out of spight if he be out. It has stuck upon that *Fear* a good while already. Well, but *Lewis* gave me a letter from *MD*, N. 25. O Lord, I did not expect one this fortnight, faith. You are mighty good, that's certain; but I won't answer it, because this goes to-morrow, only what you say of the printer being taken up; I value it not; all's safe there; nor do I fear any thing, unless the ministry be changed; I hope that danger is over. However, I shall be in *Ireland* before such a change; which could not be, I think, till the end of the session, if the *Whigs* designs had gone on. Have  
not

not you an apron by *Leigh*, madam *Stella*? have you all I mentioned in a former letter?

12. Morning. This goes to-day as usual. I think of going into the city; but of that at night. 'Tis fine moderate weather these two or three days last. Farewel, &c. &c.

## LETTER XXXIX.

London, Jan. 12, 1711-12.

WHEN I sealed up my letter this morning, I lookt upon myself to be not worth a groat in the world. Last night, after Mr. *Ford* and I left *Domville*, *Ford* desired me to go with him for a minute upon earnest business, and then told me that both he and I were ruined: for he had trusted *Stratford* with five hundred pounds for tickets for the lottery, and he had been with *Stratford*, who confessed he had lost fifteen thousand pounds by Sir *Stephen Evans*, who broke last week; that he concluded *Stratford* must break too; that he could not get his tickets, but *Stratford* made him several excuses, which seemed very blind ones, &c. And *Stratford* had near four hundred pounds of mine, to buy me five hundred pounds in the *South-Sea* company. I came home reflecting a little; nothing concerned me but *MD*. I called all my philosophy and religion up; and, I thank God, it did not keep me awake beyond my usual time above a quarter of an hour. This morning I sent for *Tooke*, whom I had employed to buy the stock of *Stratford*, and settle things with him. He told me, I was secure; for *Stratford* had transferred it to me in form in the *South-Sea* house, and he had accepted it for me, and all was done on stamp parchment. However, he would be further informed;

formed; and, at night, sent me a note to confirm me. However, I am not yet secure; and, besides, am in pain for *Ford*, whom I first brought acquainted with *Stratford*. I dined in the city.

13. *Domville* and I dined with *Ford* to-day by appointment: the lord *Mansel* told me at court to-day, that I was engaged to him: but *Stratford* had promised *Ford* to meet him and me to-night at *Ford's* lodgings. He did so; said he had hopes to save himself in his affair with *Evans*. *Ford* asked him for his tickets: he said he would send them to-morrow; but looking in his pocket-book, said he believed he had some of them about him, and gave him as many as came to two hundred pounds, which rejoiced us much; besides, he talked so frankly, that we think there is no danger. I asked him, Was there any more to be settled between us in my affair; he said, no; and answered my questions just as *Tooke* had got them from others; so I hope I am safe. This has been a scurvy affair. I believe *Stella* would have half laughed at me, to see a suspicious fellow, like me, over-reached. I saw prince *Eugene* to-day at Court: I don't think him an ugly faced fellow, but well enough, and a good shape.

14. The parliament was to sit to-day; and met; but were adjourned by the queen's directions till *Thursday*. She designs to make some important speech then. She pretended illness: but I believe they were not ready, and they expect some opposition; and the *Scotch* lords are angry, and must be pacified. I was this morning to invite the duke of *Ormond* to our Society on *Thursday*, where he is then to be introduced. He has appointed me at twelve to-morrow about some business: I would fain have his help to impeach a certain lord; but I doubt we shall make nothing  
of



of it. I intended to have dined with lord treasurer, but I was told he would be busy; so I dined with Mrs. *Van*; and at night I sat with lord *Masbam* till one. Lord treasurer was there, and chid me for not dining with him: he was in very good humour: I brought home two flasks of *Burgundy* in my chair: I wish *MD* had them. You see it is very late; so I'll go to bed, and bid *MD* good night.

15. This morning I presented my printer and bookseller to lord *Rivers*, to be stationers to the *Ordnance*; *Stationers*, that's the word; I did not write it plain at first. I believe it will be worth three hundred pounds a year between them. This is the third employment I have got for them. *Rivers* told them, the Doctor commanded him, and he durst not refuse it. I would have dined with lord treasurer to-day again, but lord *Mansel* would not let me, and forced me home with him. I was very deep with the duke of *Ormond* to-day at the *Cockpit*, where we met to be private; but I doubt I cannot do the mischief I intended. My friend *Penn* came there, *Will. Penn* the quaker, at the head of his brethren, to thank the duke for his kindness to their people in *Ireland*. To see a dozen scoundrels with their hats on, and the duke complimenting with his off, was a good sight enough. I sat this evening with Sir *William Robinsen*, who has mighty often invited me to a bottle of wine: and it is past twelve.

16. This being *Fast-day*, Dr. *Freind* and I went into the city to dine late, like good fasters. My printer and bookseller want me to hook in another employment for them in the *Tower*, because it was enjoyed before by a stationer, although it be to serve the *Ordnance* with oil, tallow, &c. and is worth four hundred pounds *per annum* more:

I will

I will try what I can do. They are resolved to ask several other employments of the same nature to other offices; and I will then grease fat sows, and see whether it be possible to satisfy them. Why am not I a stationer? The parliament sits to-morrow, and *Walpool*, late secretary at war, is to be swung for bribery, and the queen is to communicate something of great importance to the two houses, at least they say so. But I must think of answering your letter in a day or two.

17. I went this morning to the duke of *Ormond* about some business; and he told me he could not dine with us to-day, being to dine with prince *Eugene*. Those of our Society of the house of commons could not be with us, the house sitting late on *Walpool*. I left them at nine, and they were not come. We kept some dinner for them. I hope *Walpool* will be sent to the *Tower*, and expelled the house: but, this afternoon the members I spoke with in the court of requests talked dubiously of it. It will be a leading card to maul the duke of *Marlborough* for the same crime, or at least to censure him. The queen's message was only to give them notice of the Peace she is treating, and to desire they will make some law to prevent libels against the government; so farewell to *Grub-street*.

18. I heard to-day that the commoners of our Society did not leave the parliament till eleven at night, then went to those I left, and stay'd till three in the morning. *Walpool* is expelled, and sent to the *Tower*. I was this morning again with lord *Rivers*, and have made him give the other employment to my printer and bookseller; 'tis worth a great deal. I dined with my friend *Lewis* privately, to talk over affairs. We want to have this duke of *Somerjet* out, and he apprehends it  
will

will not be ; but I hope better. They are going now at last to change the commissioners of the customs: my friend Sir *Matthew Dudley* will be out, and three more, and *Prior* will be in. I have made *Ford* copy out a small pamphlet, and send it to the press, that I might not be known for author ; 'tis *A Letter to the October Club*, if ever you heard of such a thing.—Methinks this letter goes on but slowly for almost a week ; I want some little conversation with *MD*, and to know what they are doing just now. I am sick of politics. I have not dined with lord treasurer these three weeks ; he chides me, but I don't care ; I don't.

19. I dined to-day with lord treasurer ; this is his day of choice company ; where they sometimes admit me, but pretend to grumble. And to-day they met on some extraordinary business ; the keeper, steward, both secretaries, lord *Rivers*, and lord *Anglesey* ; I left them at seven, and came away, and have been writing to the bishop of *Clogher*. I forgot to know where to direct to him since Sir *George St. George's* death ; but I have directed to the same house : you must tell me better ; for the letter is sent by the bell-man. Don't write to me again till this is gone, I charge you ; for I won't answer two letters together. The duke of *Somerset* is out, and was with his yellow liveries at parliament to-day. You know he had the same with the queen, when he was master of the horse : we hope the duchess will follow, or that he will take her away in spite. Lord treasurer, I hope, has now saved his head. Has the dean received my letter ? ask him at cards to-night.

20. There was a world of people to-day at *Court* to see prince *Eugene*, but all bit, for he did not come. I saw the duchess of *Somerset* talking  
with

with the duke of *Buckingham*; she looked a little down, but was extremely courteous. The queen has the gout, but is not in much pain. Must I fill this line too? \* well then, so let it be. The duke of *Beaufort* has a mighty mind to come into our Society; shall we let him? I spoke to the duke of *Ormond* about it, and he doubts a little whether to let him in or no. They say the duke of *Somerset* is advised by his friends to let his wife stay with the queen; I am sorry for it. I dined with the secretary to-day, with mixt company; I don't love it. Our Society does not meet till *Friday*, because *Thursday* will be a busy day in the house of commons; for then the duke of *Marlborough's* bribery is to be examined into about the pension pay'd him by those that furnished bread to the army.

21. I have been five times with the duke of *Ormond* about a perfect trifle, and he forgets it: I used him like a dog this morning for it. I was asked to-day by several in the court of requests, Whether it was true that the author of the *Examiner* † was taken up in an action of twenty thousand pounds by the duke of *Marlborough*? I dined in the city, where my printer shewed me a pamphlet called *Advice to the October Club*, which he said was sent him by an unknown hand; I commended it mightily; he never suspected me; 'tis a twopenny pamphlet. I came home and

\* It is the last of the page, and written close to the edge of the paper.

† Upon the 10th and 17th of this month the *Examiner* was very severe upon the duke of *Marlborough*, and in consequence of this report pursued him with greater virulence in the following course of his papers. But *Swift* was not the writer of the *Examiner* at that period.



got timely to bed; but about eleven one of the secretary's servants came to me, to let me know that lord treasurer would immediately speak with me at lord *Masham's* upon earnest business; and that if I was abed, I should rise and come. I did so; lord treasurer was above with the queen; and when he came down he laughed, and said it was not he that sent for me: the business was of no great importance, only to give me a paper, which might have been done to-morrow. I stay'd with them till past one, and then got to bed again. Pize take their frolicks. I thought to have answered your letter.

22. Doctor *Gastrel* was to see me this morning; he is an eminent divine, one of the canons of *Christ-church*, and one I love very well: he said, he was glad to find I was not with *James Broad*. I asked what he meant; Why, says he, have you not seen the *Grub-street* paper, that says Dr. *Swift* was taken up as author of the *Examiner* on an action of twenty thousand pounds, and was now at *James Broad's* (who, I suppose, is some bailiff.) I knew nothing of this; but at the court of requests twenty people told me they heard I had been taken up. Lord *Lansdown* observed to the secretary and me, that the *Whigs* spread three lies yesterday †; that about me; and another, that *Macartney*, who was turned out last *Summer*, is again restored to his places in the army; and the third, that *Jack Hill's* commission for lieutenant of the *Tower* is stopt, and that *Cadogan* is to continue. *Lansdown* thinks they have some design by these reports; I cannot guess it. Did I tell you that *Sackeverell* has desired mightily to

† These lies are all particularly mentioned by the *Examiner*, N. 10, dated Feb. 7, 1711-12.

come and see me; but I have put it off: he has heard that I have spoken to the secretary in behalf of a brother whom he maintains, and who desires an employment. T'other day at the court of requests Dr. *Yalden* saluted me by name; *Sacheverell*, who was just by, came up to me, and made me many acknowledgments and compliments. Last night I desired lord treasurer to do something for that brother of *Sacheverell's*: he said he never knew he had a brother; but thanked me for telling him, and immediately put his name in his table-book. I will let *Sacheverell* know this, that he may take his measures accordingly; but he shall be none of my acquaintance. I dined to-day privately with the secretary, left him at six, paid a visit or two, and came home.

23. I dined again to-day with the secretary; but could not dispatch some business I had with him, he has so much besides upon his hands at this juncture; and preparing against the great business to-morrow, which we are all top full of. The ministers' design is, that the duke of *Marlborough* shall be censured as gently as possible, provided his friends will not make head to defend him; but if they do, it may end in some severer votes. A gentleman who was just now with him, tells me he is much cast down, and fallen away; but he is positive, if he has but ten friends in the house, that they shall defend him to the utmost, and endeavour to prevent the least censure upon him; which I think cannot be, since the bribery is manifest: Sir *Solomon Medina* paid him six thousand pounds a year to have the employment of providing bread for the army, and the duke owns it in his letter to the commissioners of accounts. I was to-night at lord *Masham's*; lord *Dupplin* took out my new little pamphlet, and the secretary

read a great deal of it to lord treasurer ; they all commended it to the skies, and so did I, and they began a health to the author. But I doubt lord treasurer suspected : for he said, This is Dr. *Davenant's* style ; which is his cant when he suspects me. But I carried the matter very well. Lord treasurer put the pamphlet in his pocket to read at home. I'll answer your letter to-morrow.

24. The secretary made me promise to dine with him to-day after the parliament was up ; I said I would come ; but I dined at my usual time ; knowing the house would sit late on this great affair. I dined at a tavern with Mr. *Domville* and another gentleman ; I have not done so before these many months. At ten this evening I went to the secretary, but he was not come home ; I sat with his lady till twelve, then came away ; and he just came as I was gone, and he sent to my lodgings, but I would not go back ; and so I know not how things have passed ; but hope all is well ; and I will tell you to-morrow day. It is late, &c.

25. The secretary sent to me this morning to know whether we should dine together ; I went to him, and there I learnt, that the question went against the duke of *Marlborough* by a majority of a hundred ; so the ministry is mighty well satisfied, and the duke will now be able to do no hurt. The secretary and I and lord *Masham*, &c. dined with lieutenant-general *Withers*, who is just going to look after the army in *Flanders* : the secretary and I left them a little after seven, and I am come home, and will now answer your letter, because this goes to morrow : let me see.—The box at *Chester* ; oh, burn that box, and hang that *Sterne* ; I have desired one to enquire for it who went towards *Ireland* last *Monday*, but am in utter despair of it.—No, I was not splenetick ; you see

what plunges the *Court* has been at to set all right again. And that duchess is not out yet, and may one day cause more mischief. *Somerset* shews all about a letter from the queen, desiring him to let his wife continue with her. Is not that rare! I find *Dingley* smelt a rat; because the *Whigs* are *upish*; but if ever I hear that word again, I'll *up-pish* you. I am glad you got your rasp safe and sound; does *Stella* like her apron? Your criticks about guarantees of succession are puppies; that's an answer to the objection. The answerers here made the same objection, but is wholly wrong. I am of your opinion, that lord *Marlborough* is used too hardly: I have often scratched out passages from papers and pamphlets sent me before they were printed; because I thought them too severe. But, he is certainly a vile man, and has no sort of merit beside the military. The *Examiners* are good for little: I would fain have hindered the severity of the two or three last, but could not. I will either bring your papers over, or leave them with *Tooke*, for whose honesty I will engage. And I think it is best not to venture them with me at sea. *Stella* is a prophet, by foretelling so very positively that all would be well. Duke of *Ormond* speak against Peace? No, simpleton: he is one of the staunchest we have for the ministry. Neither trouble yourself about the printer: he appeared the first day of term, and is to appear when summoned again; but nothing else will come of it. Lord *Chief Justice* is cooled since this new settlement. No; I will not split my journals in half; I will write but once a fortnight: but you may do as you will; which is, read only half at once, and t'other half next week. So now your letter is answered (Fox on the e blots!) What must I say more? I will set out in *March*, if there be a



fit of fine weather; unless the ministry desire me to stay till the end of the session, which may be a month longer; but I believe they will not: for I suppose the Peace will be made, and they will have no further service for me. I must make my canal fine this *Summer*, as fine as I can. I am afraid I shall see great neglects among my quick-fets. I hope the cherry trees on the river-walk are fine things now. But no more of this.

26. I forgot to finish this letter this morning, and am come home so late I must give it to the bell-man; but I would have it go to-night, lest you should think there is any thing in the story of my being arrested in an action of twenty thousand pounds by lord *Marlborough*, which I hear is in *Dyer's* letter, and consequently, I suppose, gone to *Ireland*. Farewel, dearest *MD*, &c. &c.

## L E T T E R X L.

London, Jan. 26, 1711-12.

I HAVE no gilt paper left of this size, so you must be content with plain. Our Society dined together to-day, for it was put off, as I told you, upon lord *Marlborough's* business on *Thursday*. The duke of *Ormond* dined with us to-day, the first time; we were thirteen at table; and lord *Lansdown* came in after dinner, so that we wanted but three. The secretary proposed the duke of *Beaufort*, who desires to be one of our Society; but I stopt it, because the duke of *Ormond* doubts a little about it; and he was gone before it was proposed. I left them at seven, and sat this evening with poor Mrs. *Wesly*, who has been mighty ill to-day with a fainting fit: she has often convul-

sions too; she takes a mixture with *assa foetida*, which I have now in my nose; and every thing smells of it. I never smelt it before, 'tis abominable. We have eight pacquets, they say, due from *Ireland*.

27. I could not see prince *Eugene* at Court to-day, the crowd was so great. The *Whigs* contrive to have a crowd always about him, and employ the rabble to give the word, when he sets out from any place. When the duchess of *Hamilton* came from the queen after church, she whispered me that she was going to pay me a visit: I went to lady *Oglethorp's*, the place appointed; for ladies always visit me in third places, and she kept me till near four: she talks too much, is a plaguy detractor, and I believe I shall not much like her. I was engaged to dine with lord *Masham*; they staid as long as they could, yet had almost dined, and were going in anger to pull down the brass peg for my hat, but lady *Masham* saved it. At eight I went again to lord *Masham's*; lord treasurer is generally there at night: we sat up till almost two. Lord treasurer has engaged me to contrive some way to keep the archbishop of *York* from being seduced by lord *Nottingham*. I will do what I can in it to-morrow. 'Tis very late, so I must go sleep.

28. Poor Mrs. *Manley* the author is very ill of a dropsy and sore leg; the printer tells me he is afraid she cannot live long. I am heartily sorry for her; she has very generous principles for one of her sort; and a great deal of good sense and invention: she is about forty, very homely and very fat. Mrs. *Van* made me dine with her to-day. I was this morning with the duke of *Ormond*, and the prolocutor, about what lord treasurer spoke to me yesterday; I know not what will be the issue.

due. There is but a slender majority in the house of lords; and we want more. We are sadly mortified at the news of the *French* taking the town in *Brasil* from the *Portuguese*. The sixth edition of three thousand of the *Conduct of the Allies* is sold, and the printer talks of a seventh: eleven thousand of them have been sold; which is a most prodigious run. The little two-penny *Letter of Advice to the October Club* does not sell; I know not the reason; for it is finely written, I assure you; and, like a true author, I grow fond of it, because it does not sell: you know that is usual to writers, to condemn the judgment of the world: if I had hinted it to be mine, every body would have bought it, but it is a great secret.

26. I borrowed one or two idle books of *Contes de Fees* \*, and have been reading them these two days, although I have much business upon my hands. I loitered till one at home: then went to Mr. *Lewis* at his office; and the vice chamberlain told me, that lady *Ryalton* had yesterday resigned her employment of lady of the bed-chamber, and that lady *Jane Hyde*, lord *Rochester's* daughter, a mighty pretty girl, is to succeed; he said too, that lady *Sunderland* would resign in a day or two. I dined with *Lewis*, and then went to see Mrs. *Wesley*, who is better to-day. But you must know, that Mr. *Lewis* gave me two letters, one from the bishop of *Cloyne*, with an inclosed from lord *Inchequin* to lord treasurer; which he desires I would deliver and recommend. I am told, that lord was much in with lord *Wharton*, and I remember he was to have been one of the lords justices by his recommendation; yet the bishop recommends him as a great friend to the

\* Tales of the Fairies.

church, &c. I'll do what I think proper. T'other letter was from little faucy *MD*, N. 26. O Lord, never saw the like, under a cover too, and by way of journal; we shall never have done. Sirrahs; how durst you write so soon, sirrahs? I won't answer it yet.

30. I was this morning with the secretary, who was sick, and out of humour: he would needs drink *Champagne* some days ago, on purpose to spite me, because I advised him against it, and now he pays for it; *Stella* used to do such tricks formerly; he put me in mind of her. Lady *Sunderland* has resigned her place too. It is lady *Catherine Hyde* that succeeds lady *Ryalton*; and not lady *Fane*. Lady *Catherine* is the late earl of *Rocheſter's* daughter. I dined with the secretary, then visited his lady; and sat this evening with lady *Mafham*; the secretary came to us; but lord treasurer did not; he dined with the master of the rolls, and ſtaid late with him. Our Society does not meet till to-morrow ſennight, becauſe we think the parliament will be very buſy to-morrow upon the ſtate of the war; and the ſecretary, who is to treat as preſident, muſt be in the houſe. I fancy my talking of perſons and things here, muſt be very tedious to you, becauſe you know nothing of them; and I talk as if you did. You know *Kevin's-ſtreet*, and *Werburgh-ſtreet*, and (what do you call the ſtreet where Mrs. *Walls* lives?) and *Ingoldſby*, and *Higgins*, and lord *Santry*; but what care you for lady *Catherine Hyde*? Why do you ſay nothing of your health, ſirrah? I hope it is well.

31. *Trimnel*, biſhop of *Norwich*, who was with this lord *Sunderland* at *Moor-park* in their travels, preached yeſterday before the houſe of lords; and to-day the queſtion was put to thank him, and  
print



print his sermon; but passed against him; for it was a terrible *Whig* sermon. The *Bill* to repeal the *Act for naturalizing protestant foreigners*, passed the house of lords to-day by a majority of twenty, though the *Scotch* lords went out, and would vote neither way, in discontent about duke *Hamilton's* patent, if you know any thing of it. A poem is come out to-day inscribed to me, by way of a flirt; for it is a *Whiggish* poem, and good for nothing. They plagued me with it in the court of requests. I dined with lord treasurer at five alone, only with one *Dutch* man. *Prior* is now a commissioner of the customs. I told you so before, I suppose. When I came home to-night, I found a letter from Dr. *Sacheverell*\*, thanking me for recommending his brother to lord treasurer and Mr. secretary for a place. Lord treasurer sent to him about it: so good a solicitor was I, although I once hardly thought I should be a solicitor for *Sacheverell*.

*Feb. 1.* Has not your dean of *St. Patrick's* received my letter? You say nothing of it, although I writ above a month ago. My printer has got the gout, and I was forced to go to him to-day, and there I dined. It was a most delicious day; why don't you observe whether the same days be fine with you? To-night at six Dr. *Atterbury*, and *Prior*, and I, and Dr. *Freind*, met at Dr. *Robert Freind's* house at *Westminster*, who is master of the school: there we sat till one, and were good enough company. I here take leave to tell politick *Dingley*, that the passage in the *Conduct of the Allies* is so far from being blameable, that the secretary designs to insist upon it in the house of commons, when the *Treaty*

\* This Letter is to be found in the late Collection by *Dodsley*, &c. No. 58.

*of Barrier* is debated there, as it now shortly will, for they have ordered it to be laid before them. The pamphlet of *Advice to the October Club* begins now to sell; but I believe it's fame will hardly reach *Ireland*: 'tis finely written, I assure you. I long to answer your letter; but won't yet; you know 'tis late, &c.

2. This day ends *Christmas*; and what care I? I have neither seen, nor felt, nor heard any *Christmas* this year. I passed a lazy dull day: I was this morning with lord treasurer, to get some papers from him, which he will remember as much as a cat, although it be his own business. It threatened rain, but did not much; and *Prior* and I walked an hour in the *Park*, which quite put me out of my measures. I dined with a friend hard by; and in the evening sat with lord *Masham* till twelve. Lord treasurer did not come; this is an idle dining day usually with him. We want to hear from *Holland* how our Peace goes on; for we are afraid of those scoundrels the *Dutch*, lest they should play us tricks. Lord *Marr*, a *Scotch* earl, was with us at lord *Masham*'s; I was arguing with him about the stubbornness and folly of his countrymen; they are so angry about the affair of duke *Hamilton* whom the queen has made a duke of *England*, and the house of lords will not admit him: he swears he would vote for us, but dare not; because all *Scotland* would detest him if he did; he should never be chosen again, nor be able to live there.

3. I was at *Court* to-day to look for a dinner; but did not like any that were offered me; and I dined with lord *Mountjoy*. The queen has the gout in her knee, and was not at chapel. I hear we have a *Dutch* mail, but I know not what news, although I was with the secretary this morning. He shewed  
me

me a letter from the *Hanover* envoy, Mr. *Bothmar*, complaining that the *Barrier Treaty* is laid before the house of commons; and desiring that no infringement may be made in the *Guarantee of the Succession*; but the secretary has written him a peppering answer. I fancy you understand all this, and are able state-girls, since you have read the *Conduct of the Allies*. We are all preparing against the birth-day, I think it is *Wednesday* next. If the queen's gout encreases, it will spoil sport. Prince *Eugene* has two fine suits made against it; and the queen is to give him a sword worth four thousand pounds, the diamonds set transparent.

4. I was this morning soliciting at the house of commons' door for Mr. *Vesey*, a son of the archbishop of *Tuam*, who has petitioned for a *Bill* to relieve him in some difficulty about his estate; I secured him about fifty members. I dined with lady *Masham*. We have no packet from *Holland*, as I was told yesterday; and this wind will hinder many people from appearing at the birth-day, who expected cloaths from *Holland*. I appointed to meet a gentleman at the secretary's to-night, and they both failed. The house of commons have this day made many severe votes about our being abused by our allies. Those who spoke, drew all their arguments from my book, and their votes confirm all I writ; the *Court* had a majority of a hundred and fifty: all agree, that it was my book that spirited them to these resolutions; I long to see them in print. My head has not been as well as I could wish it for some days past, but I have not had any giddy fit, and I hope it will go over.

5. The secretary turned me out of his room this morning, and shewed me fifty guineas rolled up, which he was going to give to some *French* spy

spy. I dined with four *Irishmen* at a tavern to-day; I thought I had resolved against it before, but I broke it. I played at cards this evening at lady *Masbam's*, but I only played for her while she was writing; and I won her a pool; and supped there. Lord treasurer was with us, but went away before twelve. The ladies and lords have all their cloaths ready against to-morrow: I saw several mighty fine, and I hope there will be a great appearance, in spite of that spiteful *French* fashion of the *Whiggish* ladies not to come, which they have all resolved to a woman; and I hope it will more spirit the queen against them for ever.

6. I went to dine at lord *Masbam's* at three, and met all the company just coming out of *Court*; a mighty crowd; they staid long for their coaches: I had an opportunity of seeing several lords and ladies of my acquaintance in their fineries. Lady *Asburnham* looked the best in my eyes. They say, the *Court* was never fuller nor finer. Lord treasurer, his lady, and two daughters, and Mrs. *Hill* dined with lord and lady *Masbam*; the five ladies were monstrous fine. The queen gave prince *Eugene* the diamond sword to-day; but nobody was by when she gave it, except my lord chamberlain. There was an entertainment of *Opera* songs at night, and the queen was at all the entertainment, and is very well after it. I saw lady *Wharton*, as ugly as the Devil, coming out in the crowd all in an undress; she had been with the *Marlborough* daughters and lady *Bridgewater* in *St. James's*, looking out of the window all undressed, to see the sight. I do not hear that one *Whig* lady was there, except those of the bed-chamber. Nothing has made so great a noise as one *Kelson's* chariot, that cost nine hundred and thirty pounds, the finest was ever seen. The rabble huzzaed him



as much as they did prince *Eugene*. This is birthday chat.

7. Our Society met to-day, the duke of *Ormond* was not with us; we have lessened our dinners, which were grown so extravagant, that lord treasurer and every body else cried shame. I left them at seven, visited for an hour, and then came home, like a good boy. The queen is much better after yesterday's exercise: her friends wish she would use a little more. I opposed lord *Fersey's* election into our Society, and he is refused: I likewise opposed the duke of *Beaufort*; but I believe he will be chosen in spite of me: I don't much care; I shall not be with them above two months; for I resolve to set out for *Ireland* the beginning of *April* next (before I treat them again) and see my willows.

8. I dined to-day in the city; this morning a scoundrel dog, one of the queen's musick, a *German*, whom I had never seen, got access to me in my chamber by *Patrick's* folly, and gravely desired me to get an employment in the customs for a friend of his, who would be very grateful; and likewise to forward a project of his own, for raising ten thousand pounds a year upon *Operas*: I used him civilly than he deserved; but it vexed me to the pluck. He was told, I had a mighty interest with lord treasurer, and one word of mine, &c.— Well; I got home early on purpose to answer *MD's* letter, *N. 26*; for this goes to-morrow.— Well; I never saw such a letter in all my life; so saucy, so journalish, so sanguine, so pretending, so every thing.—I satisfied all your fears in my last; All is gone well, as you say; yet you are an impudent slut to be so positive; you will swagger so upon your sagacity that we shall never have done. Pray don't mislay your reply; I would certainly print it,

if I had it here : how long is it ? I suppose, half a sheet : was the Answer written in *Ireland* ? Yes, yes, you shall have a letter when you come from *Baligall*. I need not tell you again who's out and who's in : we can never get out the duchess of *Somerset*.— So, they say *Presto* writ the *Conduēt*, &c. do they like it ? I don't care whether they do or no ; but the *Resolutions* printed t'other day in the Votes, are almost quotations from it ; and would never have passed, if that book had not been written. I will not meddle with the *Speētator*, let him fair-sex it to the world's end. My disorder is over, but blood was not from the p—les.—Well, madam *Dingley*, the frost ; why we had a great frost, but I forget how long ago ; it lasted above a week or ten days : I believe about six weeks ago ; but it did not break so soon with us I think as *December 29* ; yet I think it was about that time, on second thoughts. *MD* can have no letter from *Presto*, says you, and yet four days before you own you had my thirty-seventh, unreasonable fluts ! The bishop of *Gloucester* is not dead, and I am as likely to succeed the duke of *Marlborough* as him if he were ; there's enough for that now. It is not unlikely that the duke of *Shrewsbury* will be your governour ; at least I believe the duke of *Ormond* will not return.—Well, *Stella* again : why really three editions of the *Conduēt*, &c. is very much for *Ireland* ; it is a sign you have some honest among you.—Well ; I will do Mr. *Manley* all the service I can : but he will ruin himself. What business had he to engage at all about the city ? can't he wish his cause well, and be quiet, when he finds that stirring will do it no good, and himself a great deal of hurt ? I cannot imagine who should open my letter ; it must be done at your side.—If I

hear

hear of any thoughts of turning out Mr. *Mantley*, I will endeavour to prevent it. I have already had all the gentlemen of *Ireland* here upon my back often, for defending him. So now I have answered your saucy letter. My humble service to goody *Stoyte* and *Catherine*; I will come soon for my dinner.

9. Morning. My cold goes off at last; but I think I have got a small new one. I have no news since last. They say we hear by the way of *Calais*, that Peace is very near concluding. I hope it may be true. I'll go and seal up my letter, and give it myself to-night into the post-office; and so I bid my dearest *MD* farewell till to-night. I heartily wish myself with them, as hope saved. My willows, and quicksets, and trees will be finely improved, I hope, this year. It has been fine hard frosty weather yesterday and to-day. Farewel, &c. &c. &c. \*

\* *N. B.* In the late Collection of *Swift's* Correspondence, published by *Dodsley* and others, the course of these journals is continued from this present date, *Feb. 9,* 1711-12, until the *Summer* of the year 1713, when the *Dr.* was made Dean of *St. Patrick's, Dublin.* The first of these journals in that Collection is the fifty-eighth Letter.





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Dr. SWIFT's  
CORRESPONDENCE.

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LETTER I.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. JANE SWIFT\*.

1696.

I RECEIVED your kind letter from *Robert* by word of mouth, and think it a vast condescension in you to think of us in all your greatness: now shall we hear nothing from you for five months but *We Courtiers*. *Loory* is well, and presents his humble duty to my lady, and love to his fellow-servant: but he is the miserablest creature in the world; eternally in his melancholy note, whatever I can do; and if his finger does but ache, I am in such a fright you would wonder at it. I pray return my service to Mrs. *Kilby*, in payment of hers by *Robert*.

Nothing grows better by your absence but my lady's chamber-floor, and Tumble-down *Dick*. Here are three letters for you, and *Molly* will not send one of them; she says you ordered her to the contrary. Mr. *Mose* and I desire you will

\* The Doctor's sister.

remember our love to the king, and let us know how he looks.

*Robert* says the Czar is there, and is fallen in love with you, and designs to carry you to *Muscovy*; pray provide yourself with muffs and sable tippets, &c.

*Æolus* has made a strange revolution in the rooks nests; but I say no more, for it is dangerous to meddle with things above us.

I desire your absence heartily; for now I live in great state, and the cook comes in to know what I please to have for dinner: I ask very gravely what is in the house, and accordingly give orders for a dish of pigeons, or &c. You shall have no more ale here, unless you send us a letter. Here is a great bundle and a letter for you; both came together from *London*. We all keep home like so many cats.

## L E T T E R II.

Mrs. LONG\* to Dr. SWIFT.

November 18, 1711.

**I**F you will again allow me the pleasure of hearing from you, without murmuring, I will let you enjoy that of laughing at me for any foolish word I misapply; for I know you are too reasonable to expect me to be nicely right in the matter; but then when you take a fancy to be angry, pray let me know it quietly, that I may clear my meanings, which are always far from offending my friends, however unhappy I may be in my ex-

\* Thus indorsed by the Doctor; Poor Mrs. Long's last letter, written five weeks before she died.

pressions. Could I expect you to remember any part of my letters so long ago, I would ask you, that you should know where to find me when you had a mind to it; but I suppose you were in a romantick strain, and designed to have surprized me talking to myself in a wood, or by the sea. Forgive the dulness of my apprehension, and if telling you that I am at *Linn* will not do, I will print it, however inconvenient it may yet be to me; for I am not the better for the old lady's death, but am put in hopes of being easy at *Christmas*; however, I shall still continue to be Mrs. *Smyth*, near *St. Nicholas's* Church in the town aforesaid; so much for my affairs.—Now as to my health, that was much out of order last *Summer*; my distemper was a dropsy or asthma (you know what I mean, but I cannot spell it right) or both, lazy distempers, which I was too lazy to molest whilst they would let me sit in quiet; but when they grew so unreasonable as not to let me do that, I applied myself to doctor *Inglis*, by whose advice I am now well enough. To give you the best account I can of this place, the ladies will make any returns, if one may believe what they say of one another; the men I know little of, for I am here what you have often upbraided me with, a Prude in every thing but censuring my neighbours; a couple of divines, two aldermen, and a custom-house officer, are all my men acquaintance; the gay part of the town I know nothing of, and although for the honour of the place I will suppose there are good poets, yet that I never enquired after. I have a shelf pretty well filled at home, but want a *Miscellany* Mr. *Steele* put out last year; miss *Hessy* promised it me, but has forgot it: I fancy you have interest enough with him to get it for me. I wish too at your leisure you would make a

pedigree for me; the people here want sadly to know what I am; I pretend to no more than being of *George Smyth's* family of *Nitly*, but do not talk much of it, for fear of betraying myself; so they fancy some mystery to be in the matter, and would give their rivals place to be satisfied. At first they thought I came hither to make my fortune, by catching up some of their young fellows; but having avoided that sort of company, I am still a riddle they know not what to make of. Many of them seem to love me well enough; for I hear all they say of one another without making mischief among them, and give them tea and coffee when I have it, which are the greatest charms I can boast of: the fine lady I have left to *Moll* (who I suppose was at the *Bath*) or any other that will take it up; for I am grown a good housewife; I can pot and pickle, sir, and handle a needle very prettily; see miss *Hessy's* scarf, I think that is improving mightily. If miss *Hessy* keeps company with the eldest *Hutton*, and is still a politician, she is not the girl I took her for; but to me she seems melancholy. Sure Mr. *St. John* is not so altered but he will make returns; but how can I pretend to judge of any thing, when my poor cousin is taken for an hermaphrodite; a thing I as little suspected her for as railing at any body; I know so little cause for it, that I must be silent. I hear but little of what is done in the world, but should be glad the ministry did themselves the justice to distinguish men of merit: may I wish you joy of any preferment? I shall do it heartily: but if you have got nothing, I am busy to as much purpose as you, although my employments are next to picking straws. Oh, but you are acquainted with my lord *Fitzharding*, for which I rejoice with you, and am your most obedient servant,

ANNE LONG.



## L E T T E R III.

Judge NUTLEY to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Dublin, Nov. 21, 1713.

**I** CAN'T help telling you that I think you do me great wrong in charging me with being too civil, and with want of plainness in my letters to you. If you will be abundant in your favours to me, how can I forbear thanking you? and if you will call that by a wrong name, that is your fault, and not mine. I hope I shall be able to convince you of your mistake, by putting you in the place of the party obliged; and then I will shew you, that I can be as ready (as you are) in doing good offices for a friend, and when I have done them, can treat you as you do me, as if you were the benefactor, and I had received the favour: I am sorry I did not keep a copy of my letter to you, that I might compare it with that which I shall have from you, whenever I shall be so happy to receive one from you upon that subject; for I am thoroughly persuaded, you will then as much outdo me in civility of expression, as you do now in the power of conferring favours.

By this time, I hope, I have satisfied you, that it is fit for me (and I am resolved) to express the sense I have of your friendship in as high a manner as I can, until I have an opportunity of making a better return: but to shew you, that it is as uneasy to me to write civil things, as it can be to you to read them, I will, as often as I can, do you services, that I may not be at the trouble or bear the reproach of being complaisant.

M 3

I am

I am so much a philosopher as to know that to be great, is to be, but not to be thought, miserable; and I am of the opinion of those among them, who allow retaliation; and therefore since you have declared your intention of loading me with cares, I will, as far as I can, make you sensible of the hurt you do me by laying a like burthen upon you.

I thank you most sincerely for the clear and full information you have given me of your grand church affair. It entirely agrees with my judgment; for I do think that what you propose will be the best service that has been done to this church and kingdom since the restoration, and the doing it soon will be of great advantage to the queen's affairs at this juncture. For, it has been given out among the party, that the ministry have an eye towards the *Whigs*, and that, if they now exert themselves, they will soon have an open declaration in their favour: we have a remarkable proof of this; for Mr. *Brodrick* has engaged a considerable number of the parliament-men (many of them not of his party) to promise him their votes for speaker, by telling them he has the approbation of the ministry and lord lieutenant; and since his grace has made known her majesty's pleasure, a new word is given out, that the liberties of the people are in the last danger, and that the crown is attempting the nomination of a speaker. I own I am no politician; but I think I understand the posture of affairs here, and I am assured that the church party is so strong, that if any thing be done on your side to excite their zeal, and discourage their adversaries, there will be but a short struggle here. But if the *Whigs* are permitted to hope, or what is as bad, to boast of their expectations,

petitions, and nothing is done, to enable others to confute them, they will, 'tis probable, be able to give trouble to the government; and what is now easy to be effected, will become difficult by delay; and I fear, the want of doing this in time will occasion some uneasiness to the duke of *Shrewsbury*; for to this is owing the doubtful dispute, who shall be speaker.

I have shewed your letter to the gentleman chiefly concerned in it: this I did, because I knew it would produce a full expression of his sentiments; and I can assure you, whatever occasion may have been given you to think what you say in your letter, he has a true sense of your friendship to him. I will be guarantee that according to the power he has, he will be ready to serve you, and that in kind.

My lord chancellor will send you his own thanks. I am, most truly and sincerely,

Your, &c.

#### L E T T E R I V.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT\*.

London, July 15, 1714.

Y O U see I was in the right; but I could wish the booby † had not convinced me by naming my lord *Balingbroke*, and then I should have dealt well enough with him. Since it has happened so, the best remedy I could think of, was to write him a very civil answer; in which, however, I have desired to see the alterations: this is mentioned

\* Dr. *Swift* was at this time in *Berkshire*.

† *Barber*.

with great respect to my lord. Though he is promised to have it again to-morrow, it is probable he may be disappointed, and there may be time enough for me to receive your directions what I shall do when I get it into my hands. If the alterations are material, shall I send it to some other printer as it was first written? † Reflect upon every thing you think likely to happen, and tell me before hand what is proper to be done, that no more time may be lost. I hate the dog for making his court in such a manner.

I am very sorry you have had occasion to remove your premier minister. We are told now, we shall have no change in ours, and that the duke of *Shrewsbury* will perfectly reconcile all matters. I am sure you will not believe this any more than I do; but the *Dragon*\* has been more chearful than usual for three or four days; and therefore people conclude the breaches are healed. I rather incline to the opinion of those who say he is to be made a duke, and to have a pension. Another reason given why there is to be no change is, because the Parliament was not adjourned to issue new writs in the room of those who were to come in upon the new scheme, that they might sit in the house at the next meeting. But I can't see why an adjournment may not do as well at the beginning as at the end of a session; and certainly it will displease less in *January* or *February*, than it would have done in *July*. The *Whigs* give out the duke of *Marlborough* is coming over, and his

† This was a pamphlet entituled, *Thoughts on the Present State of Affairs*. The queen's death prevented the publication of it in those times. It never appeared until the year 1741.

\* The earl of *Oxford*.



house is actually now fitting up at *St. James's*. We have had more variety of lies of late than ever I remember. The history we were formerly talking of, would swell to a prodigious size, if it was carried on. There was a fire last night on *Tower-Hill*, that burnt down forty or fifty houses. You say nothing of coming to town. I hope you don't mean to steal away to *Ireland* without seeing us.

## L E T T E R V.

CHARLES FORD Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, July 17, 1714.

A SECOND to-morrow is almost past, and nothing has been yet left at *St. Dunstan's*. *B.\** will lose by his prodigious cunning; but that is nothing to the punishment he deserves. Had it been only his fear, he would have chosen somebody else to consult with; but the rogue found out it was well written, and saw the passages that galled. I am heartily vext at the other person †, from whom one might have expected a more honourable proceeding. There is something very mean in his desiring to make alterations, when I am sure he has no reason to complain, and is at least as fairly dealt with as his competitor ‡. Besides, a great part of it is as much for his service as if he had given directions himself to have it done. What relates to the Pretender is of the utmost use to him; and therefore I am as much surprized at his delay, as at his ungenerous manner of treating an unknown author, to whom he is so

\* Barber. † Lord Bolingbroke. ‡ Lord Oxford.

much obliged. But perhaps I may wrong him, and he won't desire to turn the whole to his own advantage. If it had come to me yesterday, or to-day, I was resolved to have sent it to some other printer without any amendment; but now I shall wait till I have your directions. I wish you had employed somebody else at first; but what signifies wishing now? After what *B.* \* writ in his last, I can hardly think he will be such a — as not to let me have it: and in my answer I have given him all manner of encouragement to do it. He has as much assurance as he can well desire, that the alterations shall be complied with, and a positive promise that it shall be returned to him the same day he leaves it at *St. Dunstan's*.

I can't imagine why we have no mischief yet. Sure we are not to be disappointed at last, after the bustle that has been made. It is impossible they † can ever agree, and I want something to make my letters still entertaining. I doubt you will hardly thank me for them, now the parliament is up; but as soon as any thing happens you shall know it.

The queen has not yet appointed the time for removing to *Windsor*. My lord chief baron *Ward* is dead, and we have already named seven successors, among whom is our lord chancellor *Phips*. *Frank Annesley* was to have had his place under my lord *Anglesey*, so that it is well for him we have provided him with another for life.

\* *Barber*.

† Lords *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke*.

## LETTER VI.

Lady BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Mr. DEAN,

London, May 5, 1716.

YOUR letter came in very good time to me, when I was full of vexation and trouble, which all vanishes, finding that you were so good to remember me under my afflictions, which have been not greater than you can think, but much greater than I can express. I am now in town; business called me hither; and when that is finished I shall retire with more comfort than I came. Do not forsake an old friend, nor believe reports which are scandalous and false. You are pleased to enquire after my health; I can give you no good account of it at present; but that country, whither I shall go next week, will, I hope, set me up. As to my temper, if it is possible, I am more insipid and dull than ever, except in some places, and there I am a little fury, especially if they dare mention my dear lord without respect, which sometimes happens; for good manners and relationship are laid aside in this town; it is not hard for you to guess whom I mean. I have not yet seen her grace †, but design it in a day or two: we have kept a constant correspondence ever since our misfortunes, and her grace is pleased to call me sister. There is no body in the world has a truer respect and value for her than myself. I lend this to my friend *John*, and beg you, when you do me the favour of an answer, to send it to him, who will take care to convey it to me in the country; for your

† The duchess of *Ormond*.

letter lay a long while, before it came to my hands. I beg you to look with a friendly eye upon all my faults and blots in this letter, and that you will believe me what I really am, your most faithful humble servant,

F. B.

## L E T T E R VII.

PETER LUDLOW, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

September 10, 1718.

I SEND you the inclosed pamphlet by a private hand, not daring to venture it by the common post; for it is a melancholy circumstance we are now in, that friends are afraid to carry on even a bare correspondence, much more to write news, or send papers of consequence (as I take the inclosed to be) that way. But I suppose I need make no apology for not sending it by post, for you must know, and own too, that my fears are by no means groundless. For, your friend Mr. *Manley*\* has been guilty of opening letters that were not directed to him, nor his wife, nor really to one of his acquaintance. Indeed I own it so happened, that they were of no consequence, but secrets of state, secrets of families, and other secrets (that one would by no means let Mr. *Manley* know) might have been discovered; besides a thousand, nay, for ought I know, more than a thousand calamities might have ensued; I need not (I believe) enumerate them to you; but, to be plain with you, no man nor woman would (with their eyes open) be obliged to

\* Post-master general of *Ireland*, whom Dr. *Swift* had greatly befriended in queen *Anne*'s time.



shew all they had to Mr. *Manley*. These I think sufficient reasons for sending it in the manner I do; but submit them and myself to your candour and censure.

The paper, I believe, you'll find very artfully written, and a great deal couched under the appearance (I own at first) of blunders and a silly Tale. For who, with half an eye, may not perceive, that, by the old woman's being drowned at *Radcliff-highway*, and not dead yet, is meant the Church, which may be sunk or drowned, but in all probability will rise again. Then the man who was followed, and overtaken, is easily guessed at. He could not tell (the ingenious author says) whether she was dead: true! but may be he will tell soon. But then the author goes on (who must be supposed a high-church-man) and enquires of a man riding a horseback upon a mare. That's preposterous, and must allude to a great man who has been guilty (or he is foully belied) of very preposterous actions; when the author comes up to him, the man takes him for a Robber, or *Tory*, and ran from him, but you find he pursued him furiously. Mark that: and *The Horse*.— This is indeed carrying a figure farther than *Homer* does: he makes the shield or its device an epithet sometimes to his warrior, but never, as I remember, puts it in place of the person; but there is a figure for this in rhetorick, which I own I don't remember; by which we often say, He is a good fiddle, or rather, as by the Gown is often meant particular Parsons. Well then, you find the Horse, seeing himself dead, or undone, ran away as fast as he could, and left the preposterous fellow to go afoot. During this their misfortune, the candid author (whom I cannot mention without a profound respect) calls them friends, and  
means

means to do them no harm; only enquires after the welfare of the church.—Ah! Dear Sir, this is the true character of the *Tories*. And here I cannot but compare the generosity and good-nature of the one, with the sullen ingratitude of the other; we find the horse gone, and they footing it give a surly answer; while the other (though a conqueror) offers his friendship, and asks the question with a *Pray inform me*.

I have gone, my dear friend, thus far with the paper, to shew you how excellent a piece I take it to be, and must beg the favour of you to give me your opinion of it, and send me your animadversions upon the whole; which I am confident you won't refuse me, when you consider of how great an advantage they will be to the whole earth, who, may be, to this day, have read over these sheets with too superficial an understanding; and especially since it is the request of, learned Sir, your most dutiful and most obedient humble servant,

Sir POLITICK WOULD-BE.

I submit it to your better judgment (when you make a more curious enquiry into the arcana of this piece) to consider whether, by Sir *John Vangs* (who you find lives by the water-side) must not be meant the *Dutch*; since you find too, that he eats bag pudding freezing hot; this may seem a paradox, but I have been assured by a curious friend of mine of great veracity, who had lived many *Winters* in *Holland*, that nothing is more common than for hot pudding to freeze in that cold country: but then what convinces me that by Sir *John*, the *Dutch* must be meant, is, that you find he creeps out of a stopper-hole, which alludes to their mean origin. I must observe too, that gammer *Vangs* had

had an old woman to her son. That's a bob for Glorious\*.—But I am under great concern to find so hard a sentence past upon poor *Swift*, because he's little. I think him better than any of them, and hope to see him greater.

## L E T T E R VIII.

Dr. SWIFT to [STELLA] Mrs. JOHNSON†.

*JACK GRATTAN* said nothing to me of it till last night; 'tis none of my fault: how did I know but you were to dine abroad? You should have sent your messenger sooner; yes, I think the dinner you provided for yourselves may do well enough here, but pray send it soon. I wish you would give a body more early warning; but you must blame yourselves. *Delany* says he will come in the evening; and for aught I know *Sheridan* may be here at dinner: which of you was it that undertook this frolick? Your letter hardly explained your meaning, but at last I found it. Pray don't serve me these tricks often. You may be sure, if there be a good bottle you shall have it. I am sure I never refused you, and therefore that reflection might have been spared. Pray be more positive in your answer to this.

Deanry house,  
Sunday mornin', April 30, 1721.

*Margosse*, and not *Mergosse*, it is spelt with an *a*, simpleton.

\* The common appellation in *Ireland* for king *William III.*

† Indorsed by Mrs *Johnson*; An answer to no letter.

No, I am pretty well after my walk. I am glad the archdeacon † got home safe, and I hope you took care of him. It was his own fault; how could I know where he was? and he could have easily overtaken me; for I walked softly on purpose, I told *Delany* I would.

## L E T T E R IX.

EDWARD Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

GOOD Mr. DEAN,

Wimpole, Nov. 2, 1724.

**T**HERE has nothing of late given me so much real trouble and uneasiness, as my having so long deferred writing to you, to make my acknowledgments for your most kind letter, and to assure you that I took every part of your obliging letter in the manner you would wish me to do: I must say, that amidst my grief and concern, it gave me a secret pleasure to find that I was thought of by you; and what was a great addition, that you still retained the same thoughts and sentiments of my dear father, and that you had not laid aside the design you once entertained of transmitting his name and story to posterity. I did delay writing some time, because I was in great hopes I should have been able to have given you a much more satisfactory account than I am now able to give, notwithstanding the search I have made in answer to your question, “*If he had left any Memoirs behind him;*” I suppose you mean in relation to himself. I have not yet been able to find any among his papers in town. This, with some other affairs, drew the time into the length it is; but I assure you, if I

† Archdeacon *Wall*,

have



have the satisfaction to hear from you again (as I hope I shall) I will be more punctual in my returns; for I will allow no body to value and esteem you more than I do.

There is certainly a very great number of materials for a history, a vast collection of letters and other papers, a great deal may be supplied elsewhere; but give me leave to say, That if you do not come into *England*, nothing can be done; it will not be possible to do any thing to purpose. Without this view, there would be no body more welcome to me than your self, you should live in your own way, and do just what was most agreeable to you: I have houses enough, you shall take your choice: I must with earnestness repeat it to you again, That I beg you will think of this matter seriously.

As to what you mention of the picture, I have often heard my father say, That he did design to sit for you, but did not: I shall certainly take care that you shall have a picture, and a good one: pray let me know what size you would have it of: if you design it should fit any particular place, you must send me the exact measure of the place.

Your sister\*, as you used to call her, is much your servant; she has been at the *Bath* for some time; she is better than when she went. I suppose you hear sometimes from our friend Mr. *Pope*: he has taken another voyage into *Homer-land* †, as *Gay* calls it; I wish he may make an advantageous voyage of it.

I doubt you will say, That since I was so long before I began to write, that now I have begun, I do not know when to end; I will therefore tell

\* Lady *Oxford*.

† Translation of the *Odyssy*.

you what I am with great truth, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

OXFORD.

I desire your acceptance of a ring, a small remembrance of my father. How shall I send it you?

L E T T E R X.

EDWARD Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

Dover-street, July 26, 1725.

**M**R. *Clayton* going to *Ireland*, I take the opportunity of writing to you, in the first place to tell you, that I am ready to make good my promise which I made of sending you a picture of my father. The painter has done his part, so that the picture is now ready, but I do not know how to send it to you safe: you did tell me a gentleman should call, but where he lives, or who he is, I know not. I am very desirous you should have it, because it has been so long coming; and I am very ambitious of doing any thing that may in the least be agreeable to you. You had heard of this sooner, but I have been for three months out of town; I made a long progress, even beyond *Edinburgh* fifty miles.

I enquire of you sometimes of dean *Berkeley* †: I was sorry to hear that you were troubled with that melancholy distemper, the want of hearing, although in some cases it is good; but one would

† Dr. *Berkeley* was then dean of *Derry*.

have it in one's power to hear or not hear, as it suited best with one's inclinations.

I am also sorry that there is no mention made of any design of your coming into *England*. I long much for it, and do flatter myself with the thoughts of seeing you under my roof, where you shall execute more authority than I will allow to belong to any bishops made since — Do not lay aside all thoughts of coming over; change of air may do you good as well as the voyage. I thank God your sister is very well, considering the way she is in; I hope in two months, or thereabouts, she will be much better: she presents her humble service to you. *Peggy* is very well.

*Pope* is well I suppose; he is rambling about the country. I have the pleasure of seeing a picture which is very like you every day, and is as good a picture as ever *Jarvis* painted. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant and brother,

OXFORD.

LETTER XI.

EDWARD Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

Dover-street, Aug. 30, 1725.

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter; I am vexed that the trifle of the ring should not have reached you; I found where the fault lay; I hope you will soon receive both the picture and the ring safe: I have ordered them to the care of *Erasmus Lewis*, Esq; our old friend, and he is a punctual man, and is well acquainted with Mr. *Ford*, and my lord *Arran's* chaplain, Mr. *Charleton*; so I hope this method will not fail that I have now

taken. I would not be wanting in the least trifle, by which I might shew the value and esteem I have, and always must and will have for you.

The picture I have of you is the same which Mr. *Farvis* drew of you in *Ireland*, and it is very like you, and is a very good picture; and though Mr. *Farvis* is honoured with the place of his majesty's painter, he cannot paint a picture I shall so much value as I do that of the dean of *St. Patrick's*.

My old fellow collegiate has done so right a thing as to prefer one of your recommendation. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

OXFORD.

My wife sends her compliments to you; she is as well as can be expected.

## LETTER XII.

GEORGE ROCHFORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

I FIND myself stand in need of the advice I bestowed on you t'other night, and therefore if you have got rid of your cold, I would prescribe a small jaunt \* to *Belcamp* this morning. If you find yourself thus disposed, I will wait for you here in my boots: the weather may perhaps look gloomy at the deanery; but I can assure you it is a fine day in this parish †, where we set up for as good tastes as our neighbours: to convince you

\* Dr. *Grattan's*, about five miles from *Dublin*.

† *St. Mary's* parish, about a mile from the Deanery.



of mine, I send you this invitation. I am, dear  
Sir, your much obliged and obedient servant,

GEORGE ROCHFORD.

Wednesday morning,  
Sept. 9, 1725.

L E T T E R XIII.

EDWARD Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

Dover-street, Oct. 19, 1725.

I HOPE you will excuse these few lines for  
once, when I tell you that yesterday morning, I  
thank God, my wife was safely delivered of a son,  
and both mother and child are as well as can be  
expected. I fancy this will not be disagreeable  
news to the dean of *St. Patrick's*, except he be very  
much altered, which I believe not. I will not  
trouble you with any more, but to tell you that  
I am with great respect, Sir, your most obedient  
humble servant,

OXFORD.

## L E T T E R XIV.

From the Prince of LILLIPUT.

†\*\*†. \*

In *European* characters and *English* thus ;

The high and mighty prince EGROEGO, born  
to the most puissant empire of the *East*,

Unto STELLA, the most resplendent glory of  
the *Western* hemisphere, sendeth health and  
happiness.

BRIGHTEST PRINCESS,

1727.

**T**HAT invincible hero, the MAX MOUNTAIN, fortunately arriving at our coasts some years ago, delivered us from ruin by conquering the fleets and armies of our enemies, and gave us hopes of a durable peace and happiness. But now the martial people of *Blefusca*, encouraged from his absence, have renewed the war, to revenge upon us the loss and disgrace they suffered by our valiant champion.

The fame of your superexcellent person and virtue, and the huge esteem which that great general has for you, urged us in this our second distress to sue for your favour. In order to which, we have sent our able and trusty Nardac KOORBNILOB, requesting, That if our general does yet tread upon the terrestrial globe, you, in compassion

\* Here we have a parcel of characters formed at random, by way of the address in the *Lilliputian* tongue.

to us, would prevail upon him to take another voyage for our deliverance.

And, lest any apprehensions of famine amongst us, should render Nardac MOUNTAIN averse to the undertaking, we signify to you, that we have stored our folds, our coops, our granaries and cellars with plenty of provision for a long supply of the wastes to be made by his capacious stomach.

And furthermore, because as we hear you are not so well as we could wish, we beg you would compleat our happiness by venturing your most valuable person along with him into our country; where, by the salubrity of our finer air and diet, you will soon recover your health and stomach.

In full assurance of your complying goodness, we have sent you some provision for your voyage, and we shall with impatience wait for your safe arrival to our kingdom. Most illustrious lady, farewell.

Prince EGROEGO.

Dated the 11th day of the 6th Moon, in the  
2001 year of the *Lilliputian* æra.

## L E T T E R X V.

EDWARD Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

Dover-street, Oct. 12, 1727.

I WAS very much concerned to hear you were so much out of order when I went to the North; and upon my return, which was but lately, I was in hopes to have found you here, and that you would not have gone to your deanery till the *Spring*. I should be glad to hear that you

are well, and have got rid of that troublesome distemper, your deafness.

I have seen *Pope* but once, and that was but for a few minutes; he was very much out of order; but I hope it only proceeded from being two days in town, and staying out a whole opera. He would not see the coronation, although he might have seen it with little trouble.

I came last night well home, after attending and paying my duty in my rank at the coronation. I hope there will not be another till I can have the laudable excuse of Old Age not to attend; which is no ill wish to their present majesties, since *Nottingham* at fourscore could bear the fatigue very well. I will not trouble you with an account of the ceremony; I do not doubt but you will have a full and true account from much better hands.

I have been put in hopes that we shall see you again early in the *Spring*, which will be a very great pleasure to me.

There is a gentleman that is now upon putting out a new edition of the *Oxford Marmora*; I should take it for a great favour if you would be so kind to lend me your copy of that book. I think there are some corrections: if you think fit to do this, Mr. *Clayton*, who is in *Ireland*, will take care to bring it safe to me, and I will with great care return it to you again.

I must not conclude this without making my wife's compliments to you. I am, with true respect, Sir, your most humble servant,

OXFORD.

You forgot to send me the ballad.

Mr. *Clayton* will call upon you before he comes to *England*; I have written to him to that purpose.



## L E T T E R X V I .

MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT TO DR. SWIFT.

S I R,

May 7, 1728.

I AM very much pleased with your letter, but I should have thought myself much more obliged, had you been less sincere, and not told me, I did not owe the favour intirely to your inclinations, but to an information that I had a mind to hear from you: and I mistrust you think even that as much as I deserve. If so, you really are not deserving of my repeated inquiries after you, and my constant good wishes and concern for your welfare; which merits some remembrance without the help of another. I can't say I have a great inclination to write to you, for I have no great vanity that way, at least not enough to support me above the fear of writing ill: but I would fain have you know how truly well I wish you.

I am sorry to hear no good account of your health: mine has been, since *Christmas* (at which time I had my fever and rash) neither well, nor ill enough to be taken notice of: but within these three weeks I have been sick in forms, and kept my bed for a week, and my chamber to this day.

This confinement, together with the mourning, has enabled me to be very easy in my chair-hire: for a dyed black gown, and a scoured white one, have done my business very well; and they are now just fit for *Petersham*, where we talk of going in three weeks; and I am not without hopes I shall

shall have the same squire\* I had last year. I am very unwilling to change; and moreover I begin to fear I have no great prospect of getting any new danglers; and therefore, in order to make a tolerable figure, I shall endeavour to behave myself mighty well, that I may keep my old ones.

As a proof that I continue to be well received at *Court*, I will tell you where the royal family design to pass their *Summer*: two months at *Richmond-Lodge*, the same time at *Hampton-Court*, and six weeks at *Windsor*. Mrs. *Howard* is well, and happier than ever you saw her; for her whole affair with her husband is ended to her satisfaction.

Dr. *Arbuthnot* I am very angry with: he neglects me for those he thinks finer ladies. Mr. *Gay's* fame continues, but his riches are in a fair way of diminishing: he is gone to the *Bath*: I wish you were ordered there, for I believe that would carry Mr. *Pope*, who is always inclined to do more for his friends than himself. He is much out of order, and is told nothing is so likely to do him good.

My illness has prevented my writing to you sooner. If I was a favourite at *Court*, I would soon convince you that I am very sincerely your faithful friend and very humble servant,

M. B.

\* Dr. *Swift*.

## LETTER XVII.

FRANCIS GEOGEGHAN, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

March 10, 1728-9.

YOUR time is precious, your curiosity not very small, my esteem of you very great; therefore come not within the walls of the four courts in hopes of hearing a matrimonial decree in this reign; for on *Monday*, (viz.) that is to say, the 10th of this instant *March*, 1728, his excellency *Thomas Wyndkam*, Esq; lord high-chancellor of *Ireland*, pronounced, after your back was turned, and not with the assistance of the two chiefs, his decree in the case of *Stewart v. Stewart*, on *A. Powel* to this effect: He said there was a full consent till such time as the draught of the settlement was sent down to Mrs. *Stewart*, to be considered by her and her friends; and after she had considered it, she shall not be at liberty to make any objections; for all restrictions of marriage are odious in the civil law, and not favoured by the common law, especially after the age of one and twenty; therefore marry they may, and let Mr. *Nutley*\* be a lawyer for Mrs. *Rebecca Stewart*, the plaintiff, to take care of the settlement for her advantage, and let *Powel* chuse another lawyer for himself; though by the bye, Mr. *Nutley* would serve for both; and it is not necessary to inquire what *Powel* makes by his practice, although he assured the mother it amounted to one thousand four hundred pounds *per annum*.

\* Mr. *Nutley* had been a judge in queen *Anne's* time.

*Ovid*, 'tis true, successfully imparts  
 The rules to steal deluded virgins hearts ;  
 But oh ! ye fair ones, pious *Nutley's* skill  
 Instructs you to elude, by magick bill,  
 The laws of God, and gratify your will. }

You will, I hope, excuse this liberty in one, who, to resent the indignity offered to you by *Ram's* coachman †, made him drunk soon after at *Gory*, which so much incensed the aforesaid *Ram*, that he discharged him his service, and he is now so reduced, that he has no other way of getting his bread but by crying in this city, *Ha' you any dirt to carry out?* I am, Sir, your sincere friend and humble servant,

FRANCIS GEOGEGHAN.

L E T T E R XVIII.

— F L O W E R, Esq; † to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

Ashbrook, March 18, 1728-9.

AS I have been honoured with some of your letters, and as you are my old acquaintance, though to my sorrow not intimately so, I trust you will pardon this presumption. Perhaps you may be at a loss to guess what title I have to an old acquaintance with you ; but as several little accidents make indelible impressions upon the minds of school-boys, near thirty years ago, when I was one, I remember I was committed to your care from *Sheene* to *London*: we took water at *Morelake*, the commander of the little skiff was very drunk

† Vid. *Intelligencer*, No. 2.

‡ Afterwards lord *Castledurrow*.



and insolent, put us ashore at *Hammersmith*, yet insisted, with very abusive language, on his fare, which you courageously refused; the mob gathered; I expected to see your gown stript off, and for want of a blanket to take a flight with you in it, but

*Tum pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem  
Conspexere, silent, arrestisque auribus astant :  
Ille regit dictis animos, & pectora mulcet.*

Virg. *Æn.* I. 155.

By your powerful eloquence you saved your bacon and money, and we happily proceeded on our journey. But it is not an inclination purely to tell you this old story, which persuades me to write. A friend from *Dublin* lately obliged me with a very entertaining paper, entitled *The Intelligencer*, it is number 20, a posthumous work of *Nestor Ironside*; a correspondent mentioning these papers in a letter raised my curiosity, with the specimen I had of them, to read the rest. For my part, I have buried myself in the country, and know little of the world, but what I learn from news-papers; you, who live so much in it, and from other more convincing proofs, I am satisfied are acquainted with the *Intelligencer*. I wish his zeal could promote the welfare of his poor country, but I fear his labour is in vain.

The miseries of the North, as represented, demand the utmost compassion, and must soften the malice of the most bitter enemy; I hope they, whose interest it is, if they rightly considered it, to relieve those miserable wretches, will redress so publick a calamity; to which, if, as I have heard, some of the clergy, by exacting of tithes, have contributed; they deserve as great censure, as a certain  
dean,

dean, who lends several fums without intereft to his poor parifhioners, has gained credit and honour by his charitable beneficence. Bad men, to be fure, have crept in, and are of that facred and learned order; the blackeft of crimes, forgery, treason and blasphemy recently prove this: fuch fhould be fpued out of it with utmoft contempt, and punifhed according to their demerit with fevere juftice. If this allegation be true, I hope to fee them cenfured by the *Intelligencer*, and recommend to him the words of *Jeremiah* to expatiate upon, c. x. v. 21. c. xii. v. 10, 11. I imagine the poor widow, his printer \*, is in danger of punifhment; ſhe fuffered very cruelly for the *Drapier's Works*; I hope feveral contributed to eafe her misfortunes on that occafion; I confeſs I am ſorry I did not, but if you will give her a piece of gold, not in my name I beg, being unwilling to vaunt of charity, but as from a friend of yours, I ſhall by the firſt fafe hand ſend one; in return I expect the *Drapier's Works* entire.

I am ſorry, that for the benefit of the ladies, the author has not given us the *Engliſh* of

*Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos*  
*Matura Virgo.*

Not having *Cræch's Horace*, a gentleman prevailed on me to attempt tranſlating of it in a couple of diſtichs; the ſcience, which the compound *Engliſh* and *Greek* word ſignifies, little concerns a widower; but I ſhould be glad to ſee it improved by good proficientſ in the *Ionick* jigg. I own, in my little reading, I never met with this word, which puts me in mind of a paſſage on the *Thames*.

\* Mrs. *Harding*.

My younger uncle, the grave Mr. *Flower*, his wife and mine, and parson *Dingle*, one day made the tour of the city: we saw *Bedlam*, the lions, and what not? and finished with a view of that noble engine under *London Bridge*: then we took water for *Whitehall*; rowed very silently to opposite the glass-house, where a dyer, his boat at anchor, was angling; poor *Jack* unfortunately asked, addressing himself to our waterman, What that man was fishing for? The wag answered very brisk, For —, Master, will you buy any? You are a man of too much humour not to be pleased with the reply. I never can think of it without a laugh; and am sure need not describe the scene to you. He is since called in our family by the name of *Jack Fisher*.

## L E T T E R XIX.

Lady JOHNSTON\* to Dr. SWIFT.

[March 30, 1720.]

To The Rev<sup>d</sup>. The Dean of St. PaTricks.

HON<sup>d</sup> S<sup>r</sup>

I AM a Huckster and Lives in *Strand Street* & has Dealings with Several familys, a *saterday* Night a Case of Instruments † was sent me in pawn by a Certain person in *Marys Street*, for two Rowls a print of Butter four Herrings and three Nagins

\* Thus endorsed by Dr. *Swift*; “*The best letter I ever read.*”

† It is not unlikely this was a present of a case of instruments from Lady *Johnston* to the Dr.

of strong Waters, My foster brother who ply's about that End of the town tells Me, he wantst saw it in your hand, fearing *Hawkins's* † whip I send it to you, and will take an Other Course to gett My Money, so I Remain your Hon<sup>rs</sup>

Humble Sarv<sup>t</sup> to Command

y<sup>e</sup> 30

MARTHA SHARP.

## LETTER XX.

The Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

Dover-street, March 4, 1725-30.

GOOD MASTER DEAN,

**I**T is now above a whole year and six months since I have had the favour and pleasure of a line from your own self, and I have not troubled you with one from myself; the answer that you would naturally make is very obvious, Why do you then trouble me now? I reply, It is to join with my friend Mr. *Pope* in recommending the person concerned in the enclosed proposal to your favour and protection, and to entreat that you would be so good as to promote his interest. I have not sent you any of his receipts; but will when you will please to let me know what number you can dispose of: I believe that your bishops have more learning, at least would be thought to have more, than our bench here can pretend to; so I hope they will all subscribe. The person concerned is a worthy honest man, and by this work of his, he is in hopes to get free of the load which has hung upon him

† *Hawkins* was keeper of *Newgate*



some years: this debt of his is not owing to any folly or extravagance of his, but to the calamity of his house being twice burnt, which he was obliged to rebuild; and having but small preferment in the church, and a large family of children, he has not been able to extricate himself out of the difficulties these accidents have brought upon him. Three sons he has bred up well at *Westminster*, and they are excellent scholars: the eldest has been one of the ushers in *Westminster* school since the year 1714.

He is a man in years, yet hearty and able to study many hours in a day. This, in short, is the case of an honest, poor, worthy clergyman; and I hope you will take him under your protection. I cannot pretend that my recommendation should have any weight with you, but as it is joined to and under the wing of Mr. *Pope*.

I took hold of this opportunity to write to you, to let you know you had such an humble servant in being, that often remembers you, and wishes to see you in this island. My family, I thank God, is well: my daughter had, last summer, the small-pox really, and in the natural way, and she is not marked at all. My wife and daughter desire that you will accept of their humble services, and say that they want much to see you.

I obeyed your commands, and did Mr. *Whalley* all the little service I was capable of: it was little enough that was in my power, God knows. He comes again before us soon after *Easter*: he seems to be in great hopes, I wish they may be well founded.

I think it is now time to release you, which I will not do until I have told you, I may say repeat to you, that I have a house for you, or house room, come when you please, provided you come soon.

I am, with true respect and esteem, your most obliged and most humble servant,

OXFORD.

Your lord lieutenant would do well to encourage this poor man; he deserves it better than *Bulkeley*.

LETTER XXI.

The Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

Dover-street, July 15, 1730.

**M**R. *Clayton* telling me he was going for *Ireland*, I could not forbear sending you a few lines by him, although I may punish you; yet it is so great a pleasure to me to think of you, and to converse with you even in this manner, that I must expect you will be so good as to forgive the trouble this gives you.

I do not know what notions you entertain of us here; I fear and believe you are in a very bad way: this is my thought, that devoured we certainly shall be; but only this will be the difference, we shall have that great favour and instance of mercy, that we shall have the honour to follow you, and be the last devoured; and though this is so plain, and that demonstrable, yet we have so many unthinking, unaccountable puppies among us, that to them every thing seems to go well as it should do; and are so pleased with this thought, or rather do not think at all, that it is in vain to say any thing to them. This is a very disagreeable subject, and I will therefore leave it.

My

My wife is, I thank God, pretty well: her stomach is rather better than it was; *Peggy* is very well: both desire you will accept of their humble service. You mention your law affairs: I know so much of that sort of people called lawyers, that I pity most heartily any one that is obliged to be concerned with them: if you are not already, I hope you will be soon safe out of their hands.

I suppose Master *Whalley* is, by this time, got safe to his living, and enjoying the fruit of his victory, peace and quietness. I believe he has enough of law, of lawyers, and of lords both spiritual and temporal. I hope he is well: if you see him, my service to him.

I wish you would come over here, that we might have the pleasure of seeing you. Why should you not pass the winter here? I should think it would be more agreeable to you than where you are.

Lord *Bathurst* has had a fever; but he is now well again. *Pope* I saw yesterday: he is pretty well. I am, with true respect and esteem, Sir, your most affectionate humble servant,

OXFORD.

## LETTER XXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

Dec. 28th, 1730.

YOU might give a better reason for restoring my book, that it was not worth keeping. I thought by the superscription that your letter was written by a man; for you have neither the scrawl nor the spelling of your sex. You live so far off, and I

believe are so seldom at home, and I am so ill a visitor, that it is no wonder we meet so seldom: but if you knew what I say of you to others, you would believe it was not want of inclination: I mean what I say of you as I knew you formerly; for as to what you are now, I know but little. I give you the good wishes of the season; and am, with true esteem and affection, yours, &c.

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R XXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Lady ACHESON:

*An April-fool Letter.*

1732.

A Gentleman called here last night upon some business, who took Mr. —'s house yesterday at dinner, in his return from *Wicklow*. He tells me that Mrs. — was brought to-bed yesterday morning at five o'clock of a half child, just as if it were divided in two equal parts. It had one eye, half a nose and mouth, one leg, and so from top to bottom. They could see it was a boy, or rather half a boy: it was dead born, but she is very well. It was thought that this was the cause of all her cholics. Mrs. *Brent* tells me she has known the like more than once. I am glad the poor woman had her mother and sister with her.

Are you not undone for want of *Monky*? How are you? Does your milk agree with you? We shall see you no more at church until *Monky* returns. Adieu, &c.

I mend a little.

*Saturday morning,*



## L E T T E R XXIV.

Lady ACHESON'S Answer to Dr. SWIFT.

1732.

I AM greatly surprized at the account you give me of poor Mrs. —; but since it was so, I am heartily glad she has got rid of it. Mrs. *Morris's* gout seized her all over on *Thursday*, so that she keeps her bed. None of them know any thing of this matter: they sent a boy yesterday to *Delginney* (I will not mention this thing to them till he returns) to let them know she was not able to go to the country. I am sorry that you mend but a little: this bad weather has increased my cough; the milk agrees very well with me. I will be at your church to-morrow. I am, yours, &c.

*Saturday morning.*

## L E T T E R XXV.

Alderman BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

London, Aug. 24, 1732.

I WISH Dr. *Delany* had complied with your request sooner, in acquainting me with your intentions in favour of Mr. *Pilkington*. I could have been glad also, that he had acquainted you, as I desired him, with the particulars how I stood circumstantiated in relation to the chaplain; for I flatter myself that your usual good-nature would have induced you to comply with my request, in writing a letter to me, in an authoritative way, in  
 O 3  
 your

your recommendation of Mr. *Pilkington*; which would have given me a good excuse for my refusing a gentleman, whom my deputy and common-council-men had recommended to me above six months ago.

Another accident happened in this affair, by the doctor's not receiving a letter I sent him, which, by mistake, came not to his hands (though at home) until many hours after my man had left it at his lodgings; which letter, had he seen in time, would have prevented some little difficulties I lie under in this affair, and which I must get over as well as I can.

For, Sir, when I reflect on the many obligations I have to you, which I shall ever acknowledge, I am glad of any occasion to shew my gratitude; and do hereby, at your request, make Mr. *Pilkington* my chaplain, when mayor. I wish it may answer his expectations; for the profits are not above one hundred and twenty pounds, if so much, as I am told. He constantly dines with the mayor; but I am afraid can't lie in the Hall, the rooms being all of state. For your sake I will shew him all the civilities I can. You will recommend him to *Jo.* (Dr. I mean) *Trapp*. The mayor's day is the 30th of *October*; so that he may take his own time.

It would add very much to my felicity, if your health would permit you to come over in the spring, and see a pageant of your own making. Had you been here now, I am persuaded you would have put me to an additional expence, by having a raree-shew (or pageant) as of old, on the lord-mayor's day. Mr. *Pope* and I were thinking to have a large machine carried through the city, with a printing-press, author, publishers, hawkers, devils, &c. and a satirical poem printed and thrown  
from

from the prefs to the mob, in publick view, but not to give offence; but your absence spoils that design.

Pray God preserve you long, very long, for the good of your country, and the joy and satisfaction of your friends; among whom I take the liberty to subscribe myself, with great sincerity, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

J. BARBER.

L E T T E R XXVI.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Dec. 23, 1732.

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 9th, and am infinitely obliged to you for the constant concern you shew for me. I am ashamed to trouble you so much, and so often, in my own affairs; and your great kindness makes me almost ashamed to ask pardon for it. \* \* \* \* \*

I am very glad to hear the character you give of lord *Orrery*. He was extremely applauded for a speech he made against the Army Bill. There is no danger of repealing the Test. The *Court* has taken the usual method of gaining the fanatick leaders, much against the grain of the body. It is said, the bishop of *Salisbury* is the chief encourager of them; that the queen spoke to him, and that he answered, He had promised, and would not fail them. He can be besmeared, although they would not suffer him to go the dirty road to *Durham*. That was the excuse they made him upon the last vacancy of that see. I am extremely proud

that lady *Acheson* does me the honour to remember her humble servant. I heartily wish she could be persuaded to keep good hours, having observed, by many of my acquaintance, that nothing impairs health so much as sitting up late. I often hear from my sister: she writes in quite another strain than she talked, with cheerfulness and good nature. I fancy *Arfalla*\* has cured the lady of her spleen.

I heartily wish you many new years, with health and happiness; and am, most entirely, &c.

I am told poor *Gay's* play is now in rehearsal, and will please. It was that brought him to town a little before he died; though, without his fever, he could not probably have held out long any where.

## L E T T E R XXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. PILKINGTON.

MADAM,

Deanery-house, Jan. 1, 1732-3.

**I** SEND you your bit of a news-paper with the verses †, than which I never saw better in their kind. I have the same opinion of those  
you

\* The feat of *Peter Ludlow*, Esq; father to the present lord *Ludlow*.

† Mrs. *Pilkington*, when she was about sixteen, having been teased by her brother to write some verses as a school exercise for him, asked him what she should write upon: Why, said he pertly, what should you write upon but the paper? So taking it for her subject, she writ the following lines; which, four years after,  
were



you were pleased to write upon me †, as have also  
 some particular friends of genius and taste, to whom  
 I ven-

were printed in one of the *London* news-papers. Vide  
*Pilkington's* Memoirs, vol. i. p. 88.

O spotless paper, fair and white !  
 On whom, by force, constrain'd I write,  
 How cruel am I to destroy  
 Thy purity, to please a boy ?  
 Ungrateful I, thus to abuse  
 The fairest servant of the Muse.  
 Dear friend, to whom I oft impart  
 The choicest secrets of my heart ;  
 Ah, what atonement can be made  
 For spotless innocence betray'd ?  
 How fair, how lovely didst thou show,  
 Like lilly'd banks, or falling snow !  
 But now, alas ! become my prey,  
 No floods can wash thy stains away ;  
 Yet this small comfort I can give,  
 That which destroy'd, shall make thee live.

† Mrs. *Pilkington* having heard that Dr. *Swift* had  
 received a paper book, richly bound and gilt, from the  
 earl of *Orrery*, and a silver standish from Dr. *Delany*,  
 sent him an eagle quill with the following verses upon  
 his birth-day, Nov. 30, 1732.

Shall then my kindred all my glory claim,  
 And boldly rob me of eternal fame ?  
 To every heart my gen'rous aid I lend,  
 To Music, Painting, Poetry, a friend.  
 'Tis I celestial harmony inspire,  
 § When fix'd to strike the sweetly warbling wire.  
 I to the faithful canvas have consign'd  
 Each bright idea of the painter's mind ;  
 Behold from *Raphael's* sky-dipt pencils rise  
 Such heavenly scenes as charm the gazers eyes.

§ *Quills of the harpsichord.*

I ventured to communicate them, who universally agree with me. But as I cannot with decency shew them, except to a very few, I hope, for both our sakes, others will do it for me. I can only assure you I value your present, as much as either of the others, only you must permit it to be turned into a pen; which office I will perform with my own hand, and never permit any other to use it. I heartily wish you many happy new years; and am, with true esteem, Madam, your most obliged friend and servant,

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to the Earl of ORRERY.

MY LORD,

January, 1732-3.

**I**T is some time since Mrs. *Ball* gave me, inclosed and directed to me, your lordship's verses, in your own hand, with the alterations you were pleased to make, for which I have long deferred my acknowledgements; and if I were to follow the course of my own nature, the delay should be longer: because, although I believe no man hath a more grateful sense of a real honour done them than myself, yet no man is in more confusion how to express it. Although I had not the least hand in

Ó let me now aspire to higher praise!

Ambitious to transcribe your deathless lays:

Ner thou, immortal Bard, my aid refuse,

Accept me as the servant of your Muse:

'Then shall the world my wond'rous worth declare,

And all mankind your matchless Pen revere.

publishing

publishing those verses (which would have ill become me) yet I will not be so affected as to conceal the pride I have in seeing them abroad, whatever enmity they may procure against your lordship, for publickly favouring one so obnoxious to present powers, and turning their hatred into envy; which last, as it is more tormenting to the owners, will better gratify my revenge. And of this advantage I shall make the proper use, leaving your lordship to shift for yourself, without the least grain of pity for what you may suffer.

In the mean time, I beg you to accept my most humble thanks, for the honour done me by so excellent a performance, on so barren a subject; by which words I wisely anticipate the censure of all those who love me not: In spite of whom it will be said in future ages, That one of lord *Orrery's* first essays in poetry were these verses on *Dr. Swift*. That your lordship may go on to be the great example, restorer, and patron, of virtue, learning and wit, in a most corrupt, stupid, and ignorant age and nation, shall be the constant wish, hope, and prayer, of, My Lord, your most obedient, obliged, and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

## LETTER XXIX.

Miss KELLY to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Jarvis-street, six o'clock, Friday  
evening, Feb. 2, 1732-3.

I DANCED so long last night, that I have not been able till this moment to thank you for the goodness you shewed me this morning. Be assured the favours you bestow on me are received with the greatest pleasure, and I only am sorry that it is not in my power to convince you that no body can set a higher value on your friendship than I do.

Indeed I have an implicit faith in your medicine; for if only despising the poets can hinder its proving effectual, I must certainly receive from it all the benefit I desire; for really I am quite of the other side, and am a sincere admirer of all the good poets; but am more particularly attached to the best. What I shall do to convince you of the truth of this I cannot determine: but surely the care I shall always take to mend upon your reproofs, will, in time, let you know that nobody can desire more sincerely to please you than, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

F. A. KELLY.

I am half asleep, so don't be angry at these blots.

Being out of cash at present, I send you my note, which I hope will satisfy you.

I ac-



I acknowledge to be indebted to the Reverend Doctor *Swift*, Dean of *St. Prtrick's*, the sum of *cl. is. 1½d. per value received*, this 2d day of *Feb. 1732-3.*

FRANCES ARABELLA KELLY\*.

L E T T E R   X X X .

J. BARBER, Lord-Mayor of *London*, to  
Dr. SWIFT.

London, Feb. 6, 1732-3.

Queen *Anne's* birth-day:  
The bells all ringing.

**B**ELIEVE me, Sir, and it is with great truth I speak it, that there is not a person in the world I would sooner oblige than yourself; and I should be glad to have it in my power to serve Mrs. *Barber* in the way you mention; but it is odds it may not be in my power, for many things may fall, that her spouse is not fit for; as, all places relating to the law, he can have no pretensions to. There are a dozen persons in my house, called Lord-mayor's Officers, who wear black gowns, and give from eight to nine hundred pounds for their places, which at first they make about sixty pounds *per annum* of, and rise in time to three or four hundred pounds; but they are generally young men. These places, I suppose, should any

\* This promissary note is pinned to the letter. It certainly is an answer to some whim or other of the Doctor's.

one fall, would not be thought good enough. There are many other places in my gift. We have had mayors gone through the office who have not got one hundred pounds, and others have got ten thousand pounds: it is all chance. I have gone through the fourth part of my year, and have got only about two hundred guineas, by the deaths of one of the city-musick, and a porter to *Guildhall*.

But suppose a place should fall worth fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds, that he may be fit for, one third of the purchase goes to the city, and must be paid before his admission; the other two-thirds are mine: but I cannot put a less price than was paid before, because the last price is entered in the city books.

I know you love particulars, and thus you have the case as it stands.

You will give me leave to add a word or two, which I do in confidence, That I have been, for many years, plagued with a set of ungrateful monsters, called *Cousins*, that I tremble at the name; and though I give yearly pensions to some, and monthly and weekly to others, all won't do, and I am insulted and abused by them, and can't help myself.

Now, as Mrs. *Barber* and her family design to settle here, and she has done me the honour in most places to call me *Cousin*, I hope it will not be expected I should have the care of them. I have very ill health; and any additional care that way would hurt me very much; but for doing her and her family any good offices, I shall never be wanting.

I must now beg leave to return you my thanks for your affectionate and kind wishes. The honour, I own, is very great I am in possession of, and I am sensible I am placed aloft, and that all my

words and actions are scanned; but I will not be discouraged, and hope I shall get through with honour. One motive for making me think so, is the great pleasure and satisfaction I have in the hopes of seeing you here, where your advice and example will be of great use; and therefore I hope you will lose no time, but come away, and I will fit up an apartment for you in *Queen's-square*, and another at *Sheen* (which I hope you will accept) places that I shall hardly be able to see this year.

Mr. *Pilkington* gains daily upon us, and comes out a facetious agreeable fellow. I carried him t'other day to see her grace of *Bucks* in the *Park*. Her grace seeing him, asked Who he was? I answered, he was a present from you from *Dublin*. She smilingly replied, He is no fool then, I am sure.

I shall conclude a long dull letter, with my sincere wishes for your health and prosperity, and that you would not delay one hour coming to bless your friends here with your company; which by none is more desired than, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

J. BARBER.

## L E T T E R XXXI.

Countess of KERRY to Dr. SWIFT.

Lixnaw, March 4, 1732-3.

THE kind concern and friendly remembrance of the most esteemed dean of *St. Patrick's*, has raised in me a satisfaction and pleasure that I had almost given up, having been resolved a good while humbly to content myself in a state of indolence  
and

and indifference; and, if I could avoid the pains of body and mind, not to seek further after those points in life, I so long and vainly pursued: but you have invaded my tranquillity in a manner I must not only forgive, but pay my acknowledgements for, since at the same time that you make a melancholy representation of my misfortunes, you strike a light for me from another quarter from whence to raise hope. I most heartily rejoice in what you tell me of Mr. *Fitzmaurice*, who has indeed given me an undeniable mark of taste, by the sense he has of the honour you do him in letting him into your society, from whence it is impossible to come without some good influence. For my part, I grieve at the interval that necessity seems to call for, to interrupt such advantage, and it is my study to find an occasion indispensable that he may return\*; and, as I think, to be a member of our senate house is the best way to lead a young man into the world, I have been watching a good while for some gap in that body, that he might step into. There seems now to offer one on the death of Sir *Ralph Gore*, that may not be impracticable, since it is a very small borough intirely belonging, as I am informed, to the bishop of *Clogher*, who, I dare say, is above disposing of it for *Court* favour only, or to the highest bidder; practices much in fashion of late. Might I not then presume upon your friendship with the bishop, to recommend this young man as an honest one at present, and whom he might devote to his service by so great and seasonable an obligation, besides paying an acknowledgement that, in gratitude, is due, although the person were never so well qualified: thus much sure I may say without cen-

\* It is presumed, from his travels.



sure. If I have taken too great liberty in recommending this matter to you, forgive me, and impute it to my zeal in endeavouring to take all opportunities to turn this lad into the world, that I may see what figure he will be likely to make hereafter. But if I don't succeed in this, or any other attempt, I thank Providence sincerely, I can now boast I have attained philosophy enough to take every thing with patience as it comes, by no means thinking myself too good to be the sport of higher powers; and my christian duty will not permit me to look for reasons. As little wisdom as I have bought, I wish I had had it sooner; now it is too late, *La farce est joué*, and my curtain almost drawn; so that if I could, I would no more traffick with the world upon my own account: friendship only is what I still must always value; yours, surely, is more than comes to my share.

You are very good to enquire after my eyes: they are, indeed, well beyond my expectation; but are to me like the miser's gold, hoarded up as imaginary treasure that one wants, at the same time that one possesses; for so much as this letter I have not taxed them a long time. I shall, with attention, observe all you recommend to me in the way of passing my time; and do daily see reason to respect *la bagatelle*; yet are there some places where that is too insipid to be made any use of. I have an excellent chaplain, that I employ in reading, and my domestick. Handicrafts and gardening do the rest. As for quadrille, it is a part of entertainment only for strangers. What shall I say for taking up so much of your time? Forgive, dear Dean, your most real and faithful humble servant,

A. KERRY.

## LETTER XXXII.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, April 14, 1733.

I AM extremely concerned to hear the bad state of your health. I have often wished that you would be more moderate in your walks; for though riding has always been allowed to be good for a giddy head, I never heard walking prescribed for a strain, or any ailment in the leg; and the violent sweats you put yourself into, are apt to give colds, and, I doubt, occasion much of your other disorder. I am confident you would find yourself better here; and even the journey would be of great use to you. I was vastly pleased to hear my lord-mayor talk of the delight he should have in seeing you this year, that he might shew you a creature of your own making. He has behaved himself so well in his publick capacity, that, whether it be his humility, or his pride, he deserves to be gratified. I could heartily wish your other complaints were as much without foundation, as that of having lost half your memory, and all your invention. I will venture to pronounce you have more left of the first than most men, and of the last than any man now alive. While the Excises were depending, you were expected every day; for it was said, Why should not he shew as much regard for the Liberty of *England*, as he did for the Money of *Ireland*? I wish you had been here, though the affair, in my opinion, is happily ended. Many people are offended that the bills were dropt, and not rejected, and the authors of the scheme

left

left unpunished. It was absolutely impossible to have carried it otherwise. You have heard Sir *Robert Walpole*, and one or two more coming out of the house, were insulted. A few of that rabble have been seized, with the ringleader, who proves to be a *Norfolk* man; no enemy to Excises, but an entire dependant upon the outraged person. Though the rejoicings were as great and as universal as ever were known, there was no violence, except the breaking a very few windows, whose owners had shewn an untimely thrift of their candles. I foretold *Henley* what his joking would come to; but the mayor of *Southampton* immediately printed his real letter, which was short, and extremely proper. His designed opponent at the next election, having voted for the excise, will not dare to shew himself in the corporation; and *Henley*, after the division, thanked him for having, by that vote, bestowed him fifteen hundred pounds. \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

I have great hopes this fine mild weather will set you right, and long to hear you are preparing for your journey. I am most entirely, your grateful, &c.

## L E T T E R XXXIII.

Miss *KELLY* to Dr. *SWIFT*.

S I R,

Jarvis-street, May 4, 1733.

I AM sure if you knew what I have suffered for having offended you, your anger would be changed into pity; for indeed, Sir, my uneasiness cannot be expressed. Of all the misfortunes I

ever met with, this has given me the greatest concern; for your friendship is an honour that the whole world are ambitious of; but I received from it more than ordinary satisfaction. Judge then, Sir, how unhappy I now am; and, for God's sake, forgive what is past, and be assured my future conduct shall be such, that you never again shall have cause of complaint against me.—I own you have reason to condemn my impertinence; but, as I had not the least intention to offend, I hope it will in some measure lessen the fault. Indeed, Sir, if you will be so good to pardon me, I will make any atonement in my power; and it will much add to the other obligations you have already conferred upon me. My health is so much impaired, that it is but too probable that I shall not live very long; and, methinks, it would be very hard to have the short time that is allotted for me made more miserable than continual sickness can make it. This must be the case, if you do not, once more, receive me into your favour: nothing I desire half so much; and do assure you I spent so bad a night, from the thoughts of my misfortune, that could you have an idea of it, you would have been sorry for me. You might have seen how depressed I was at supper; but not my indisposition, but your cold behaviour was the real occasion of it.—What shall I say, or do, to influence you to pardon me? If true repentance for my crime, and a firm resolution to be upon my guard for the future against any inadvertent expressions, that can give offence, will plead any thing in my favour, you will be so good to pardon me; for I can affirm, that I will never offend you again. Try me then, good Sir; and, if it is possible, both forget and forgive the errors I have been guilty of.



If you are not determined to continue my unhappiness, I must beg the favour of you, to send me a line to assure me of my being pardoned; for my uneasiness cannot be removed without it. I hope too, Sir, that I shall have the honour of seeing you before I go, that I may in person acknowledge how much I owe you, and with what satisfaction I receive your forgiveness; and, for God's sake, Sir, look upon me as you were wont to do, for I cannot bear your coldness.

I propose, when I go to *Bristol*, to follow your advice, and should be much obliged to you, if you would recommend me to those books that you think most proper for me: and, if it please God that I recover, you shall find, that by the honour you have done me in advising me to improve my mind, the deficiencies of my education will be made up, and I shall be more worthy of your esteem.

I should beg pardon for the length of this, but that I still could write on to ask your forgiveness; who am, Sir, with true respect and regard, your most obliged and most humble servant,

F. A. KELLY.

L E T T E R XXXIV.

Mrs. P E N D A R V E S to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

London, May 29, 1733.

Y O U will find, to your cost, that a woman's pen, when encouraged, is as bad as a woman's tongue: blame yourself, not me: had I never known the pleasure of receiving a letter from you, I should not have persecuted you now. I think

(a little to justify this bold attack) that I am obliged, by all the rules of civility, to give you an account of the letter you charged me with: I delivered it into my lord *Bathurst's* hands; he read it before me: I looked silly upon his asking me, What you meant by the Fosslet affair? and was obliged to explain it to him in my own defence, which gave him the diversion I believe you designed it should. We then talked of your vineyard: he seemed pleased with every subject that related to you, and I was very ready to indulge him that way. I did not forget to brag of your favours to me; if you intended I should keep them a secret, I have spoiled all; for I have not an acquaintance of any worth, that I have not told, how happy I have been in your company. Every body loves to be envied, and this is the only way I have of raising people's envy. I hope, Sir, you will forgive me, and let me me know if I have \* *behaved myself* right: I think I can hardly do wrong, as long as I am, Sir, -your most obliged and most obedient servant,

M. PENDARVES.

Mrs. *Donnellan* is much your humble servant, and as vain of your favours as I am.

\* Dr. *Swift* never could endure to hear any one say, Such a one *behaved* well, &c. *Behaved? Behaved what?* he used to ask with some kind of emotion. I remember his giving me an account, How he rebuked my lord *Carteret* for this, and that my lord promised him not to be guilty of the like for the future. The *Italick* mark under these words in the original, proves that Mrs. *Pendarves* refers to some rebuke of this kind.

## L E T T E R XXXV.

Miss KELLY to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Bristol Hot-well, June 2, 1733.

I HEAR my agreeable fellow-traveller has been beforehand with me in paying her compliments to you; but I cannot be surprized at that, for she was formed to get the better of me in every thing, but respecting and esteeming you. That, indeed, nobody can do; for both gratitude and taste conspire to make me truly your friend and servant.

I have been, since I came here, very low spirited; the companions I had some part of my journey lessened my illness, or at least I felt not with them the same weight that I did upon their leaving me: and I have often wished myself again in *Ireland* to enjoy conversation; for I really believe it is one excellent cure for most disorders. This is the dullest place that ever was known: there is not above half a dozen families, and those are cits with great fortunes, or *Irish* impertinents: the former despises one because their cloaths are finer than yours; and the latter has no view in keeping you company but to report your faults. This makes me avoid all communication with them, and only in the morning I go to the wells: and, I thank God, I can spend my time far better; for either writing to my friends, reading, walking, and riding, find me full employment, and leave me not a wish for such company as the place affords. Doctor *Lane* (who, by character, is a second *Æsculapius*, and can raise people from the dead) is my physician, and gives me great

hopes of a speedy amendment: and, as I take his medicines regularly, and am up at six in the morning, breakfast at eight, dine at one, and sup at seven, I hope I may in time find some benefit: nor does either the afs's milk or waters disagree with me; and I think my appetite is rather better. I wish to Heaven it was agreeable to your affairs to come here; for I am sure you would like the situation of the house that I lodge in: it has the command of such a prospect, that I should do it injustice to attempt to describe it; but the variety of the scene is such, that one discovers new beauties in it every day. I hope you will continue your former goodness to me, and let me have the honour of hearing from you sometimes; for, in reality, nobody is more sincerely your well-wisher than, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

F. A. KELLY.

Your expedition to *Tallow*\* makes a very fine figure in print; but, since you have made this discovery, I think you ought to fly to us; for, if *Dublin* be in danger, the deanry house cannot be a safe retreat for you. I wish any thing would send *Barber* here; for I was at the *Bath* to see some of my friends, and was forced to swear that only the want of health kept her book from being published. I am sure you will be glad to hear, that a lady of very good understanding, that is a particular friend of mine, comes to me next week to stay while I do: her name is *Rooke*, admiral *Rooke*'s son's lady.

\* The country seat of the archbishop of *Dublin*.



## LETTER XXXVI.

Miss KELLY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Bristol, July 8, 1733.

I CANNOT express how much pleasure your letter gave me; to say that it surpassed the anxiety your silence gave me, is all the description I am able to make. Indeed I had a thousand fears about you; your health was my first care, and yet I thought, that the Gods must take care of *Cato*; but I too fearfully apprehended that the whole Club had quite forgotten the most unworthy member that ever entered into their Society. For, though you writ to others, your hands were useless to me; and of all our little set none remained unblest but myself; but as your letter has made me full amends for every thing beside, I must be lavish in my thanks.

I am apt to believe that I really died on the road, as it was reported; for I am certainly not the same creature I once was; for I am grown sonder of reading than of any other amusement, and, except when health calls me on horseback, I find my only joys at home; but my life indeed has received great addition in its pleasures, by Mrs. *Rooke's* being so good to come down to me; she has all the qualities that can make an agreeable companion and friend: we live together without form, but have all the complacence for each other that true friendship inspires. You are sensible that two people cannot always like the same thing: this we make easy, by following our inclinations; for if she likes to walk, she walks,  
and

and I do whatever I like better. Would to God you were with us to compleat our happiness. I had a letter from Mrs. *Cleland* to enquire about you; she says, she hears you are coming to *England*: surely if you were you would tell me so; for few things in life could give me more true delight than the sight of you.

You are extremely good to enter into my affairs: all marks you give me of your friendship, increases my esteem for you, and makes me bear the common rubs of life with patience. I have really been often tempted to let you into all my secrets; but the thought that you only could receive uneasiness from them, and that even your advice could not remove the least painful of them, hindered me from it; for to those I best love I still remain upon these heads reserved. Indeed the cause of my complaints is of such a nature, that it cannot well be told. The unhappy life of a near relation must give one a pain in the very repeating of it, that cannot be described. For surely to be the daughter of a colonel *Chartres* must to a rational being give the greatest anxiety; for who would have a father of seventy publicly tried for an attempt of a rape? Such a *Dulcinea del Toboso* is shocking, I think. For if a man must do wrong, he should aim a little higher than the enjoyment of a kitchen-maid, that he finds obstinately virtuous. In short, dear Sir, I have been fool enough to let such things make an impression on me, which spite of a good constitution, much spirits, and using a great deal of exercise, has brought me to what I am. Were I without a mother (I mean, had I lost her in my infancy, and not known her goodness) I could still better have borne the steps that were taken; but whilst I saw how lavish *he* was upon his dirty wenches, I had

frequent accounts that my mother was half starved abroad. She brought him sixteen thousand pounds fortune, and having borne severe usage for near twenty years, had resolution enough to part with him, and chose to take two hundred and fifty pounds *per annum* separate maintenance rather than bear any longer: and, as she could not live here upon such an income, she has banished herself, and lives retired in a country town in *France*.— His late letters to me have been kind, and hitherto he has supplied me well; but in his last he tells me he shall not see me till *September*.

What you say is perfectly right, and I propose returning to the Club as soon as my health will permit me; but how long this may prove, I know not; for I must still pursue this cruel God \* that flies me.

I shall go from hence, I believe, in a week; for *Lane* only pours down medicines for the sake of the apothecary, and though he reaps the benefit of them, I receive none; and as he has not allowed me to drink the waters these three weeks, I can have no business here; so shall follow *Holling's* advice, and remove to *Kensington* or *Hampstead* with the utmost expedition; therefore I must beg the favour of you to inclose your letters for me to *William Cleland Esq;* commissioner of taxes, in *St. Stephen's Court, Westminster*. I have disobeyed orders in writing so long a letter; but I will not do this again: so now be so good as excuse the tediousness of, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

F. A. KELLY.

Write to me as often as you can, and make my compliments to all friends.

\* The God of Health poetically expressed.

Mrs. *Pendarves* is gone down with Lady *Weymouth*, whose fortune was five thousand pounds, and has for jointure two thousand five hundred a year, and five hundred a year pin-money.

L E T T E R   X X X V I I .

Mrs. P E N D A R V E S to Dr. S W I F T .

S I R ,

Glocester, July 21, 1733.

**M**AY I say, without offending you, that I was overjoyed at the honour you did me in answering my letter? and don't call me formal, when I assure you, that I think myself made happy by such a distinction. It was stupidity in me not to let you know where to address to me; but I don't repent of it; I have by that means tried your zeal, but I am afraid your good breeding more than inclination procured me that favour. I am resolved to be even with you for what you say about my writing, and will write henceforward to you as carelessly as I can; if it is not legible, thank yourself. I don't wonder at the envy of the ladies, when you are pleased to speak of me with some regard; I give them leave to exercise their malice on an occasion that does me so much honour. I protest I am not afraid of you, and would appear quite natural to you, in hopes of your rewarding my openness and sincerity by correcting what you disapprove of. And since I have not now an opportunity of receiving your favours of pinching and beating, make me amends by chiding me for every word that is false spelt, and for my bad *English*; you see what you are like to suffer: if this promises



promises you too much trouble, don't give me so much encouragement in your next letter; for upon something in your last, I have almost persuaded myself, that by your assistance, and my own earnest desire, I may in time become worthy of your care. Vanity stands at my elbow all this while, and animates me by a thousand agreeable promises; without her encouragement I should never have presumed to correspond with the Dean of *St. Patrick's*. Some say, she is a mischievous companion; I swear she is a pleasant one: you must not be angry with me for keeping her company; for I had very little acquaintance with her till I had received some marks of your favour.

I received your letter but a little while before I left *London*: I attended lord and lady *Weymouth* down to *Long-Leat*, and left them with a prospect of as much happiness as matrimony can give; they are pleased with one another at present, and I hope that will continue. My lord and lady *Carteret* are both satisfied with the disposal of their daughter in so advantageous a station. Common report wrongs my lord *Weymouth*; for which reason, as I am his friend, I must tell you his good qualities: he has honour and good nature, and does not want for sense; he loves the country, and inclines a little too much to his stable and dog-kennel; but he keeps a very hospitable good house, and is always ready to relieve those in distress: his lady *Dr. Delany* can give you a character of, and is what I believe you will approve of. I came from *Long-Leat* last *Saturday*, and am now at *Glocester* with my mother and sister. My lord *Bathurst* was here about a fortnight ago; I was sorry to miss of him: I have a double reason for liking his company. He has made me promise to pay him a visit at *Oakly Wood*, which I certainly will do; I shall

shall with great resignation submit to any punishment you convey through his hands. I wish you could make your words good, and that I was a forcerers, I should then set all my charms to work to bring you to *England*, and should expect a general thanksgiving for employing my spells to so good a purpose. The Syren \* has lately been at *Oxford*; we parted very unwillingly: she is extremely obliged to you for remembering her so favourably. I am glad Mr. *Donnellan* pleases you; I know he has a high value for you, and I agree with you in thinking him a most deserving young man. My lord *Lansdown* is much at your service, laments the days that are past, and we constantly drink your health in champaign, clear as your thoughts, and sparkling as your wit. Lord and lady *Carteret*, and my lady *Worsley*, all talk kindly of you, and join their wishes to mine for your coming among us. I request it of you to make my humble service acceptable to those friends of yours that are so good as to remember me. I am, Sir, your most obliged and faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

Be pleased to direct for me at Mrs. *Granville's*,  
*Glocester*.

\* Perhaps this was Miss *Kelly*.

## L E T T E R XXXVIII.

Lord-mayor of *London*\* to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Goldsmiths-Hall, Aug. 6, 1733.

I THANK you heartily for your kind and affectionate letter, and I beg your pardon for not answering it sooner.

I agree with you, that I had the happiness of learning honest principles early, from a set of great men, who will ever be an honour and an ornament to their country: and it is my greatest glory, that in the late affair of the Excise Bill (though I did nothing but my duty, and what every honest man in my station would have done) I acted consistent with those honest principles, and that my enemies, as well as friends, have generally approved my conduct. And believe me, Sir, I speak it with great sincerity, that when I consider how sparingly you and some other friends have ever been of your praises, your approbation affords me the greatest pleasure imaginable, as it gives me that inward peace of mind, which the whole world could not purchase.

My lord *Orrery*'s amiable qualities must make him the delight of all with you, as he is truly so with us; and when he comes over, *your loss will be our gain*, as the proverb says.

I know nothing of Mr. *Pilkington*'s affairs or expences; what the city allows him is never paid till the end of the year: I have presented him, at twice, with forty pounds, which I design to make fifty; which sum has but one precedent: gene-

\* Alderman *Barber*.

rally they have but thirty of the mayor. His behaviour is very well, and he is generally esteemed.

I shall have great regard to your recommendations in favour of Mrs. *Barber*, and shall not fail of doing her any service in my power. I have been thought to be a lucky man; but this year *fortune has been my foe*, for I have had no death happened in my year (a fidler excepted) yet, nor have made 500*l.* in all. But my friends say, it is made up in fame.

I am very sorry your ill health continues; for I flattered myself with being very happy with you and some friends, on the important subject of the Cap of Maintenance, Custard, the Sword, and many more laudable things in the lord mayor's house; and I yet hope to have that felicity, for there are three months to come; and who knows what may happen in that time? Nay, I don't despair of seeing you settled with your friends here, before we are many years older. Don't start! stranger things have happened very lately.

I was lately honoured at dinner with the lords *Bolingbroke*, *Carteret*, *Winchelsea*, *Gower* and Mr. *Pulteney*; and among other things your name was mentioned, and lord *Carteret* instantly toasted your health; and you were the subject of conversation for an hour. I shewed them your letter. I dare not mention what passed, because I know I should offend your modesty; only one thing I will venture to repeat, That they all swore, that if ever the wind should change, they would not long be deprived of the greatest genius of the age. The conversation turning on another subject, Lord *Carteret* pulled me to the window, and bade me tell you, that he loved and honoured you, and so you should find on all occasions, and that he toasted  
your



your health. This is literally true, upon the honour of a —.

I dined yesterday with lord *Bolingbroke* only; he complains you don't write to him: he is well.

They say you are making interest for my brother of *Dublin* to be member of parliament; pray come over, and do the same for me, and have the credit of both. My brother behaves himself well\*, I hear; if it is proper, my service to him.

What you tell Mr. *Pilkington* of my speaking disrespectfully of the *Irish* is false and scandalous; I never used such an expression in my life: I appeal to all my acquaintance. I love the *Irish*.

Pray God restore your health; and believe me always, with gratitude, your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

Miss KELLY to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Aug. 12, 1755.

I AM truly sorry, my dear Sir, that I have not heard from you so long; but am much more concerned with *Barber's* account of your being not as well as I wish you. For God's sake try the change of air, and let not any other attachment than to your health employ your thoughts. Consider how dear you are to your friends; but if that won't do, let the detestation you must feel, from giving pleasure to the unworthy, make you careful of

\* This was Alderman *French*, an iron-monger, supposed by Dr. *Swift*, and all others, to be the greatest magistrate that ever lived in any age or nation.

yourself. Indeed I should be glad to make you sensible, that you are valued by all that have a taste for merit; and I should be very much pleased, if you would think you owe so much to them, that you would, for their sakes, preserve yourself. Believe me, Sir, illness is not to be trifled with: I can speak on this subject as an experienced person; and I earnestly intreat you to take remedies in time. Forgive my impertinence, and be assured that none is more truly zealous for your welfare, than your

F. A. KELLY.

L E T T E R XL.

Dr. SWIFT to the Earl of ORRERY.

MY LORD,

Dublin, Aug. 20, 1733.

**I** LATELY received a letter from Mrs. *Barber*, wherein she desires my opinion about dedicating her poems to your lordship; and seems in pain to know how far she may be allowed to draw your character, which is a right claimed by all dedicators: and she thinks this the more incumbent on her, from the surprising instances of your generosity and favour that she hath already received, and which she hath been so unfashionable to publish wherever she goes. This makes her apprehend, that all she can say to your lordship's advantage, will be interpreted as the mere effect of flattery, under the style and title of gratitude.

I sent her word, that I could be of no service to her upon this article: yet I confess, my lord, that all those who are thoroughly acquainted with her, will impute her encomiums to a sincere, but overflowing

flowing spirit of thankfulness, as well as to the humble opinion she hath of herself. Although the world in general may possibly continue in its usual sentiments, and list her in the common herd of dedicators.

Therefore, upon the most mature deliberation, I concluded that the office of setting out your lordship's character, will not come properly from her pen, for her own reasons; I mean the great favours you have already conferred on her: and, God forbid, that your character should not have a much stronger support. You are hourly gaining the love, esteem, and respect of wise and good men: and in due time, if Mrs. *Barber* can have but a little patience, you will bring them all over, in both kingdoms, to a man: I confess the number is not great; but that is not your lordship's fault, and therefore, in reason, you ought to be contented.

I guess the topicks she intends to insist on; your learning, your genius, your affability, generosity, the love you bear to your native country, and your compassion for this: the goodness of your nature, your humility, modesty, and condescension: your most agreeable conversation, suited to all tempers, conditions, and understandings: perhaps she may be so weak to add the regularity of your life; that you believe a God and Providence; that you are a firm Christian, according to the doctrine of the church established in both kingdoms.

These, and other topicks, I imagine Mrs. *Barber* designs to insist on, in the dedication of her Poems to your lordship; but I think she will better shew her prudence by omitting them all. And yet, my lord, I cannot disapprove of her ambition, so justly placed in the choice of a patron; and at the same time declare my opinion, that she de-

serveth your protection on account of her wit and good sense, as well as of her humility, her gratitude, and many other virtues. I have read most of her poems; and believe your lordship will observe, that they generally contain something new and useful, tending to the reproof of some vice or folly, or recommending some virtue. She never writes on a subject with general unconnected topics, but always with a scheme and method driving to some particular end; wherein many writers in verse, and of some distinction, are so often known to fail. In short, she seemeth to have a true poetical genius, better cultivated than could well be expected, either from her sex, or the scene she hath acted in, as the wife of a citizen: yet I am assured, that no woman was ever more useful to her husband in the way of his business. Poetry hath only been her favourite amusement; for which she hath one qualification, that I wish all good poets possessed a share of, I mean, that she is ready to take advice, and submit to have her verses corrected by those who are generally allowed to be the best judges.

I have, at her intreaty, suffered her to take a copy of this letter, and given her the liberty to make it publick: for which I ought to desire your lordship's pardon: but she was of opinion it might do her some service, and therefore I complied. I am, my lord, with the truest esteem and respect,  
your lordship's most obedient servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.



## L E T T E R X L I .

Mrs. DONNELLAN to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

London, Sept. 22, 1733.

**K** N O W I N G your great esteem and tenderness for miss *Kelly*, and that there is no one whom she has so high an opinion of, or whose advice would sway so much with her, I can't forbear letting you know my thoughts about her at this time; that I think she wants the assistance and counsel of her best and wisest friend. As she has been so good to distinguish me amongst her female acquaintance, and to shew more confidence than in any other, I think I can better tell her mind: but, as she has a natural closeness, I judge chiefly by hints; for I believe she does not open herself entirely to any one. Her health I think in a much worse way than when she came to *London*: she has still a slow fever, a violent cough, great and almost continual sickness in her stomach, and, added to all these, a very great dejection of spirit; which last, I can't but think, proceeds in a good measure from discontent and uneasiness of mind; and the physicians are of the same opinion. I have endeavoured, by all the means I could think of, to find out the cause, hoping, that if it were known, it might, by the assistance of friends, be remedied. I know when a young person shews any discontent, people are apt to imagine there can be no cause for it but a disappointment in love: I really think that is not miss *Kelly's* case: I have tried her to the uttermost on that subject, and I can't find she has any attachment to any particular person, but that the whole world, ex-

so highly, that I think of every way that may preserve it, and one is not to be too troublesome.

Now I can't guess how you will take this last paragraph; but if it makes me appear affected or silly, I will endeavour not to offend in the same manner again. Some mortification of that kind is wanting to bring me to myself: your ways of making compliments are dangerous snares, and I don't know how to guard against the pleasure they bring: to be remembered and regretted by you, are honours of a very delicate kind. I have been told, that unexpected good fortune is harder to bear well than adversity.

The cold weather, I suppose, has gathered together Dr. *Delany's* sett: the next time you meet, may I beg the favour to make my compliments acceptable? I recollect no entertainment with so much pleasure as that I received from that company; it has made me very sincerely lament the many hours of my life that I have lost in insignificant conversation.

I am very much concerned at the disorder you complain of. I hope you submit to take proper care of yourself; and that the next account I have of your health will be more to my satisfaction.

A few days before I had your last letter, my sister and I made a visit to my lord and lady *Bathurst* at *Cirencester*. *Oakly* wood joins to his park; the grand avenue that goes from his house through his park and wood is five miles long: the whole contains five thousand acres. We staid there a day and half: the wood is extremely improved since you saw it; and, when the whole design is executed, it will be one of the finest places in *England*. My lord *Bathurst* talked with great delight of the pleasure you once gave him by surprising him in his wood, and shewed me the house where you lodged,

lodged. It has been rebuilt; for the day you left it, it fell to the ground; conscious of the honour it had received by entertaining so illustrious a guest, it burst with pride. My lord *Bathurst* has greatly improved the wood-house, which you may remember but a cottage, not a bit better than an *Irish* cabin. It is now a venerable castle, and has been taken by an antiquarian for one of king *Arthur's*, "with thicket overgrown grotesque and wild." I endeavoured to sketch it out for you; but I have not skill enough to do it justice. My lord *Bathurst* was in great spirits; and though surrounded by candidates and voters against next parliament, made himself agreeable in spite of their clamour: we did not forget to talk of *Naboth's* vineyard\* and *Delville* †. I have not seen him since, though he promised to return my visit.

All the *Beau monde* flock to *London* to see her royal highness ‡ disposed of; whilst I prefer paying my duty to my mother, and the conversation of a country girl my sister, to all the pomp and splendour of the *Court*. Is this virtue or stupidity? If I can help it, I will not go to town till after *Christmas*. I shall spend one month in my way to *London* at *Long-Leat*: I hear that the young people there are very happy.

It is a little unreasonable of me to begin a fourth page; but 'tis a hard task to retire from the company one likes best. I am, Sir, your most obliged and faithful humble servant,

M. P E N D A R V E S.

\* *Naboth's* vineyard belonged to Dr. *Swift*.

† Dr. *Delany's* beautiful villa about a mile from *Dublin*.

‡ The late princess of *Orange*.

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‡ The late princess of *Orange*.

## L E T T E R XLIII.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Nov. 6, 1733.

I HAD the favour of your letter in *Derbyshire*, from whence I came last week. I am extremely concerned to hear the ill state of your health. I was afraid of it, when I was so long without the pleasure of hearing from you. Those sort of disorders puzzle the physicians every where: and they are merciless dogs in purging or vomiting to no purpose, when they don't know what to do. I heartily wish you would try the *Bath* waters, which are allowed to be the best medicine for strengthening the stomach; and most distempers in the head proceed from thence. Vomits may clean a foul stomach, but they are certainly the worst things that can be for a weak one.

I have long had it at heart to see your works collected, and published with care. It is become absolutely necessary, since that jumble with *Pope*, &c. in three volumes, which put me in a rage whenever I meet them. I know no reason why, at this distance of time, the *Examiners*, and other political pamphlets written in the queen's reign, might not be inserted. I doubt you have been too negligent in keeping copies; but I have them bound up, and most of them single besides. I lent Mr. *Corbet* that paper to correct his *Gulliver* by; and it was from it that I mended my own. There is every single alteration from the original copy; and the printed book abounds with all those errors, which should be avoided in the new edition.

In

In my book the blank leaves were wrong placed, so that there are perpetual references backwards and forwards, and it is more difficult to be understood than the paper; but I will try to get one of the second edition, which is much more correct than the first, and transcribe all the alterations more clearly. I shall be at a loss how to send it afterwards, unless I am directed to somebody that is going to *Ireland*. All books are printed here now by subscription: if there be one for this, I beg I may not be left out. Mr. *Crestbwaite* \* will pay for me.

The dissenters were certainly promised, that the Test Act should be repealed this session in *Ireland*; I should be glad to know whether any attempt has been, or is to be made towards it; and how it is like to succeed.

We have lost miss *Kelly*, who they say was destroyed by the ignorance of an *Irish* physician, one *Gorman*. Doctor *Beaufort* was sent for when she was dying, and found her speechless and senseless.

Our late lord-mayor has gone through his year with a most universal applause. He has shewn himself to have the best understanding of any man in the city, and gained a character, which he wanted before, of courage and honesty. There is no doubt of his being chosen member of parliament for the city at the next election. He is something the poorer for his office; but the honour he has got by it makes him ample amends.

For God's sake try to keep up your spirits. They have hitherto been greater than any man's I ever met, and it is better to preserve them, even with wine, than to let them sink. Divert yourself with Mrs. *Worral*, at backgammon. Find out some new country to travel in: any thing to amuse.

\* Mr. *Pord's* steward.

Nothing can contribute sooner than chearfulness to your recovery; which that it may be very speedy, is sincerely the thing in the world most wished for by, your ever obliged, &c.

L E T T E R XLIV.

Mrs. PRATT to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

London, Nov. 10, 1733.

**N**OT many days ago I had the pleasure of yours by Mrs. *Barber*, whose turn seems to confirm the good impresson you give of her. I want not more than your recommendation to engage my wishes to serve her, and also my endeavours, if any opportunity falls in my way. Are there no hopes of seeing you on this side of the water? Cannot the great number of your friends, and the great variety of conversation abounding here, be some kind of inducement to your coming amongst us? Is not Mr. *Pope* a temptation to one of your distinction to draw you this way? Even the variety of people in this great city might contribute to the amusement of your mind, as a journey and exercise would to your bodily health. I would use every argument I could think of to invite you hither, and consequently to preserve a life so beneficial to the public, and so dear to all your friends. You have a spirit that should prevail against indolence, and bring you into a part of the world, which calls aloud for your talents. This winter would furnish you with many opportunities of doing great good, as well as making a shining figure; which reflection gives me great hopes, that you will think it a reasonable obligation; as in that case, like *Pitt's* diamond,



diamond, you would stand alone. I wish I had a house in some measure worthy to entertain a guest that should be so welcome to me. You surprize me greatly in telling me that my lord *Shelburne* and you have not met, although he has been some time in *Dublin*, and to my knowledge is one of your great admirers. Why don't you send to my lord *Dunckerin*, who undoubtedly wants only that encouragement to wait upon you. You see I want none to embrace the opportunity of assuring you, that I am, with great esteem, respect, and affection, your very obliged and most humble servant,

H. PRATT,

L E T T E R XLV.

Late Lord-Mayor of London [Alderman BARBER] to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Nov. 17, 1733.

AS I have now got rid of the plague of grandeur, and all its dependencies, I take this first opportunity to pay my respects to you, Sir, which I beg pardon for not doing sooner. The transition from *Goldsmiths-Hall* to *Queen's-Square*, is hardly credible; for in one view, to imagine the constant hurry, noise and impertinence I lay under from morning till night, in opposition to the peace, the quiet, and great tranquillity I feel in my little retirement, makes me pity your great men, who certainly must be strangers to the great pleasure I now enjoy.

Before I left my office I took care to do justice to Mr. *Pilkington*, who has received more than I mentioned,

mentioned, and indeed more than any chaplain ever had before, *viz.*

Of the city.	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Salary	20	0	0
Gratuity	25	0	0
Gratuity extraordinary	21	0	0
	<hr/>		
	66	0	0
From my lord-mayor	50	0	0
Five sermons preached before the mayor	10	0	0
For a copy of one sermon printed	4	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£.	130	0 0
	<hr/>		

*St. Paul's* happened to be shut up in the *Summer* for two months, when the mayor went on *Sundays* to his own chapel at *Guild-hall*, and his chaplain read prayers for eight *Sunday* mornings only; for which the mayor got him from the court of aldermen twenty guineas.

I have been the more particular in this account, because I know your great punctuality in things of this nature, as well as to do myself justice. How much he may be a gainer by coming over, I can't tell; but if he had pleased to have lived near the Hall, as he might, in a lodging of ten or twelve pounds a year, he need not have kept a man, (for I had more for show than business) nor given the extravagant sum of thirty pounds a year for lodgings; he might have saved something in those articles. Had he lived in the city, I should now and then have had the favour of his company in an evening; but his living from me brought him into company, and among the rest into that of Mr.

*Edward Walpole*, from whom he has great dependences.

I recommended him to Mr. alderman *Champion*, who got the primate's wife's brother to write in his favour to the primate. And he talks of the living of *Colerain's* being vacant; if it be, I will do him what service I can.

Thus, sir, I have discharged myself of the duty you laid upon me, in relation to that gentleman, which I hope will be to your satisfaction; for I will never be ungrateful, though I have met with it frequently myself.

All your friends in town are well, and in high spirits. Lord *Bolingbroke* complains you don't write to him. Poor Mrs. *Barber* has the gout, but is better. It was a great mortification to me that you did not come and eat some custard; but I hope your health will permit your coming next *Summer*. We rejoice much at my brother *French's* success. I know you don't deal in news, so I send you none. Pray God continue your health, and believe me always, with the greatest sincerity, Sir, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

P. S. Why Mr. *Pilkington* should send his wife home in the midst of winter, or why he should stay here an hour after her, are questions not easily answered. I am not of his council.

## LETTER XLVI.

Mrs. CONDUITT to Dr. SWIFT\*.

S I R,

George-Street, Nov. 29, 1733.

MRS. *Barber* did not deliver your letter till after the intended wedding brought me hither. She has as much a better title to the favour of her sex than poetry can give her, as truth is better than fiction; and shall have my best assistance. But the town has been so long invited into the subscription, that most people have already refused or accepted, and Mr. *Conduitt* has long since done the latter.

I should have guessed your holiness would rather have laid than called up the ghost of my departed friendship, which since you are brave enough to face, you will find divested of every terror, but the remorse that you were abandoned to be an alien to your friends, your country and yourself. Not to renew an acquaintance with one who can twenty years after remember a bare intention to serve him, would be to throw away a prize I am not now able to repurchase; therefore when you return to *England*, I shall try to excel in what I am very sorry you want, a nurse; in the mean time I am exercising that gift to preserve one who is your devoted admirer.

Lord *Harvey* has written a bitter copy of verses upon Dr. *Sherwin* for publishing (as 'tis said) his lordship's epistle; which must have set your brother *Pope's* spirits all a working.

\* Thus endorsed by the Doctor, "My old friend Mrs. *Barton*, now Mrs. *Conduitt*."

*Thomson*



*Thomson* is far advanced in a poem of 2000 lines; deducing Liberty from the patriarchs to the present times, which, if we may judge from the press, is now in full vigour. But I forget I am writing to one who has the power of the keys of *Parnassus*, and that the only merit my letter can have is brevity. Please therefore to place the profit I had in your long one to your fund of charity, which carries no interest, and to add to your prayers and good wishes now and then a line to, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

## C. CONDUITT.

Mrs. *Barber*, whom I had sent to dine with us, is in bed with the gout, and has not yet sent me her proposals.

## L E T T E R XLVII.

CHARLES COOTE, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

London, Dec. 10, 1733.

BEING indebted solely to you for a most valuable acquaintance with the duke and duchess of *Queensbury*, and some other of your friends, I ought to have acknowledged it before. It is a common stratagem of mine, and has always succeeded, to give hints in proper places of your allowing me to some degree of personal acquaintance with you, and I owe to it most of the agreeable hours I passed at *Spa* this *Summer*, where they were; I had strong temptations, especially at that distance, to give myself high airs this way; but finding the bare mention of my having been received by you in a most

obliging manner, was enough to do my business, and it being a fact I could make oath of, I kept within due bounds. Her grace, who would be the most agreeable woman in *England*, though she were not the handsomest, has honoured me with her compliments to you with a walking stick, the manufacture of *Spa*, where she had it made for you, and I ought to have delivered it two months ago; accidents prevented my leaving this place, and it is not certain when I can; so that I must send it to you by the first proper opportunity, but could no longer delay your pleasure in knowing it, and hers, when you shall acknowledge it. If I can be of any sort of service to you on this side, your commands will find me at *St. James's Coffee-house*. I am, Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

CHARLES COOTE.

L E T T E R XLVIII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT\*.

DEAR SIR,

Dec. 20, 1733.

*YOURS* I received, and if it was not that I have a good deal of company to sup at my house upon beef griskins, I would go and play a game of backgammon with Mr. Worrall's tables, and be after winning some of Mrs. Worrall's coin; I would not fear to win a crown-piece of her money by playing six-pence half penny a time. She is a very good body, and one that I have a great value for: I wish my

\* Indorsed, "Dr. Sheridan's insolence in presuming to answer my eloquent *Hybernificisms*."

*Spouse* were but half as good, but of *this* I shall say nothing more till *meeting*. I hope my gossip *Delany's* spouse is upon the *mending hand*, for they tell me she has been lately much *out of order*. She is as good a woman as ever *breathed*, and it is a *thousand pities* that any thing should *ail her*. God Almighty *wish her well*; for I am sure if she *went off*, the doctor would not meet with *her fellow*. I hope nothing *ails her* but a *brish*.

To-morrow I *eat a bit* with Mr. and Mrs. *M'Gwyre*: if you will *make one*, you will get as hearty a welcome, as if you were their *own father*; for no body *speaks better of you* than they. My humble service to all friends and to yourself, is the request of yours to command,

THADY O SULLIVAN.

I lodge hard by the *Showel* in *Francis-Street*.

L E T T E R XLIX.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. PILKINGTON.

MADAM,

1733.

YOU must shake off the leavings of your sex. If you cannot keep a secret and take a chiding, you will quickly be out of my sphere. Corrigible people are to be chid; those who are otherwise, may be very safe from any lectures of mine: I should rather chuse to indulge them in their follies, than attempt to set them right. I desire you may

not inform your husband\* of what has pass, for a reason I shall give you when I see you, which may be this evening, if you will. I am very sincerely your friend,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER L.

The Bishop of CLOGHER † to Dr. SWIFT.

Mr. DEAN,

Clogher, June 25, 1734.

I HAVE a letter of yours of a very long date †, and should, it may be, out of good manners have answered it long since; but I thought it would be better to delay the answer I was then able to make to our first private meeting, which I thought might be soon; and for the same reason that delayed me then, I shall put off my defence till I have the pleasure of half an hour's private conversation with you, when I think I shall be able to clear myself from the heavy charges you bring against me; and therefore, not

\* This Letter was occasioned by some accounts from *London*, relative to Mr. *Pilkington*, which Mrs. *Pilkington* has given us at large, vol. 1. p. 105.

† Dr. *Sterne*.

‡ That Letter of Dr. *Swift's* was dated in *July 1733*, and printed by *Johnston* in 1765, No. 57. As I have had occasion to refer to this collection of Letters, I shall embrace this opportunity of acknowledging an *erratum* which escaped my observation in the hurry of transcribing them for the press. The second paragraph, No. 69. begins thus, "Lord *Bath*, &c." read Lord *Bathurst*, &c.



to take any farther notice of that letter, I shall, in answer to your last, which I received by last post, return you my thanks for your having taken the same care about the sixty pounds, which at your request I lent *Joe Beaumont*, whose circumstances at that time I was pretty much a stranger to, as you have taken about the money you lent him on the same occasion; and as this shall serve for a full discharge of all demands I have on *Joe's* execution\*, so I shall take it as a favour, if you will take on you the trouble of disposing of that sum of fifty pounds, as an augmentation to your own charitable fund, or to any other charitable use you shall judge proper, and that I desire may be without any mention of my name.

If you desire an acquittance in any other form, be pleased to draw one, and I will sign it. I shall be proud of a visit in this mountainous country, being, notwithstanding any coolness or misunderstanding that has happened between us, as much as ever your affectionate friend and servant,

JOHN CLOGHER.

\* This execution was against the heirs or representatives of Mr. *Beaumont*, who had died several years before the date of this letter.

## L E T T E R L I.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DE ARMIS TER DE AN

June 28, 1734.

**I** EXPECTURE anser an da fullone abo  
ut mi monito de. Times a re veri de ad nota do  
it oras hi lingat almi e state. Mire se ver cannas  
vel res ad e villas a peni. Cursim I se fora prime  
minis ter. Cantu res a Sum at ab an cursu de an.  
Atri do. Uno mi de arde annuo me agro at. Itis  
hi time tot hinc ope in it. I ama non est manicæ,  
ac nave is mi averfio ni de clare.

Ad unis at mi do ore fora Sum îo on da nat ur-  
næ, ab umbelicum in at his ars, as redi as ac at is  
at amo use, ora rati se, orabat.

Iambicum as mutas a Statu; as lænas ara que;  
as de a fas an ad aris; as hæ a vi as an affis; as  
quæras a duc; ast emas alam; as de ad as a do  
orna ilis; as insipidas de ad vi negaris; ora po-  
tato in me. I re membri vas o na time as qui casa  
fleat a lædis belli; as meri as a Philli; as fullo  
pleas ac id; as fullo meretrix as ac it en is, oras  
ab a boni na capis. I rite si miles use e, cantu  
ritum. Udi ne at urse de at mi o use. I vah belli  
fullo meato en ter tenus fit fora nil ordinis equi  
page. Uva stomachi me ope. Here is ab illo  
fare. Ago use. A paro dux. Sum fis his, as a  
paro soles. A paro places. Apud in. Afri casei.  
Arabit astu in. Neu pes. Neu beans. Alam pij  
fit fora minis ter o state. Acus tardis ast it abit as  
at artis. Afri teris mi de lite. Mi liquor istoc  
que, it costus api Stola quarti a verrit. A quartos  
ac. Margo use claret as fine as a rubi. Graves.  
Lac

Lac rima Chriffti. Hoc. Cote rotæ. Sum Cyprus. As sine Sidera se ver Id runcat at averne.

Præbe specus a Superaturus. Summas par a guſto eat. Sum colli flo ures, ac ab age lætis fora Sal ad. Invita lædito ac cum pani ure verens, nota præter, nota coquet. A grave matronis pro per fora grave de an, an da doctor, an das cole mas ter.

I ritu a verſe o na molli o mi ne.  
 Aſta laſſa me pole, a lædis o fine,  
 I ne ver neu a niſo ne at in mi ni is,  
 A manat a glans ora ſito fer diis,  
 De armo lis abuti hos face an hos nos is,  
 As fer a ſal illi, as reddas aro ſis,  
 Ac is o mi molli is almi de lite,  
 Illo verbi de, an illo verbi nite.

I figo imus te cato tum an dumus trans ac ure penſe exceptive illuc. I ſi ple in geſtitis fora negat eas ter. Notabit fora cardami, norabit fora di ſe i, as migra num has ſed forti times.

I nono nues offa ni momento ritu buttabata ilis o ver at Dans ſic. In Itali an in Germani mercenari es deſertum e veri de. O ne gener alis de ad ac an non bullit huc offis hæ ad. A ſle et is præ par in fora ſe fite. Me ni Si eges ara carri in o nat his time.

Mi Magis as meri as an apis. Hæ do es ſe a quæ cur a quæ cur a cur. Hæ is caper in in ac age me do Sali. Abit ob re ad is gener ali his ſuper, ora livor offa lambis.

Mifer viſto alat o me, excuſe mi has te; Fore ver an de ver ures

TOMAS SER ID AN.

Afri de at en ac locat mi Studij.

## L E T T E R LII.

The Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

GOOD Mr. DEAN,      Dover-street, Aug. 8, 1734.

**I**T is now so long since I have troubled you with a letter, that I am almost quite ashamed to do it now; but the truth of the case is this, I cannot be longer easy any further to defer my making my due acknowledgments to you in the best manner I can, for the many kind remembrances I have received from under your own hand, and your obliging notice of me in your letters to Mr. *Pope*, &c. It was an extream great pleasure to me to find that I still maintained a share in your thoughts, that I was still worthy to receive your commands; I did my best, I did all that lay in my power to obey them; I wish there had been better success. I assure you this, that there is no person (I speak without excepting one) whose commands I would more readily obey than yours; I hope you will be so good as to indulge me, and make use of your power often; I value myself not a little upon this score, and you see here how easy it is for you to make one happy, which is more than can be said of —.

I shall now take the liberty to talk to you a little upon family affairs; and my encouragement to do it proceeds from this, that ever since I have been so fortunate to be acquainted with you, you have in the kindest manner always taken a part in whatever fortune befel me or my family.

Indulge therefore the fondness of a father to detain you so long as to give a sincere friend some account



count of the compleating a great work, the disposal of an only daughter in marriage, and in these times.

The whole affair was conducted with as much care and consideration as we were capable of: when we looked over and weighed the many offers that had been proposed to us, and what sort of creatures they were composed of, this person we have now chosen had the fairest and most unexceptionable character, and as his composition is the most unlike the generality of the young gentlemen of this age, which you will think was no small ingredient towards our approbation of him; as I hope and long much to see you in *England*, I believe when you see the duke \* you will be pleased with him, and you will not disapprove of our choice; as he is free from the prevailing qualifications of the present set of young people of quality, such as gaming, sharpening, pilfering, lying, &c. &c. so on the contrary, he is endowed with qualifications they are strangers to; such as justice, honour, excellent temper both of mind and body, affability, living well with his own family: and the manner in which he proposed himself was what became a gentleman and a man of honour. Thus you see I have given you a long account of this affair, and the reasons which induced us to consent to this match. I flatter myself that you will not be displeas'd with the account I have given you of the gentleman to whom we have given our daughter.

My wife and my daughter desire your acceptance of their humble service, with many wishes for the enjoyment of your health, and would be very glad to see you over here.

\* The late duke of *Portland*.

Mr. *Pope* has been upon the ramble above these two months: he is now with my lord *Peterborough* near *Southampton*, where he proposes to stay some time. This morning died *Willis* bishop of *Winchester*; and is to be succeeded by *Hoadley*, and further I cannot say.

Pray, has Mr. *Jebb* got any preferment? I was very glad to hear that he had a share in your good opinion: I hope he has done nothing to forfeit it. What has prevented Mr. *Faulkner* from sending over your works\*? he promised to send them over the end of last *May* at the farthest. I am with true regard and esteem, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

OXFORD.

\* These were the first four volumes in octavo, which were actually revised and corrected by *Swift* himself, as indeed were afterwards the two subsequent volumes, printed by *Faulkner* in the year 1738: and, what is very surprising, these six volumes, as far as they run, are still by many degrees, notwithstanding they want at present many illustrations, the best edition of the Dr.'s Works now extant. If any one doubt this, let him compare *Cadenus* and *Vanessa*, or the poem on the *South-Sea Project*, as printed by *Faulkner*, with the *English* edition; especially the latter.

## L E T T E R LIII.

Lady HOWTH to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Kilfane, near Kilkenny, Aug. 15, 1734:

**T**O shew you how much I covet your correspondence, I would not even give myself time to rest; for gratitude obliges me to return you thanks for all your favours, in particular your last, which quite cured me of my cold. I can, as yet, give you no account of this country, but that I have been mightily hurried, settling my little family. We all got safe here on *Monday* night; and this day was the fair of *Bennet's Bridge*, where I had two gentlemen on purpose to look out for a pad for you, but there was not one to be got; but if there be any such thing to be had as a good trotter, such a one as I know you like, I will have it. I don't know whether you will be as free in writing as you are in speaking; but I am sure, were I at your elbow when you read this, you would bid me go to a writing school and a spelling book. My lord joins me in begging you will accept of our best wishes; and hope you will believe me to be, what I really am, your affectionate friend and humble servant,

LUCY HOWTH.

## L E T T E R L I V .

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DR DAY ANN

Aug. 16, 1734.

EYE mash aimed off knott wry tin two yew  
 bee four Butt may knee bees knees sees hind red  
 sow Inn trick Kate Eye cud knot. Ewer Ink ly  
 nation Eye no two wards ewer fry ends Toby o  
 there wife. Ha! view Spok a knee Prop hose  
 awl too Dock tore Cocks comb Eye may Ann  
 White comb a bout they Dean a wry off Kill  
 mower a shit. I few heave, right two Their ever  
 end Dock tore She rid Ann Inn cast ell Ham ill  
 tunn knee are Kill ice and draw inn they Count  
 eye Caw van. Eye a mag owing two Bell turbet  
 two meet they ten Ants off Drum lean too race  
 heave mow knee butt Eye fare Ice hall me taw a  
 par fell off M T Pock heats. Cap tinn Ham ill  
 tunn mad dumb Ham ill tunn Ann dye ware a  
 beau tinn, Ann dye Ned inn a gaze ay beau a pun  
 a past Eye maid off any Sun. Oui mun See your  
 Ann very tea—Cant yew right all a mode a France  
 hay?

The upper part of this letter must be read by my mistress to you, who has a key for it, I mean her tongue; but you must have patience with her, for she cannot see well without spectacles; and when she has them on she cannot read well, and when she does read, she cannot speak well, as having an impediment in her speech, which was occasioned by a fright in the nursery. A little before I go to *Dublin* I intend to kill a buck, and send you some of it. Mr. *Hamilton* has promised



mised me that favour. He has the best and fattest venison I ever tasted; and the finest boat, and the finest situation, and the finest house, and the finest hall, and the finest wife and children, and the finest way of living, I ever met. You live in *Dublin* among a parcel of rabble; I live at *Castle Hamilton* among gentlemen and ladies: you live upon chaffed mutton, I live upon venison: you drink *Benicarlo* wine, I drink right *French Margoux*: you hear nothing but noise; With ravishing music my ears are delighted. If you were here you would never go back again. I fancy that I never shall; and that I shall be able soon to keep my coach, and to bring you down into this elysium, which is both my taste, and my choice.

Pouvoir choisir, & choisir le meilleur, ce sont deux avantages qu'a le bon gout. C'est donc un des plus grands dons du ciel d'être né homme de bon choix. And to give you a sample of my good choice, I chuse to end with this *French* maxim, having no more to write, but my love to my mistresses, and service to all friends. Eye am ewers to the day of judgement,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

## L E T T E R L V.

Mrs. P E N D A R V E S to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

Little Brook-Street, Sept. 9, 1734.

I FIND your correspondence is like the singing of the nightingale; no bird sings so sweetly, but the pleasure is quickly past, a month or two of harmony, and then we lose it till next spring: I wish your favours may as certainly return. I am, at this time, not only deprived of your letters, but of all other means of enquiring after your health, your friends and my correspondents being dispersed to their summer quarters, and know as little of you as I do. I have not forgot one mortifying article on this occasion; and if your design in neglecting me was to humble me, it has taken effect: could I find out the means of being revenged, I would most certainly put it in execution; but I have only the malice of an incensed neglected woman, without the power of returning it. The last letter I writ to you was from *Gloucester*, about a twelvemonth ago; after that I went to *Long-Leat* to my lady *Weymouth*; came to town in *January*, where I have remained ever since, except a few weeks I spent at Sir *John Stanley's* at *North-End*, the *Delville* of this part of the world. I hope *Naboth's* Vineyard flourishes: it always has my good wishes, though I am not near enough to partake of its fruits. The town is now empty, and by most people, called dull; to me it is just agreeable, for I have most of my particular friends in town, and my superfluous acquaintance I can very well spare. My lord *Carteret* is at *Hawnes*; my lady  
*Carteret*

*Carteret* is in town, nursing my lady *Dysart*, who is brought to-bed of a very fine son, and in hopes of my lady *Weymouth's* being soon under the same circumstance. I have not seen my lord *Bathurst* since I was at his house in *Glocestershire*: that's a mischief I believe you have produced; for as long as I could entertain him with an account of his friend the Dean, he was glad to see me; but lately we have been great strangers. Mrs. *Donnellan* sometimes talks of making a winter's visit to *Dublin*, and has vanity enough to think you are one of those that will treat her kindly: her loss to me will be irreparable, beside the mortification it will be to me to have her go to a place where I should so gladly accompany her. I know she will be just, and tell the reasons why I could not, this year, take such a progress. After having forced myself into your company, it will be impertinent to make you a longer visit, and destroy the intencion of it; which was only to assure you of my being, Sir, your most faithful, and obliged humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

## L E T T E R LVI.

PICKLE HERRING to Mr. FAULKNER\*.

SIR H A †,

A R E N' T you the rascal, that makes so free with my family? — Had you once recollected that, graceless and despised as he is, that same serjeant *Kite* † was my brother, and, however marr'd in the making, was born to be as great a man as myself. Had you thought with what vengeance a man in my high station can espouse any one's quarrel, and especially that of a sinking brother, durst you presume to run these lengths? — Mark what I am going to say; bitter is the sorrow, hot, sour, and cutting is the sauce you are to taste after your merry conceits on my poor brother; and what mortal can expect better, that meddles with the very worst of the family of the *Pickles*? — Recollect at last and tremble! whom hast thou offended and stirred up to wrath; thou little pitiful swad? — More would I say to thee, but that I take thee right, I look upon thee only as the foul pipe through which the filth and nastiness of a whole nation is squirted in the teeth of my unfortunate brother, the un-

\* Endorsed by Dr. *Swift*, “ An excellent droll paper.”

† This humorous letter, although addressed to Mr. *Faulkner*, was ultimately designed for the entertainment of Dr. *Swift*.

‡ *Bettesworth*, serjeant at law, whose character is well known for the assault he made upon Dr. *Swift* in the year 1733, was frequently persecuted by the young poets under the name of serjeant *Kite*.



lucky graceless dog, that has brought all this on himself; but, alas, my brother!—But however provoked, are your scribbling spit-fires never to be satisfied? one should think, that, by this time, if the poor soul had not enough, they certainly had! Is it not sufficient for them to see a man of learning and law, a man of singular inimitable eloquence, a man of unparallel'd graceful action, a man of unspeakable, inconceivable truth, justice and sincerity, exemplary religion, strict virtue, nice honour, and sterling worth in general past finding out; I say, is it not sufficient to see a luminary like this now shining in meridian lustre, but anon set for ever in a puddy cloud? Is it not sufficient to see him so unmasked and stigmatized, that he can be no longer a tool even for a court-sharper, and (what's worst of all for him) no longer to be in pay with them? Is it not sufficient to see his poor skull (God help it!) incurably bumped and bulged by that damnable bounce of his against the pulpit-cornish? Is it not sufficient to see with what pain and shame he wriggles along by that confounded splinter of the bar, he lately got thrust into his a—, and which has left him a running sore to his dying day? Is it not sufficient to see him, all the last term, walk about in merry sadness an idle spectator in the courts, where he was not retained even for his most noted talent of dirt-flinger?—O you swarms of green counsels and attorneys, I wonder not to see you posted about *Idler's Corner*, looking sharp, as dinnerless men, for a lucky pop on a client; but why, oh! why, should this ever be the case of my hapless brother? O Fortune, Fortune, cruel are thy sports!—Is it not sufficient to see him doubly tormented in putting a good countenance on treatment, which is inwardly gnawing and consuming him? in which

state his whole comfort is, that, for half a score years at least, his conscience could never upbraid him: oh the comfort of an easy conscience!— Is it not sufficient to see him at *Ballyspellan*, and every where he goes, the common butt of gibe, wink, and titter? Is it not sufficient, that after what has been flying about since he left it, he knows not how to shew his face in town, nor how to stand the infinite mortifications, he is to meet with this winter? Is it not sufficient, that as his case stands, it is the serjeant against all the world, and all the world against the serjeant? Wretched case, when a creature has not even the cheap relief of common pity! And is not all this sufficient? No, the virulent crew tell me, that as long as the terrible tumour in his breast continues hard, the caustick and corrosives must be ply'd, and that none, but injudicious quacks, would talk of emollients and lenitives, until some at least of the corrupt and fætid matter is discharged. In short, they tell me, that as long as the cause remains, and the world likes the operations, the cure must go on the same way! Well, go on ye scoundrels, go on! and make him as wretched and contemptible as you can! and when you have done your worst, I'll make a provision for him that shall alarm you all; shall make some burst with envy, and others to look on him with a merry face, whom so long they beheld with hatred and derision.

To keep neither him, nor the world longer in suspense, know ye, that I will take him home to myself, and, after a little of my tutoring, not a turn in his intellects, expression, or action (which now are the subject of satire) that shall not soon become matter of high panegyrick. O ye dogs you, I'll set him over all your heads! I'll advance him to a place of performance, which he was born for,

for, and which (however he thought of it all the while) he was not ill-bred to : and there he is sure to meet with the honour and applause he might in vain expect on any other stage. —————

As for your part, little pert whipper-snapper, *Faulkner*, is it base fear, or is it unsufferable vanity in you, to talk of correction from the hands of my brother? Had you been any thing above the sorry remnant of a man, you might perhaps come in for the honour of a gentle drubbing; but a little rascal, that has already one leg in the grave, what satisfaction or credit would it be to him to beat thee abominably, or even slay thee outright? No, but, Sirha, if our brother Doctor *Anthony*\* were alive,—rot you, in spite of your rascally *Keven-Bail*, and your scribbling janissaries, he should set up his wheel just before your door, and on his pole, thrust up your fundament, he should twirl you about till your brains tumbled down into the hollow of your wooden shin-bone, and till all the bones in your skin rattled and snapped like pipe-stoppers in a bladder. Take that from your sworn and mortal enemy,

### PICKLE HERRING.

Cork, Sept. the 24th, 1734.

\* A whimsical oad kind of man, who had abundance of low humour, and frequently used to entertain the school-boys and populace with his harangues and p'eantry, mounted upon a ladder in some corner of a street. He died about eight or ten years before the date of this letter.

## L E T T E R LVII.

SIR WILLIAM FOWNES to Dr. SWIFT\*.

S I R,

**T**HERE are a sort of gentlemen who, after great labour and cost, have at last found out, that two dishes of meat will not cost half so much as five or six, and yet answer the end of filling the bellies of as many as usually fed upon the five or six.

I have considered that a like sort of reduction in other articles may have the like proportion of good effect: As for instance, when any one bespeaks a pair of shoes, a pair of stockings, or a pair of gloves, they should bespeak a pair and a half of each, and make use of these turn about: I am very confident they will answer the end of two pair; by which good management a quarter part of the expence in those articles may be saved. Perhaps it may be objected, that this is a spoiling of trade: to which I answer, that when the makers of those sorts of ware shall reduce their rates a quarter part (instead of enhancing them, as has been done in some late years unreasonably) and now ought to be reduced according to the rates of wool and leather;

Then it may be reasonable to bespeak two pair instead of a pair and a half.

Another objection may be started as to gloves, with a query, Which of the hands shall be obliged with two gloves? To this I answer, That gene-

\* Endorsed, "A humorous project."



rally the left hand is used but seldom, and not exposed as the other to many offices; one of which in particular is the handing of ladies. For these reasons, two gloves ought to be granted to the right hand.

There are many other frugal improvements, which, as soon as I have discoursed *Thomas Turner* the quaker, who is now upon finding out the longitude, and farther improving the latitude, I shall be able to demonstrate what sort of meat, and the joints, will best answer this frugal scheme, as likewise in cloathing, and other parts of good œconomy; and they shall be communicated to you by, Sir, your most humble servant,

PHILO MÆ.

From my observatory in the Parliament house,  
Oct. 18, 1734.

L E T T E R LVIII.

The Reverend MARMADUKE PHILIPS to  
Dr. SWIFT.

S I R, Marston in Somersetsshire, Nov. 2, 1734.

YOU may be assured that I should not have denied myself so long the pleasure of that great privilege and favour you allowed me at our parting, of corresponding with you whilst I staid in *England*, but that I waited to give you some account of the success of your kind and friendly negotiations for me in the letter you were so good to give me to lord *Orrery*, and that I could not do before

this week; for though I delivered my credentials to his lordship near a month ago, yet we did not talk over the affair till very lately; for as I thought it my duty to wait his time and leisure, I did not press him for an answer; and as I have all the reason in the world to imagine, from the many friendly offices you have done me, that you would rejoice at any good that may befall me, so I can at length tell you, that it was as favourable as I could well wish for, considering every thing and circumstance attending that affair; for it seems the scheme in relation to Mr. *Taylor's* giving my mother and me so much money for our good will in the lease, can never take place, for many very good reasons his lordship gave me, which are too tedious now to trouble you with; and therefore he only told me in general terms, that as he thought our case a little hard and severe, somewhat or other at the expiration of the lease must be done for me, but in what manner it was not possible for him yet to say; which surely was as much as any conscientious and reasonable man (and God forbid that I should ever prove otherwise) could expect: in short, his kind reception of me at *Marston*, and the handsome manner he has behaved himself towards me in every particular since I came to him, has been like lord *Orrery* himself: and now to whom must I attribute all this? not to any merit or conduct of my own, for I am conscious of none, but to the worthy dean of *St. Patrick's*, who takes delight in doing all the good he can to those who have the invaluable happiness and honour of being acquainted with him; and therefore what a monster of ingratitude should I be not to acknowledge the channel through which this intended bounty of his lordship is to flow to

me,

me, let it be more or less? No! *agnosco fontem*; for without controversy, you have been the means of bringing all this about: for which I shall say no more (being but bitter bad at making speeches) but the Lord reward you, and to assure you, good sir, that this your act of friendship *manet et manebit altâ mente repostum*. His lordship told me that he would answer your letter very soon; and as his pen and head infinitely transcend mine, it is likely you will have then a clearer and better account of this matter than I can possibly give you.

I have been under an unspeakable concern at an account I lately saw from *Ireland* of a return of your old disorders of giddiness and deafness; but I still flatter myself that it is not so bad with you as my fears have represented it, which makes me long impatiently to hear how you really are; but I am in hopes your usual *medicina gymnastica* will carry it off; if it does not, more the pity say I, and so will all say, I am confident, that know you; but surely ten thousand times more pity is it that you are not like one of *Gulliver's Struldbrugs*, immortal; but alas! that cannot be, such is the condition of miserable man; which puts me often in mind of the following lines I have somewhere or other met with, which I apply now and then to myself, by way of cordial.

What's past, we know, and what's to come,  
must be,

Or good or bad, is much the same to me;  
Since death must end my joy or misery,  
Fix'd be my thoughts on immortality.

But hold! I believe I begin to preach; and it's well if you don't think by this time that I imagine  
S 4 myself

myself in *Rathenny* \* pulpit instead of writing a letter to the dean, and therefore I forbear.

I know writing in your present circumstances must be so very troublesome and uneasy to you, that I am not quite so unreasonable as to expect it from you ; but whenever your health permits you, it will be an infinite pleasure and satisfaction to me to hear from you ; and the safest way of sending a letter to me will be under cover to lord *Or-rery*, at *Marston*, near *Froome* in *Somersetshire*. I shall trouble you, sir, with my compliments to my very good friends and neighbours lady *Acheson* and her mother, for whom I have a very real esteem and value, and also to Dr. *Helsham* and his lady, and with my very affectionate love and service to all my *Sunday* companions at the deanry †.

I have no novelties to entertain you with from hence ; for here we lead a very retired and perfectly rural life : but when I get to *London* (which I believe will not be till after *Christmas*, because as I am within ten or a dozen miles of *Bath*, I have some thoughts of making a trip thither, and try what good those waters will do me ) you may depend upon having an account of what passes in the political and learned world that is possible for me to come at and convey to you, and I hope to be then honoured with all your commissions and commands in that place ; for I wish for nothing more than an opportunity of shewing with how much gratitude

\* Mr. *Philips's* benefice, about three miles from *Dublin*.

† It was customary for the Doctor's friends and acquaintance to visit him on *Sunday* afternoons, and spend the evening with him ; so that every one who was at leisure to go there, was sure of meeting variety of good company.

and



and true esteem for all your favours, I am, Sir,  
your most obedient and much obliged humble ser-  
vant,

MARMADUKE PHILIPS.

I have seen your friend Mrs. *Cope* at *Bath*, and she  
desired me to send her compliments to you.

L E T T E R L I X.

Mrs. P E N D A R V E S to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,      St. Mary's Square, Gloucester, Nov. 20, 1734.

I AM truly concerned at your having been so  
much out of order: I most heartily wish you con-  
stant health and happiness, though that's of little  
use to you, and only serves to do honour to myself,  
by shewing I know how to prize what is valuable.

I should have returned you thanks much sooner  
for the favour of your last letter; but when I re-  
ceived it I was preparing for my journey hither,  
and have ever since had so great a disorder in one  
of my eyes, that till this moment I have not been  
able to make my acknowledgments to you. I  
wonder you should be at a loss for a reason for my  
writing to you; we all love honour and pleasure:  
were your letters dull, do you imagine my vanity  
would not be fond of corresponding with the dean  
of *St. Patrick's*? But the last reason you give I  
like best, and will stick by, which is, that I am  
a more constant nymph than all your goddesses  
of much longer acquaintance; and furthermore  
I venture to promise you are in no danger of re-  
ceiving a *Boutade*, if that depends on my will.

As

As for those fasting-days you talk of \*, they are I confess, alluring baits, and I should certainly have been with you in three pacquets, according to your commands, could I either fly or swim: but I am a heavy lump, destined for a few years to this earthly element, and can't move about, without the concurrent assistance of several animals that are very expensive.

Now for business: As soon as I received your letter, I went to your brother *Lansdown*, and spoke to him about the duke of *Chandois*. He desired me to make his compliments to you, and to tell you he was very sorry he could be of no service to you in that affair; but he has had no manner of correspondence or even acquaintance with the duke these fifteen years. I have put it however into hands that will pursue it diligently, and I hope obtain for you what you desire; if they do not succeed, you must not call me negligent; for whatever lies in my power to serve you, is of too much consequence for me to neglect.

I have left my good friend, and your humble servant, Mrs. *Donnellan*, behind me in *London*, where she meets with little entertainment suitable to her understanding; and she is a much fitter companion for the *Dublin Thursday Society* than for the trifling company she is now engaged in; and I wish you had her with you (since I can't have her) because I know she would be happier than where she is, and my wish I think no bad one for you. Neither my eyes nor paper will hold out any longer. I am, Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

M. P E N D A R V E S.

I beg my compliments to all your friends.

\* *i. e.* Dining upon two or three dishes at the deanry; which in comparison of magnificent tables the Doctor used to call fasting.

## L E T T E R L X.

\* \* \* \* \* to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

Montrose, Dec. 17, 1734.

SOME people here having flattered me that I have a genius for poetry, and my circumstances a little favouring it, I have resolv'd to turn my thoughts that way: I have already tried my talent on some little amusements, and have had the pleasure in secret to see them pretty well received; but few here being much conversant in that study, can be proper judges; and as I would not venture my character abroad in the world without the advice of those who have succeeded in it, I thought I could not more properly apply than to you, who have been pretty happy that way. What I mean is, that you would be pleas'd to furnish me with a theme to try my genius, with what rules you may think necessary. I expect your compliance with this, as it is the first, at least of this nature, you ever had from this place; and as soon as it is finish'd, you may expect a copy of the performance from, Sir, your most humble servant,

\* \* \* \* \* †.

† As this letter seems to have been written by some very young adventurer in poetry, we chuse to suppress the name at present, especially as we cannot tell what answer he receiv'd from Dr. *Swift*, or whether afterwards he apply'd himself with success to *Apollo* and the *Muses*.

## L E T T E R L X I.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEER SOAR,

Dec. 25, 1734.

**E**YE ray moved mice elf too May jor Par rots  
 yes stair day morn in Two mete they ten ants off  
 Drum lean, two pe me sum Mow knee dew off  
 Michael Mifs and March Gale. Eye sup hose  
 Eye shall race heave a bout to hun dread pounds,  
 or they raw bouts. Eye am fore Eye two here  
 ewer health is knot bet her. Eye wood heave yew  
 take some ray maid Eyes first, and then go in ash  
 hays two week low, where Eye no yew will bee  
 as well come as a knee † in ire land. Yew no  
 eye prow mifs said too right yew a Nun in tell liege  
 eye bell Let her. He writ is. Eye main afs crop  
 off it.

Duglidge gravelson meltronimon bagaron re-  
 sonfa fore monra pe nos fatas epronfa car filomen  
 fezindo crapenter forami danfa prezina mentre fo-  
 ga ni son im contra ferez imilo fsik mitigan nastico  
 dna cifa melifnot dlor calica doen ap fagen gefonda  
 refilo namis sendo.

I suppose by this time those last six lines have  
 given you amusement enough; and to put you from  
 farther labour, I tell you honestly, that they have  
 no meaning at all. So let them pass for a *Christ-*  
*mas* trick—But I desire that doctor *Helfham*, and  
 some other friends, may take a turn at them; for  
 it is not reasonable that you should be at all the  
 trouble.

Mr. *Hamilton* is glad the venison got safe to  
 you; it was carried by a County-*Cavan* man in

† i. e. One.

the



the 75th year of his age, who went off on *Wednesday* morning, was back with us on *Saturday* night, in all 104 miles.—He was much affronted that a young fellow was proposed for the expedition—There's a County-*Cavan* man for you.

As for myself, I am grown thirty years younger, by no other method than eating, drinking, and breathing freely in this *Elysium* of the universe. Happy will it be for you (if I misjudge not, and very seldom I do, as you yourself can witness, who have known me above sixteen years, and I believe a little more, if my memory fails me not, as I have no reason to think it does; for I do not find it in the least impaired) to convey yourself into the finest apartment of our *Elysium*, I mean to *Castle Hamilton*, where you will find a most hearty welcome, and all the delights this world can give—But you must take me along with you.—

Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to hear that your innocent subjects of the *Kevin Bayl*\* escaped the gallows, in spite *Bettisworth* † and all his add hay rents—If he were to make them a holiday, it should make one for me and my boys likewise.

*Sunday* we had a very hard frost—Yesterday morning fair—The afternoon, all night, and this morning to ten, was rain—Now fair again, but lowring.

\* *Dr. Swift* used to call the people who lived in the liberty of *St. Patrick's* his subjects: and without dispute they would have fought up to their knees in blood for him.

† The right spelling of this name is *Bettesworth*, constantly pronounced as a word of two syllables, until some poems had come out against him, and then Mr. *Bettesworth* affected to pronounce it as three syllables, to which this spelling by *Dr. Sheridan* alludes.

We are juſt now going to dinner at captain *Perrott's*, where your health is never omitted, both as Dean and Drapier——I forgot to tell you that there is a Drapier's Club fixt in *Cavan* of about thirty good fighting fellows; from whence I remark you have the heart of *Ireland*. Vid. *Grierson's* new map.——There is another *Cavan-Bay!* for you.

I have no more to trouble you with, but my good wiſhes for your long health and happineſs. I am, dear Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

If you go out of town before I return, leave the key of your ſtrong box with *Jane* †, that I may put my money among yours.

## L E T T E R L X I I .

Mrs. DONNELLAN to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

London, January 19, 1734-5.

**M**Y brother tells me you are ſo good to enquire after me, and to ſpeak in a very kind manner of me, which as it gives me the greateſt pleaſure, ſo it raiſes in me the higheſt gratitude. I find I have a great advantage in being very inconfiderable; I dare believe people ſincere when they profeſs themſelves my friends; I conſider I am not a wit, a beauty, nor a fortune; then why ſhould I be flattered; I have but two or three qualities that I value myſelf upon, and thoſe are ſo much out of

† Dr. *Swift's* cook-maid.

fashion, that I make no parade of them: I am very sincere, I endeavour to be grateful, and I have just sense enough to discern superior merit, and to be delighted with the least approbation from it. My brother, some time ago, gave me hopes of receiving a letter from you, but he now tells me your ill state of health has made writing uneasy to you. I grieve much at my loss, but more at the occasion of it; and I write now only to return my best thanks for your good opinion and designs, not to solicit new favours, or give you the trouble of answering this. I hope next *Summer* to be in *Ireland*, where I shall expect to receive your answer in person, when the sun with its usual blessings shall give us this additional one of restoring you to that state of health that all those who have the happiness of knowing you, either as a friend and companion, or lover of your country, must with the greatest earnestness desire. You will laugh perhaps, sir, at my saying I hope to see *Ireland* this year; indeed the generality of our country folks who spend a little time here, and get into any tolerable acquaintance, seem to forget they have any other country, till a knavish receiver or their breaking tenants put them in mind of it; but I assure you I have so little of the fine lady in me, that I prefer a sociable evening in *Dublin* to all the diversions of *London*, and the conversation of an ingenious friend, though in a black gown, to all the powdered toupees at *St. James's*. What has kept me seven years in *London*, is the duty I owe a very good mother, of giving her my company since she desires it, and the conveniency I enjoy with her of a house, coach, and servants, at my command. I suppose, sir, you know that Mrs. *Pendarves* has been for some time

at

at *Glocester*: ſhe has preferred a pious viſit to a ſick mother in a dull country-town to *London* in its gayeſt dreſs; ſhe tells me ſhe deſigns next month to return to us; the only uneaſineſs I ſhall have in leaving *London* is the parting with ſo valuable and tender a friend; but as ſhe promiſes me, that if I ſtay in *Ireland* ſhe will make it another viſit, I think, for the good of my country, I muſt leave her. But whiſt I am indulging myſelf in telling you my thoughts and deſigns, I ſhould conſider I am perhaps making you a troubleſome or unſeaſonable viſit; if ſo, uſe me as all impertinent things ſhould be uſed; take no notice of me: all I deſigned in writing to you, was to let you know the high ſenſe I have of all your favours, and that I am; with the greateſt gratitude and eſteem, Sir, your moſt obliged obedient humble ſervant,

H. DONNELLAN.

I beg you will be ſo good to give my beſt wiſhes and ſervices to Dr. *Delany* and Dr. *Helſham*.



## LETTER LXIII.

From some unknown Gentleman to Dr. SWIFT\*.

REV. SIR,

Jan. 21; 1734-5.

THIS letter is not to return you country thanks for your royal bounty to the army of *Parnassus*. Every body knows that *Louis* the 14th built and endowed the noblest foundation in the world for his invalids; we in imitation have our *Greenwich*, *Chelsea*, and *Killmainham*; and 'twas but fit that the king of poets should provide for his jingling subjects, that are so maimed and wounded in reputation, they have no other way of subsistence†. The occasion of this is as follows: This evening two learned gentlemen (for aught I know) laid a wager on the matter following, and referred it to you to decide; viz. Whether *Homer* or *Tacitus* deserves most praise on the following account; *Homer* makes *Helen* give a character of the men of gallantry and courage upon the wall; but, as if it were not a fine lady's province to describe wisdom in *Ulysses*, the hero of his second poem, he makes *Antenor*, the wisest of all *Troy*, interrupt her. The passage in *Tacitus* is as follows, viz. On this year died *Junia*, being the sixtieth after the *Philippi* battle, wife to *Cassius*, sister to *Brutus*, niece to *Cato*, the images of twenty houses were carried before her, &c. *Sed præfulgebant Brutus & Cassius, eo ipso quod imagines eorum non visebantur.*

\* This letter is endorsed, *Whimsical, and little in it.*

† The writer seems to allude to *Swift's* then designed hospital for idiots and lunaticks.

These gentlemen beg they may not have apartments assigned them in your observatory. Your most obedient humble servant,

T. L. P.

Be pleased to direct To the Reverend Mr. *Birch*  
at *Roscrea*.

L E T T E R L X I V .

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. 25, 1734-5.

Fy brew Harry 25, 1734-5.

RAVE E'ER END DAY ANN,

EYE fan see they Rake order is a deel a tory  
jant ill man, bee cause he mite heave scent his o  
pin eye on beef o'er this. Yew no eye heave sum  
mow knee too pea miss teer Hen a wry, Ann  
damn inn hay east tub ring Matt Eysr twack on  
clue shun. Eye maid a nap point meant two Bee  
at they Dean a wry tun eye't, butt am pray vent  
head buy a ten ant in Jew red buy Ann at Urn I,  
buy home eye must and. Eye am ewer mow stob  
ay dy ant Ann dumb bell serve aunt,

Tom asf She rid Ann.

## L E T T E R L X V .

Mrs. P R A T T to Dr. S W I F T .

S I R,

London, April 4, 1735.

I THINK you know me sufficiently not to doubt of a letter any way coming from you being acceptable; therefore any omission but that cannot fail of an excuse from me, whose friendship is pleasingly gratified by the honour of having it returned from one of your distinguishing talents and merit, whose life I wish to preserve, but wish more to make it agreeable to you by the full enjoyment of health, friends, fortune, and situation; and my next desire should be, that I had a power to contribute to your attainment of any of these comforts.

Your kind enquiries in relation to myself, only justify taking up your time with so insignificant a subject, which I shall be particular upon merely in obedience to your commands.

I have no obligations to the *Court*, nor am likely to have any; I have to my Lord *Shelburne*, whose house in *London* is my settled habitation; though I am afraid two years will put an end to my good fortune, the lease of the house, which is an old one, being then expired; and so perhaps may be that of my life, which I have been long tired of. Added to my lord *Shelburne's* favours, I have great and many, more than I can express here, to the duchess of *Buckingham*, whose table is my constant one, and her coach much oftener mine than I ask for it; besides, fetching me every day, and bringing me home, makes me share in public amuse-

ments without expence; and in *Summer* the variety of change of air, which her station impowers her to take, and more her inclination, to impart to her friends the benefit of, who cannot fail of being so to her, if they have merit enough to be capable of being obliged by the most agreeable sincere manner to engage approbation and gratitude: then I hope you think I have enough to do justice, both in my thoughts and actions; to one so worthy of it. I am, Sir, your sincerely obliged and affectionate humble servant,

H. PRATT.

LETTER LXVI.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, April 5th, 1735.

AMONG all the rest of Mrs. *Sheridan's* diabolical proceedings, she is at this juncture carrying on an intrigue of marriage between her daughter ——— and a finical thorough fop \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* For Heaven's sake, as you have been my best friend, talk to the monster upon this occasion (for it is the town talk) she will not know how you came to know it; and among other questions desire her to produce her daughter's work for these two years past, and you will find not the fourth part of a poor spider's day labour. This I have been from time to time pressing for to no purpose, because prevented out of spight to me; yet every b——h in town are advocates against me, as I cannot drink mountain, snivel, complain, and outlie the father of lies. I beg you will only observe her damnable hypocritical countenance when you charge



charge her with this, and if you do not see it transformed into a mask in one instant, I will forfeit all title to your friendship. Thus have I been linked to the Devil for twenty-four years, with a coal in my heart, which was kindled in the first week I married her, and could never by all my industry be extinguished since. For this cause I have often been charged with peevishness and absence among my best friends. When my soul was uneasy, every little thing hurt it, and therefore I could not help such wrong behaviour. You were the only one who had an indulgence for me. And now I earnestly ask this last friendship; (for I shall be ashamed to ask any more) that you will interpose your authority to prevent what may prove a greater affliction, if possible, than my marriage. Mrs. — was so charitable as to give me a hint of this affair, and at the same time her advice to hurry away that girl as soon as I possibly could. I did not know what method to take before this instant that Mrs. *Perott* has invited my two eldest daughters to her house till such time as I may be settled at *Cavan*. She is a lady the best housewife in *Ireland*, and of the best temper I ever knew. Her daughters are formed by her example, so that it is impossible to place them where they will have a better opportunity of learning what may be hereafter of real advantage to them. Dear sir, I shall impatiently wait your advice; for my affairs here require a longer attendance than I expected. You will be so good as to let me know from Mr. *Lingen* whether the Duke of *Dorset's* letter be come in answer to the lords justices, that I may hurry to *Dublin*; for people are here impatient at having their children so long idle. I am apt to believe that if you put this matter in what light you think proper to the lord chancellor, he will not insist upon a

punctilio, which may prove a great loss to me. The bishop of *Killmore* can produce a letter I think sufficient to justify their excellencies the lords justices in granting us patents.

I wish you long health and happiness, and shall, dear sir, ever have a grateful sense of your friendship, and be with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

L E T T E R LXVII.

Alderman BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Queen-square, April 22, 1735.

IT was with great pleasure I had the favour of your most obliging letter by the hands of Mr. *Richardson*, agent to the *Irish* society; for as I am always proud to receive your commands, he may depend upon any service I can do him that is in my power: when I say this, I make you no great compliment; for as that gentleman's merit has raised him to the post he now enjoys under the society, it is hardly to be doubted but that his integrity, and good conduct for the future, will easily preserve his interest in that body.

I am very sorry to hear that your old complaints from your head continue; and the more so, because they have deprived your friends here of the great pleasure and satisfaction of seeing you among them, which is a sensible mortification to them indeed; but I am very much pleased with the account you give of your way of living, because I am a living instance how the œconomy you are under must necessarily preserve your life many  
 9 years.

years. I have the gout sometimes, the asthma very much, and of late frequent pains in my bowels; and yet, by keeping in a constant regular way, I battle them all, and am in much better health than I was twelve years ago, when four top physicians pronounced me a dead man, and sent me abroad to die. I ride when I can, but not in winter; for the fogs and mists, and cold weather, murder me. I drink a pint of claret at dinner (none at night) and have a good stomach, with a bad digestion: but I have good spirits, and am cheerful, I thank God.

I beg pardon for entertaining you so long with my infirmities, which I would humbly apply, That if my being regular, with so many distempers, preserves me to almost a miracle, what must the same method produce in you?

About ten days ago I saw Mr. *Pope*, who is very well: so is the lord of *Dawley*\*.

It is a melancholy reflection you make, how many friends you have lost since good queen *Anne's* time. Many indeed! for there are very few left. The loss of a friend is the loss of a limb, not to be restored. Poor lady *Masham* among the rest. Our friend the Dr. † I am afraid did not take the care he ought to have done. I am told he was a great epicure, and denied himself nothing. Possibly he might think the play not worth the candle. You may remember Dr. *Garth* said he was glad when he was dying; for he was weary of having his shoes pulled off and on. As for my part, I am resolved to make the remains of my life as easy as I can, and submit myself entirely to the will of God.

You will give me leave, Sir, just to congratulate you on your publick spirit (and for which all

\* *Bolingbroke.*

† *Arbuthnot.*

mankind applaud you) in erecting an hospital for the unhappy. It is truly worthy of your great soul, and for which the present and the future age must honour and revere your memory! I dare say no more on this head for fear of offending.

That God Almighty would please to restore your health, and preserve you many years for the good of mankind, is the hearty prayer of, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

My service to Dr. *Delany*.

L E T T E R L X V I I I .

Mrs. P R A T T to Dr. S W I F T .

S I R,

London, April 22, 1735.

I WROTE in such haste that I forgot to make my lady *Savile's* acknowledgments, which before she left this, she engaged me to do in a particular manner from her, by assuring you that she is your obliged humble servant, and wishes you all happiness, as many more do amongst your friends here. Her number of children is three, two girls and a boy; who, thank God, seem promising.

My lord *Shelburne*, who is just come to town for two or three days, desires his sincere compliments to you, invites you next June to an empty town house, and wishes that accommodation of removing you from the inconveniencies of a lodging, may tempt you to a change of air, and to come amongst your friends. I wish I could tempt  
you



you to come hither, as I long to have the pleasure of assuring you in person, how sincerely I am, Sir, your ever obliged and most faithful humble servant,

H. PRATT.

L E T T E R L X I X .

Mrs. DONNELLAN to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

May 10, 1735.

I SHOULD before this have returned you thanks for the favour of your letter, but that I feared too quick a correspondence might be troublesome to you. When I receive a very great honour and favour, I think it ungenerous immediately to sue for another, though I have the highest sense of the obligation.

You say you want me to assert your right over our sex; and your letter is so powerful a bribe, that I fear I shall give them up to you, though I am a great asserter of their rights and privileges. As to the employments you assign me, I readily undertake them all, though I know myself very unfit for some of them; but I have such high examples on my side, that I am not at all ashamed of pretending to more than I can do. I think I can be a very good nurse; you shall teach me to be your companion; and, for a housekeeper, I will assure you I know to a farthing the lowest price of every thing, though I am ever so ignorant of the matter.

Mrs. *Pendarves* hath, as you say, forsaken us: by my lord *Lawnfdown's* death, her brother Mr. *Granville* is become possessor of eight hundred pound  
a year,

a year, and twenty thousand pound in money; which was so settled that my lord *Lansdown* could not touch it. Mr. *Granville* is a man of great worth, and a very kind brother, and has it now in his power to provide for their sister miss *Granville*, whom Mrs. *Pendarves* is extremely fond of: this you may imagine has been a cordial to her for lord *Lansdown's* death, though she had a great regard for him. I tell her when she has married and settled her brother and sister, if she does not settle herself, she must think of her friends in *Ireland*; and she promises me she will.

It is so much my interest, Sir, to believe you sincere, that I will not doubt it: I will rather think you want judgment (which is very hard for me to do) or why should not I (which is still more pleasing) believe I have really those good qualities you ascribe to me? It will only make me vain; and who can be humble when praised by you?

I think your indignation against our absenters very just, though some of my family suffer by it; but we are resolved to be no longer of the number, and propose leaving *London* this month. Poor Mrs. *Barber* has been confined with the gout these three months; and I fear we shall leave her so: her poems are generally greatly liked: there are, indeed, a few severe critics (who think that judgment is only shewn in finding faults) that say they are not poetic; and a few fine ladies, who are not commended in them, that complain they are dull.

I am very sorry Dr. *Delany* has given up his house in *Dublin*; for one cannot, as often as one may wish it, command time and a coach to visit him at *Delville*. I hope though to be admitted into the new apartment, and to have the happiness of meeting you there.

My

My brother is highly honoured in the character you give him, which, though he is my brother, I must say I think a very just one: he will deliver you this letter, and with it my best thanks for all your favours; being, Sir, with the highest gratitude, your most obliged obedient servant,

H. DONNELLAN.

My best respects attend Dr. *Delany*, and Dr. *Helsham*.

L E T T E R LXX.

Mrs. P E N D A R V E S to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

May 16, 1735.

Y O U have never yet put it in my power to accuse you of want of civility; for since my acquaintance with you, you have always paid me more than I expected: but I may sometimes tax you with want of kindness; which, to tell you the truth, I did for a month at least. At last I was informed your not writing to me was occasioned by your ill state of health; that changed my discontent, but did not lessen it; and I have not yet quite determined it in my mind, whether I would have you sick or negligent of me: they are both great evils, and hard to chuse out of: I heartily wish neither may happen. You call yourself by a great many ugly names, which I take ill; for I never could bear to hear a person I value abused. I, for that reason, must desire you to be more upon your guard when you speak of yourself again: I much easier forgive your calling me  
knave

knave and fool. I am infinitely obliged to you for the concern you express for the weakness of my eyes: they are now very well. I have had a much greater affliction on my spirits, which prevented my writing sooner to you. My sister (the only one I have, and an extraordinary darling) has been extremely indisposed this whole winter. I have had all the anxiety imaginable on her account; but she is now in a better way, and I hope past all danger. I would rather tell you somewhat that is pleasant; but how can I? I am just going to lose Mrs. *Donnellan*, and that is enough to damp the liveliest imagination: it is not easy to express what one feels on such an occasion: the loss of an agreeable, sensible, useful companion, gives a pain at the heart not to be described. You happy *Hibernians* that are to reap the benefit of my distress, will hardly think of any thing but your own joy, and not afford me one grain of pity. Thus things are carried in this world, the rich forget the poor. I am sorry the sociable *Thursdays*, that used to bring together so many agreeable friends at Dr. *Delany's*, are broke up: though *Delville* has its beauties, it is more out of the way than *Staf-ford-street*. I believe you have had a quiet winter in *Dublin*; not so has it been with us in *London*. Hurry, wrangling, extravagance, and matrimony, have reigned with great impetuosity. The news-papers I suppose have mentioned the number of great fortunes that are going to be married. Our operas have given much cause of dissention. Men and women have been deeply engaged; and no debate in the house of commons has been urged with more warmth: the dispute of the merits of the composers and singers is carried to so great a height, that it is much feared, by all true lovers of music, that operas will be quite over-



overturned. I own, I think, we make a very silly figure about it. I am obliged to you for the two *Latin* lines in your last letter: it gave me a fair pretence of showing the letter to have them explained; and I have gained no small honour by that. I hope, Sir, though you threaten me, with not writing, that you will change your mind: the season of the year will give you spirits, and I shall be glad to share the good effects of them. I am, Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

When you see Mrs. *Donnellan*, she will entertain you with a second edition of *Fauset*, too tedious for a letter. I have made a thousand blunders, which I am ashamed of.

## L E T T E R LXXI.

Lady BETTY BROWNLOWE to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

May 19, 1735.

I HAVE the honour to send you the enclosed letter, and the cover, as it came to Mr. *Brownlowe*. I hope your frugal correspondent has not, at your expence, incurred the proverb of being penny wise, &c. and thereby occasioned your being a sufferer by any delay or business. I should beg pardon for not having obeyed your commands in writing sooner, but that I am the only sufferer by it, by being deprived of the satisfaction of hearing of your health. The extreme cold weather we have had this month, has made the country much less agreeable than usual at this time of year; but

this having been a fine morning, I have been amused very much to my satisfaction with laying out what I think a very pretty design in my garden. I like my gardener mightily, and found every thing in his care in perfect good order; but the coldness of the season makes every thing very backward: the cucumbers are not larger than guerkins. I beg, if you honour me with a line, you will let me know how both lady *Acheson* and Mrs. *Acheson* do, for I have a sincere concern for both their welfares. We go next week to make a visit to our friends at *Seaford*, where we propose staying about a fortnight. I heard yesterday you had thoughts of going to *Cashel*: if it were possible for me to have the happiness to be present at yours and the archbishop's conversation, I am certain I should retrieve my character, and that you would allow me to be a good listner, which, through other people's faults, you do not know; for I assure you I have too great a desire to be informed and improved, to occasion any interruption in your conversation, except when I find you purposely let yourself down to such capacities as mine, with an intention, as I suppose, to give us the pleasure of babbling. Mr. *Brownlowe* desires you will accept of his compliments; and I am, Sir, with great respect, your truly affectionate and obedient humble servant,

ELIZABETH BROWNLOWE.

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END of the FIFTH VOLUME.









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